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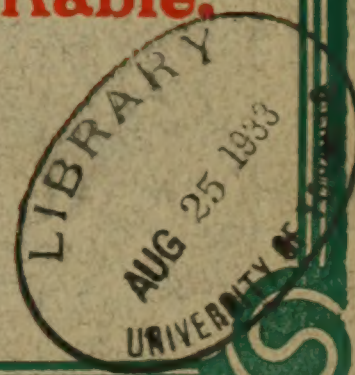
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Recently we quoted one of our correspondents who claimed to be a "charter member" of THE BOOK-LOVER circle, because he has all the numbers of the magazine from the first issue. The idea seems to have pleased a number of our readers, who have written, also laying claim to charter membership, and it has occurred to the editor it would be a very pleasant thing to have a line from each.

Accordingly, those who have all the issues from the first are invited to make themselves known to us. This idea may result in a pleasant organization in some form—anyhow, the editor will feel a personal pleasure in knowing who are the oldest friends of the magazine.

Another "Rubaiyat" Item.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., April 26, 1903.

To the Editor of THE BOOK-LOVER.

DEAR SIR: The quotations in your Holiday Number of various renderings of a quatrain of Omar Khayyam's indicate so clearly the superiority of FitzGerald's translation that one scarcely dares to suggest that there is a weakness in the line:

"Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow."

"Enow," the archaic form of "enough," is poetic, but as the last word of a verse makes as weak an ending as does its modern form.

To avoid this ending without destroying the beauty of the foregoing lines is not a little difficult, but I think perhaps the following lines will indicate, if they do not effect, the kind of change I would suggest:

"A book of verse beneath the hanging vine,
A loaf of bread, a jug of sparkling wine,
And thou beside me singing in the wild
Would make a dreary wilderness divine."

Yours truly,

GEORGE ROE.

Poets Made—Not Born.

The publishers of THE BOOK-LOVER have received the interesting letter printed below. That it was written in sober earnest there can be no question. This prominence is given it with hope that it may reach the eye of some "jobber" looking for a "chance" to make a good "speck":

Lewisberg Ala Feb 14 1903

Book lovers press New York

Dear sirs I notice your ad in the Vanguard I am now writing a book teaching how to write poetry I am a well gifted poet and have taught some people how to write poetry who didn't think they would ever know any thing at all. my intentions is to guarantee to learn one how to write it if they will only study how to compose it. I also give lesons on composing it what subjects to write a poem the eases, ect. please send me your terms on publishing book if I can get the book printed and before the public I think there will be more than a chance for some Jobbers to make a good speck

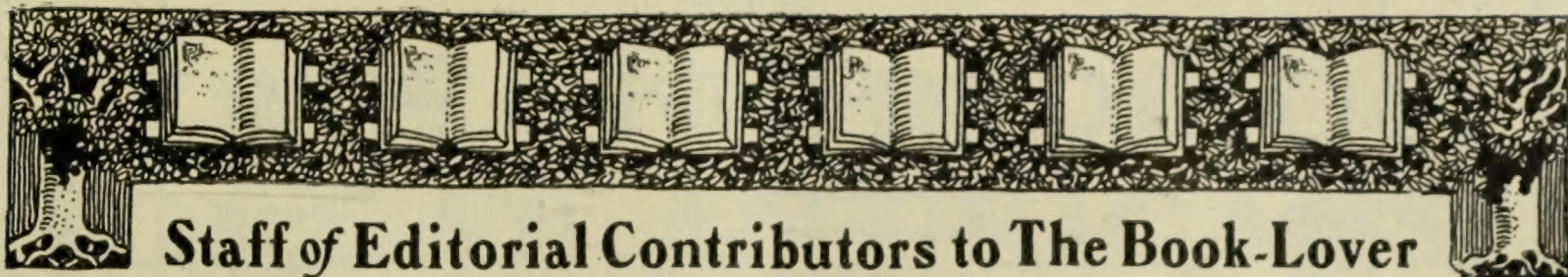
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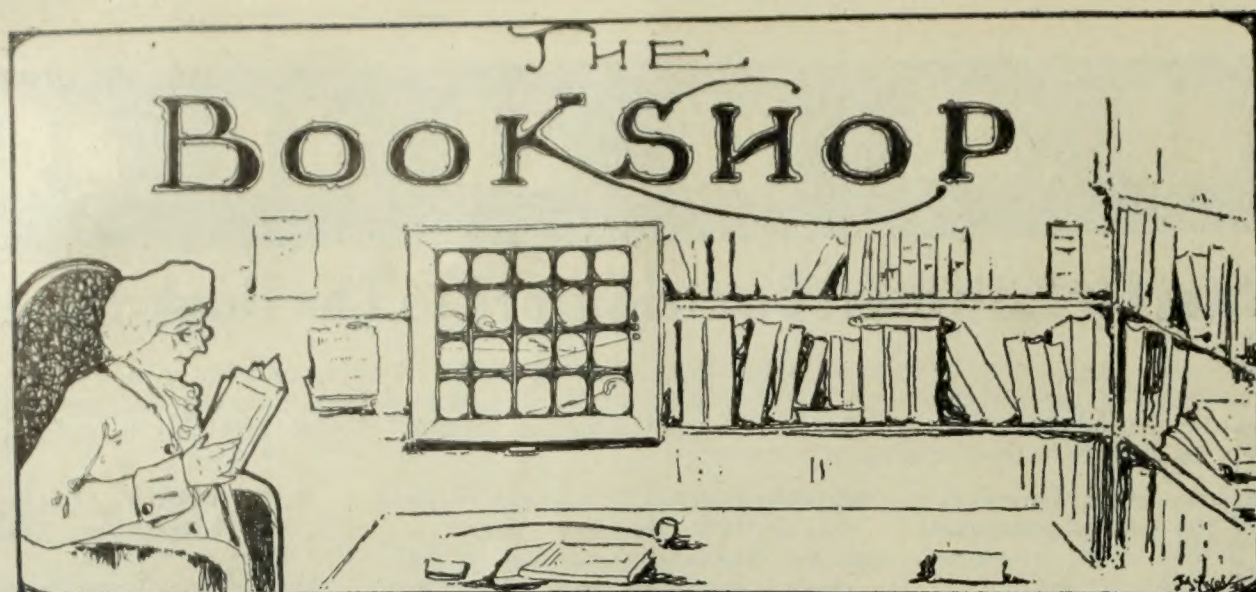
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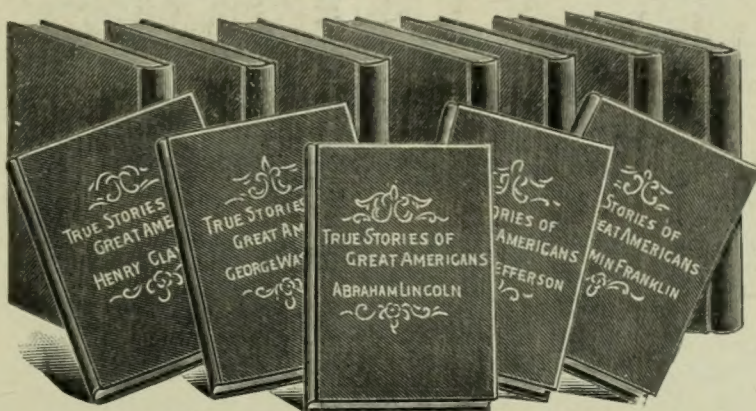
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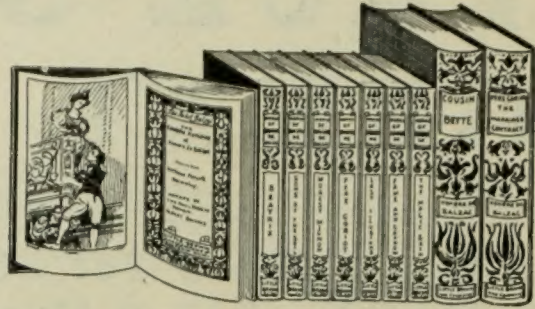
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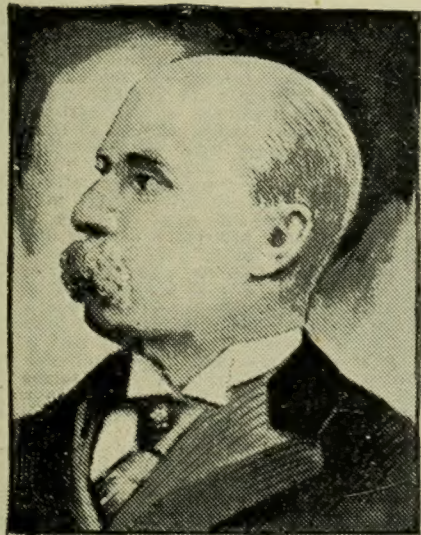
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"Poets, Sages—all who wrought
In the crucible of thought,
Day by Day as seasons glide

Noiselessly they gather thus

Hold Communion Each with Each,
Closer than our earthly speech."

(CLINTON SCOLLARD.)

Afar off in the north-east corner of Yankeeedom, "away down in Maine," in the city of the birth of the poet Longfellow, there is one Mosher, who publishes books along new lines. Not that he advocates new authors or any very new departures in the manufacture of choice printed things. Simply that he combines as many of those tried and proved excellencies of design, typography, format, etc., as go to make up the nearest approach to the perfect book: Old Style types, Chiswick headbands (or some satisfactory substitute therefor), handmade, English, Dutch or Japanese papers, and an absolute freedom from those fads and eccentricities of glaring vulgarity which disgrace so many modern "De Luxe" books printed in the English language. Generally speaking, they do this thing better in France, where they seem to understand and appreciate delicacy and symmetry in the printed page without the suggestion of effeminacy.

The product of Portland, the children of Mr. Mosher's good taste and perspicacity, now number some 140 volumes, in range from the "Laus Veneris" of Swinburne to the "Child's Garden of Verses" of Stevenson, and "The Story of David Gray" to "The Dream of John Ball." Many of them, in fact the majority, are in strictly limited editions.

Mr. Mosher is what we are wont to call from our distant view-point a pirate, though we note *en passant* that our English publishers who lift the good things of American literature without fee or "by your leave," we designate merely as "Publishers of Reprints." As Whistler, he of the butterfly hallmark, has it, "It's a case of other minds other lines."

The foreword to Mr. Mosher's charming "List of Books in Belles Lettres" is an admirable essay in praise and favour of the private collectors of books "whose," as Mr. Gosse says, "glimmering hearths were the haunts of learning over which Knowledge spread her cold fingers."

"The ideal library," Mr. Mosher says, "is perhaps, after all, a small one, where the books are carefully selected and thoughtfully arranged according to one central code of taste." For twelve years Mr. Mosher's aims have been to develop, if possible, a theory of bookmaking; a theory which at no time had the most remote relevance to any scheme "of one hundred (or one thousand) best books"; a large output of popular selections, nor a relatively small one of an arbitrary choice; but rather to converge on a definitely thought-out and preconcerted plan of "careful selection according to this one central code of taste."

One series, the Quartos, is an attempt at forming a representative collection of the English Aesthetic School of Poetry and Prose, and includes, among other volumes, "Laus Veneris" of Swinburne, "Marius the Epicurean" of Pater, "The Poems of Rossetti," etc., set throughout in pica old style roman, and printed on Van Gelder handmade paper, with an original set of headbands, tailpieces, and initials. The volumes may well be said to rival, if not excel, the best contemporary productions. They range in price from sixteen shillings to some five pounds for copies on Japanese vellum; from which regal examples, to the Vest Pocket Series of GENUINE HANDMADE PAPER AT A SHILLING PER VOLUME, is a wide range in price. And so, too, is exemplified in a measure the importance of the method of choice and arrangement of Mr. Mosher's general scheme. Not that the volumes of this latter series are in any sense of a contrasting quality or even value, as a consideration of such titles as FitzGerald's Fourth Translation of "The Rubaiyat," "Laus Veneris" again (this time, mark you, at a shilling), and the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," etc., will show.

Continuing this most delightful preamble to his "List," Mr. Mosher says, further, that he has been asked to define his attitude towards this development in what, for want of a better phrase, may be called "co-operative bookmaking." "Paint, chisel, or write, the law of survival shall decide which shall last, and what by its own weakness will be forgotten." There is to-day noticeable in America to a marvellous degree, far more so than its existence here in England, the interest of the "young person" in the broadening influence of the aesthetic movement in life, literature, and art. The public, the great big generous public, to whom they look for the rise and development to a far greater degree than it could ever have been with their elders of a gen-

eration ago, is to be made up of "THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY." It is they—in America—who in the main desire and demand joy in one's daily round, comradeship in one's work and one's loves, and a desire to possess and surround themselves with Things Beautiful. Our protest therefore is against the indiscriminate collection of books big or little, arguing, as certain wise men have done before, that a few books well read are worth many unread. But we believe also that the choice of selection is often a very faulty choice on the part of many a publisher who has lumbered up his catalogue with an incoherent and unrelated list of so-called Classics. Not infrequently a publisher's name does not stand for what it once did: there are too few Bentleys, Ballantynes, and Smiths left to grace the profession as it stands to-day; but there is no reason why every publisher, be he great or small, cannot hold out for a "scheme of publication" and a "code of choice" which should at least stand for a great deal more than the indiscriminate grouping of "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" in a series, and calling it the "Twentieth Century Library." What may be the "best books" to one mind, may be, if not poison to another's, perhaps a violent dissenting note. Therefore let us hail the "new" publisher who comes before us with his wares, whether they be reprints or what not, so long as he confines himself to a certain set purpose which in his prospectuses and printed matter he defines in an appealing fashion, so much so that it appeals to us at all events; and let us welcome with joy the opportunity to gather unto ourselves a modest and attractive collection of dainty books which will not only be a pride to possess, but which in reality will be worth to us, by making them our intimates, vastly more than yards of shelf room encumbered with the redundant essays and theories of mere pedants or cyclopaedia makers. Inasmuch as this screed is in the nature of a free and unsolicited advertisement of Mr. Mosher's books, we advise all and sundry who may be interested and who may care to know more of his truly beautiful books to send to him for his "List of Books in Belles Lettres," in itself a beautiful book, and enjoy its perusal for oneself.—From THE PROTEST, A Journal for Philistines; Number Five; January MDCCCIII; Published for the Proprietors from the Sign of the Hop-Pole, Crockham Hill, Eden Bridge, which is in Kent, England.

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THOMAS B. MOSHER, PORTLAND, MAINE



“THE OLD MANSE”
THE EMERSON HOME AT CONCORD.

MAY-JUNE, 1903.

THE BOOK-LOVER.

The Book-Lover

Number 15.

May-June 1914

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By J. M. H. H. H.

THE OLD MANSE

By WALTER CUMMINGS BUTTERWORTH

Close by the bridge and the battlefield,
So homelike, tho' aged and brown,
Stands the grand "Old Manse" of Hawthorne's time,
In historic old Concord town.

ON historic Monument Street, in the town of Concord, Mass., well back from the roadway, at the end of an avenue of arching oaks and shady maples, charmingly nestled in its setting of green and half hidden by a wealth of bush and vine, stands the grand gambrel-roofed mansion, immortalized by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "Mosses from an Old Manse."

The Old Manse was built about the year 1765, by Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather, William Emerson, the young Concord minister, who later became chaplain to the northern army, and died at Ticonderoga. The house had been standing about ten years at the time of the Concord fight. From a west window in the little room over the dining-room, Phebe Emerson, the parson's wife, looked out upon the fight at Concord bridge. In 1778 Dr. Ripley, who had become the Concord minister, married Emerson's widow, and made his home at the parsonage, where he lived for sixty years and died at the age of ninety.

For about a year in the early thirties, Ralph Waldo Emerson made his home with Dr. Ripley's family. His study was the little room on the second floor, the same from which his grandmother witnessed the Concord fight more

than half a century before. In 1842, after his marriage to Sophia Peabody of Salem, Nathaniel Hawthorne made his home at the Old Manse, and here spent the first four years of his married life. The little room which some years before had been Emerson's study, now became Hawthorne's study, and upon one of the window-panes, cut with a diamond, is the following inscription in the great novelist's own hand:

Nathaniel Hawthorne. This is his study, 1843.

The interior of this rare old landmark, so rich in literary and historical associations, is fully in keeping with the architecture of Colonial days.

Back of the house the grounds extend down to the river, from which point the gambrel-roofed mansion, with its huge chimneys and long lean-to at the rear, makes a pleasing picture among the stately trees.

It was on the grounds of this estate that the fight of April 19th, 1775, took place, and a few steps farther on is the spot where—

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Here, too, are the later homes of Emerson, Hawthorne, Louisa M. Alcott, and Henry D. Thoreau, the naturalist, also many points of historic interest.

THE OLD MANSE

By Walter Clemens Butterworth

There is a certain beauty in the old manse, a beauty that is not to be found in any other building in the town. It is a beauty that is not to be found in any other building in the town. It is a beauty that is not to be found in any other building in the town.

The interior of this house is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself.

One of the things that is most interesting about the old manse is the way in which it has been preserved. It has been preserved in its original state, and it is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself.

The old manse is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself. It is a study in itself.

There are also the other houses of the town. They are also houses of the town. They are also houses of the town. They are also houses of the town. They are also houses of the town.

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The Book-Lover

Number 18.

May-June, 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By J. R. Hodgdon.

"Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is the All-Fair Truth and Goodness and Beauty are but different faces of the same All."

In the century which has rolled by since that

month of May which marks Emerson's birth, his country has, in manifold ways, gone forward with immense strides. Literature in America, so meagre at the beginning of the nineteenth century, stands now upheld by such names as Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, Emerson and Lowell, in no unrecognized place in the literature of the English-speaking world. Of the intellectual forces in America

which in the '30's and '40's challenged the admiration of England and the Continent, and kindled in this country a new humanitarian movement while arousing a fresh sense of the beauty and harmony of life, Emerson stands

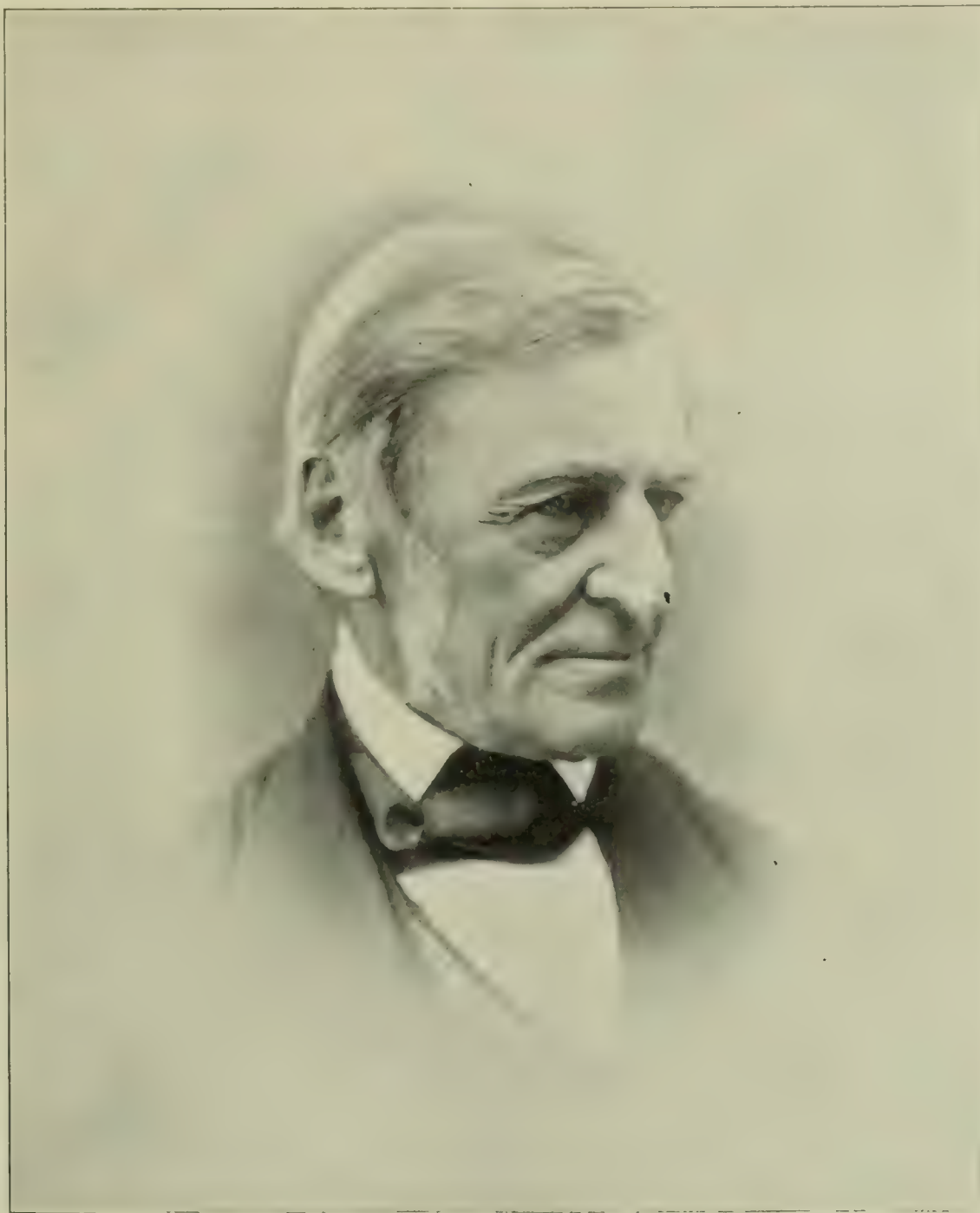
as the foremost representative. Philosopher and poet, he was also one of those rare idealists who are capable of applying idealism to the prose of everyday life.

If a genealogical tree embracing eight gener-

ations of clergymen can count for advantage surely Emerson had an unusually advantageous ancestry. His great-grandfather was a minister of the Gospel in Massachusetts, his grandfather Emerson was a chaplain in the army of the Revolution, and his father, the Rev. William Emerson, to whom he bore a strong resemblance, was a Harvard graduate and pastor of the First Church of Boston.

There were

also clergymen of note in his mother's family; so that, contemplating his forefathers, one finds that his moral and intellectual inheritance left little to be desired. In a family of eight children he was fourth in



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

order of birth and the second of five sons, one of whom, Edward Bliss Emerson, who died early — Pedro Rico, was exceptionally brilliant — a "bright but blazing star," to use his father's characterization. In a verse on the death of Charles, the youngest brother, Dr. Holmes declared him "too bright to live, and too fair to die."

Emerson was born in Boston, on May 25, 1803, near the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin. His school-days began before he was three years of age; at eight he entered the grammar school, from which he was soon sent to a Latin school, where we find him translating Virgil at the age of ten, "a spiritual looking boy in blue nankeen," and at fourteen he entered Harvard. The boy is father to the man, and the same serenity of temperament, the same willingness to undertake whatever duty lay nearest him, no matter of how humble a nature, which were such distinguishing traits of Emerson's manhood, developed early. The death of his father left Mrs. Emerson, a woman superior in mind and character, with slender means on which to rear and educate her children. When necessity compelled recourse to "boarders," Ralph did his full share of household drudgery, and drove the cow to pasture down what is now the fashionable precinct of Beacon Hill. To help defray his expenses at Harvard he made himself useful in various ways, acting as tutor to the younger pupils in the latter part of his course. Mathematics was his "utter despair," as it had been the despair of Irving some years before; but he "knew Shakespeare almost by heart," and was praised for his renderings of the Greek and Latin classics. In his junior year he gained the first prize for an essay on the "Character of Socrates," and won in his senior year the second prize for an essay on "The Present State of Ethical Philosophy." Although his standing seems to have been only about midway in his class, he was chosen its poet upon Class Day. William, the eldest brother, had established in Boston a school for girls, which was in a flourishing condition when Ralph was graduated at the age of eighteen, and the future essayist became a teacher in this institution. He was the first of our nineteenth century writers to go through college; but in estimating the advantages of an *alma mater* at that period in America, we must bear in mind that Harvard was by no means a university: not even a college, judged by present standards; and some of our high schools of to-day probably afford as good advantages as the Harvard of eighty years ago.

Emerson is described at about this time in his life as a "grave, quiet" young man, "very impressive in his appearance," with, "something engaging, almost fascinating, about him." With the long line of clerical forbears, it was not unnatural that he should have looked forward to the ministry as a vocation. In the leisure which he could command from his duties as teacher, he studied theology under the direction of Dr. Channing, and after three years of application in this field he was "approved to preach," though owing to delicate health he accepted no charge until 1829, when he was ordained as a colleague of Dr. Henry Ware in the Second Unitarian Church of Boston, an important position for one so young and untried. Dr. Ware's resignation soon following, Emerson assumed full pastoral duties of the church. Besides administering to the spiritual needs of his congregation, he took an active interest in all public affairs of the city. His church was open to anti-slavery agitators, and philanthropic movements of every nature were certain to find in him an interested helper. His career in the pulpit, however, was only of about four years' duration. Becoming convinced that there was no scriptural authority for the Christian rite of the Lord's Supper as it was administered, and doubting its usefulness, he was too conscientious to continue the practice of what he regarded as a mere mistaken formality. He accordingly resigned his pastorate, and in his farewell sermon, the only one of his discourses ever printed, he summed up his final resolve: "This mode of commemorating Christ is not suitable to me. That is reason enough why I should abandon it. It is my desire in the office of Christian minister to do nothing which I cannot do with my whole heart. Having said this I have said all. I have no hostility to this institution; I am only stating my want of sympathy with it. Neither should I have ever obtruded this opinion upon other people, had I not been called by my office to administer it. I am content that it should stand to the end of the world, if it pleases men and pleases heaven, and I shall rejoice in all the good that it produces." This act of Mr. Emerson was greatly misunderstood. He maintained throughout his life a strong and sincere sympathy with Christianity. His objection to the use of the elements in communion was simply because he believed the *true* communion was purely spiritual, and the use of bread and wine a custom which Christ never intended to perpetuate.

The year 1832 must have been for him of the

kind that tries, and sorely tries, men's souls. The shadow of death had fallen upon his domestic life. He had married in the first months of his pastoral work Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker. She died in February, 1832. Emerson had not yet attained his thirtieth year, but he had lost the wife of his youth, and he had closed the door upon his chosen profession. In obeying conscience he had sacrificed a career in which he had every prospect of notable success. On Christmas Day, 1833, he sailed for Europe, resolved to put "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" between him and the scenes of sad memories and disappointed hopes. In a tender farewell letter to the flock he had so recently tended, there is a beautiful glimpse of Emerson's religious views: "I find great consolation in the thought that the resignation of my present relations makes so little change to myself. I am no longer your minister, but am not the less engaged, I trust, to the love and service of the same eternal cause, the advancement, namely, of the king-

dom of God in the hearts of men. The tie which binds each of us to that cause is not created by our connection, and cannot be hurt by our separation. If we have shared in any habitual acknowledgment of that benignant God whose omnipotence raises and glorifies the meanest office and the lowest ability, and opens heaven in every heart that worships him—then indeed are we united."

A year in Italy, France and Great Britain helped to restore his broken health and spirits. He met Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose writings had strongly attracted him. And in the lonely Dumfriesshire moors he sought out Carlyle, whose genius he had discovered in the few fragments from Carlyle's pen which had at that time found their way into America. Emerson found him "tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, holding his extraordinary powers in easy control," and this was the beginning of that enduring and interesting friendship between these two men so widely different in their views of life, that was to continue for



Emerson's Last Home at Concord.
In this house were passed the major years of Emerson's life.

more than forty years, and end only when the grave closed upon the great Scotchman. "I shall never forget," says Mrs. Carlyle, "the day when Emerson descended upon us, out of the clouds, as it were, and made one day thus look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day."

Not long after Emerson's return to America he delivered a course of lectures in Boston; and, while he occasionally occupied a pulpit, he refused a call to a church in New Bedford, and throughout his life preferred the freedom of the Lyceum—his "free pulpit," he called it.

In 1835 he married his second wife, Miss Lydian Jackson of Plymouth, who for forty-seven years walked by his side in beautiful

original ever written, and one of those most likely to effect an intellectual revolution in the mind capable of apprehending it. . . . It contains scarcely a sentence that is not beautiful, not with the cold beauty of art, but with the radiance and warmth of feeling. Its dominant note is rapture, like the joy of one who has found an enchanted realm, or who has convinced himself that old stories deemed too beautiful to be true are true indeed."

At about the time of the appearance of this volume, the movement somewhat vaguely termed Transcendentalism started in New England. It was an attempt to discard conventionalities and traditions and draw nearer to nature's truth and freedom. The Tran-



Another View of the Old Manse. (See frontispiece.)

companionship. They took up their residence in Concord. Some of Emerson's forefathers had lived there, and Hawthorne was afterwards to write his "Mosses from an Old Manse": in the "old-fashioned gambrel-roofed house," where Emerson first settled, and where he wrote his first book, "Nature," published in 1836. This was a slender volume of less than one hundred small pages, "which talked a strange sort of philosophy in the language of poetry" and the beauty of which was slow to win recognition. It required twelve years to sell five hundred copies in America, though in England it met with more generous appreciation. "This little book," says Mr. Richard Garnett, "is one of the most

scendentatists counted among their followers the most eminent thinkers of their time,—Emerson as the recognized head, Dr. Channing, Theodore Parker, George Ripley, James Freeman Clark, Charles A. Dana and Margaret Fuller. Their organ was *The Dial*, published quarterly, for the first two years edited by Margaret Fuller, and afterwards by Emerson himself, who contributed largely to it both prose and verse. Carlyle in his blunt way characterized *The Dial* as "all good, and very good as a *soul*; wants only a body, which want means a great deal." An outgrowth of the Transcendentalist movement was the Brook Farm experiment, which Emerson with his fine wit called "a perpetual picnic, a French

Revolution in small, an Age of Reason in a patty-pan." Of dull routine work there was to be none, but each labored for the common good, and better living on a higher plane was aimed at. Like so many other beautiful communistic schemes its existence was ephemeral. Emerson never resided at Brook Farm nor took any active part in the enterprise, but Nathaniel Hawthorne spent some time in the community and his "Blithedale Romance" was founded upon his experience there.

April 19, 1836, was the anniversary of the Concord fight, and Emerson composed the

one "Ma'am Bemis," a workwoman, who began earlier than usual one afternoon to dry her hands and roll down her sleeves, remarking that she was going home to get ready to hear Mr. Emerson lecture. When asked if she could understand him, she replied, "Not a word, but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he is."

The first volume of Emerson's "Essays" was published in 1841, and another series in 1844. His lectures he never printed, but the best parts of them have been embodied in his books.



Emerson's Grave.

The bronze plate on the quartz boulder at Emerson's grave reads thus, line by line :

(Wreath.)

RALPH WALDO
EMERSON.

Born in Boston, May 25, 1803.

Died in Concord, April 27, 1882.

THE PASSIVE MASTER LENT HIS HAND
TO THE VAST SOUL THAT O'ER HIM PLANNED.

Hymn to be sung at the dedication of the battle monument. This *Hymn*, beginning

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

has become almost as famous as the deed itself.

The charming little village of Revolutionary fame continued to be Emerson's home. He took deep interest in all its affairs, serving on its school, library and village committees. Here he lived out his ideal life, loved and venerated by the cultivated and scholarly, by the poor and ignorant. A story is told of

He kept a journal in which he was in the habit of jotting down whatever thoughts came into his mind which he considered worthy of preservation, and these were afterwards polished and linked together. His diction Lowell likened to "homespun cloth-of-gold;" it is at once "so rich and so homely." "Representative Men" (1850) may be called a series of mental portraits. Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon and Goethe are revealed to us with fascinating mastery; for as Grimm says of him: "He does not hate, contradict or dispute; for he understands men and loves them." He not only had something

to know how to say it, and if it were only for the beauty of his language his "Essays" would be worth repeated readings. But you can sit at the feet of this noble, intellectual, and large souled optimist without being made wiser and better and happier by his sweet voiced utterances. "His coming was like the visit of an angel," said Carlyle, referring to Emerson's visit to Craigenputtock. To the imagination of a poet he added a shrewd common sense and a practical understanding of all phases of life.

A second visit to England and Scotland was made in the autumn of 1847 to fulfill a series of lecture engagements. He was everywhere received with enthusiasm, met many of the foremost men and women of the time and was entertained at their homes, and revisited Carlyle. One of the results of this journey was his book, "English Traits," which is considered one of the best analyses of the English people that has ever been written by a foreigner; it has been translated into many languages. When in 1860 nine of his essays were published under the title, "Conduct of Life," the whole edition, consisting of 2,500 copies, was disposed of in two days. Contrasted with the initial sale of "Nature," this shows to what extent his audience had increased.

Emerson was now fifty-seven years of age, majestic in appearance, simple and dignified in manner. He dispensed hospitality with a sincerity and graciousness that never failed to charm. His habits were simple. He ate frugally, spent an hour each day from his study in exercise in his garden or in walking, and usually retired at ten o'clock. He was a capital pedestrian and used to say, "When you have worn out your shoes, the strength of the sole leather has gone into the fibre of your body." He was also a good swimmer, and enjoyed skating with his children on Walden Pond. For ten years (1860-1870) he delighted in the meetings of the Saturday Club at its dinners in Boston. Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Agassiz, Sumner and Cabot were members of the club, which Holmes once jocularly said, "Unfortunately had no Boswell to record the brilliant conversations,"—a very real misfortune. In 1866 Harvard conferred upon Emerson the degree of LL.D., and the following year he was elected to the board of overseers of the college.

In the last years his daughter Ellen was his constant companion. Together they made a journey to Europe in Emerson's seventieth year, wandering into Egypt before their return, which occurred in May, 1873. He was driven to his home under a triumphal arch,

to the music of "Home, Sweet Home," sung by hundreds of children, and received an affectionate welcome from every inhabitant of Concord. Toward the last his memory failed, and it was only with difficulty that he could recall the names of persons or things. When but a short time before his death he stood beside the coffin of Longfellow, the pathos of that sad occasion was heightened by Mr. Emerson's words: "That gentleman was a sweet beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name." He continued to do a little writing with the aid of his devoted daughter, and he kept up his reading until the last, whispering the words of the printed page.

In the spring of 1882 he was seized with a severe cold and pneumonia soon developed. It was not long before his son, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, who attended him, saw that the end was near, and on Thursday evening, the 27th of April, this "lover of men" passed peacefully from their midst. On the 30th they laid him to rest beneath a tall and stately pine tree on the hill crest of that other Sleepy Hollow cemetery, whose enclosures contain also the grave of Hawthorne.

Thus passed from earth a man who exerted a wonderful influence for good, helping to lift his fellow-men out of sordid materialism into a higher and more soul-satisfying existence. He preached the gospel of Self-Reliance. "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. . . . Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself and you shall have the suffrage of the world." But he believed that in relying upon our true selves we were relying upon the divinity. "We but half express ourselves," he said, "and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents." He was sometimes a dreamer, a mystic, but he was withal a simple, intensely practical man, believing in manual labor and the dignity of toil. He was himself a hard worker, writing during the summer months and traveling in winter, reading a lecture every day, sometimes twice a day for weeks at a time, and enduring all the inconvenience of constant change of hotels in the many towns which he visited. He was a loyal American, a profound thinker, an able philosopher, and a true poet; and perhaps best of all, a sympathetic and lovable man. "In doing homage to that sweet nature," said the great English scientist, John Tyndall, "we do it to the highest type of our common humanity. Emerson was a splendid manifestation of reason in its most comprehensive form and with all its most godlike aspirations."

EMERSON'S LAST LECTURE.

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By Charles W. Kent.

In 1803, when the far-sighted Jefferson, by his courageous action, gave to the United States the imperial territory acquired under the Louisiana purchase, there was born in Boston a man who by his declaration of literary independence was to complete the work the sage of Monticello had begun with his famous paper of 1776. It is an interesting coincidence that just one hundred years later, in 1876, when, by the Centennial and other public occurrences, America was declaring that the long period of disruption and discord was at an end and North and South were again united, Emerson of New England paid his first and only visit to the South and closed his

are among the very last of his autograph letters.

Accompanied by his daughter and amanuensis, Miss Ellen Emerson, he reached the University on the afternoon of the 27th of June, and was the guest of Dr. George Frederick Holmes, an Englishman by birth, but since 1857 Professor of History and Literature in the University. It was of this Dr. Holmes that Prof. Gildersleeve, the Grecian, once remarked that he had read more boring books than any man living. He was, in truth, very widely read in both classic and modern literatures, but without particular fondness for our American productions. After he learned



The Old Public Hall, University of Virginia

Platform from which Emerson delivered his last public address, June 28, 1876. This hall, including the famous copy of Raphael's School of Athens, was destroyed by fire October 25, 1895. It was last used October 25, for a lecture, by John Fiske.

public career by an address in Jefferson's University.

For more than three score years it has been the custom of the Jefferson and the Washington Literary Societies to invite some eminent man to address them during the Commencement, or "Finals," as the occasion is called at the University of Virginia. In the spring of 1876, these two societies extended a cordial invitation to Ralph Waldo Emerson to be the orator on the occasion of their joint celebration in June of that year. That Mr. Emerson accepted this invitation in a letter written with his own hand is worthy of mention, because this letter and one written after his return

of Emerson's acceptance of the invitation to speak here, he set himself the agreeable task of becoming familiar with all of Emerson's writings, and so far succeeded as to surprise and gratify Emerson with his fresh familiarity with his writings and with his intelligent comment and criticism.

On the evening of June the twenty-eighth a large audience assembled in the old Public Hall (destroyed by fire in 1895). It was the usual Commencement audience of young men with young ladies attending the festivities; from the adjacent town older men and women, many of them scholarly, but mainly drawn by custom or curiosity; and the in-

tellectual residents of the Academic village. At the appointed hour, Mr. Emerson was introduced, and, when the applause, at once a tribute to his renown and a token of welcome, had subsided, the New England philosopher, facing a brilliant gathering, began to deliver his favorite message on "The Natural and Permanent Function of the Scholar." There was immediate and painful disappointment.

Mr. Emerson was now passed seventy-three, and as his biographer puts it, had reached "the limit of his working life." His physical powers at any rate were failing, and in the strained attitude of those on the platform and immediately in front, it was evident to those at a distance from him in the long hall that his words, completely inaudible to them, were not

script, he was oblivious of the fact that he was not holding the attention of the audience. To his accomplished daughter, no doubt, this was apparent, but such is her delicacy and good sense that she fully understood that no manner of disrespect was intended. She still gives pleasure to her Virginia friends by recalling the enjoyment of her visit to the University of Virginia.

After the address Mr. Emerson remained at the university several days, and to all his numerous callers made himself so agreeable by his conversation, no whit impaired by age, and by his simple unaffected manners, that he left behind him many admirers and friends. The sole regret, poignant then and still lingering, is that of the large audience met to do him



The Lawn of the University of Virginia.
Emerson occupied the room shown by the open windows to the extreme right of this picture.

distinctly heard by those closest to him. This was true. From no point of advantage could even single sentences be heard connectedly, and hence the thread of his thought was hopelessly lost. This unfortunate condition gave rise to the only thing to be deplored in his visit. For a short while the audience gave him the close and respectful attention due his years and fame, but as the lecture proceeded,—it was about an hour in length,—the young people unable to hear were also unable to remain quiet. Over the hall began that disagreeable buzz of whispered and subdued conversation.

Fortunately this did not seem to disturb the speaker, for, reading closely from his manu-

script, he was oblivious of the fact that he was not holding the attention of the audience.

After his return to Concord he wrote with his own hand to his host a letter, now tenderly cherished, because both writer and recipient have passed away, in which he expressed his genuine enjoyment of his visit to the University, and begged Prof. Holmes and his wife to come to see him in his home and thus strengthen the bonds, once wont to be strong, between Massachusetts and Virginia. A noble sentiment it was for our Centennial year of reconciliation, sent by a staunch abolitionist of conscientious New England to an "unreconstructed" advocate of the old Southern régime.

University of Virginia.

EMERSON'S IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY.

By Edwin Wiley.

Emerson as a thinker had a detachment and a clearness of vision, and as a writer a sanity of utterance, that make his conception of democracy one of supreme interest. From his Concord nook he looked out upon the young giant that was toiling through difficulties and growing-pains to the stars, and spoke words of warning and of cheer. His keen eyes saw things as they were, stripped of all their vestures of specious deception. He saw with dismay that the natural wealth of the country, and the national tendency toward trade, instead of being uplifting and wholesome influences, were degenerating national character. He saw that exclusive attention to the material things was death to that lofty idealism which had made America a symbol of the things that were noblest in nationality. With prophetic vision, he looked into the far-off future, and saw the ultimate disaster that would come to a people that possessed no spiritual outlook.

Along with Carlyle and Ruskin, Emerson cried out against a life of sordid materialism. "To live without duties," he says, "is obscene." Like those other great spirits, he saw the necessity for basing a republic upon ideals of right, justice, and fellowship, rather than upon numbers of men, or upon national wealth. Peculiarly significant is his answer to the question, "What is idealism?" "Idealism is a hypothesis to account for nature by other principles than those of carpentry and chemistry. Yet if it only deny the existence of matter, it does not satisfy the demands of the spirit. It leaves God out of me. . . . Behind nature, throughout nature, spirit is present; one and not compound, it does not act upon us from without, that is in space and time, but spiritually, or through ourselves." Again he tells us that "help must come from the bosom alone."

As he looked upon the nation much in the light of an individual, he did not apply rules to the one that were not equally applicable to the latter, and thus throughout all of his work we find the plea for idealism in national affairs. The nation without spirituality has no more ground of hope of ultimate success than has the individual in the same condition.

Emerson had the detachment and serene outlook that mark the prophet, but those very gifts denied him intensity and abandon. Yet what he lost he more than regained in sureness

of vision and lofty moral purpose. His was the philosophic, rather than the emotional and poetic temperament, and to his philosophy was an added ingredient for which no other name suits quite so well as Yankee practicality. Hence in all of his excursions into the land of the ideal and the wished-for, he never forgot the realities of life, nor ceased to hear "the still, sad music of humanity." His head might be in the clouds, but his feet were firmly planted upon the undeniably solid earth. To him the body was not less real and necessary than the soul, and was, indeed, but the grosser part—the veil of the soul.

Thus Emerson never revealed any close kinship with that individual, always suspicious sometimes dangerous, the pure idealist. He never taught that we should destroy conditions—he was no anarchist nor iconoclast who found nothing in life and society but that which to hate. All that he demanded was that the balance of soul and body be preserved. The social evils, he said, would solve themselves without the aid of egoistic propagandas if ideality and spirituality be breathed into the grosser, yet equally necessary, body of the nation. And to do this the attention must be directed solely to the individual. The nation is what its units are. In this way Emerson reveals his kinship with Carlyle, Eliot, and Browning. His chief concern was men, not man. "The universe," he exclaims, "does not attract us until it is housed in the individual." Again, "A man, a personal ascendancy, is the only great problem."

His idea of an efficient state is one that is made up of strong and sincere personalities. "In all of my lectures I have taught one doctrine, namely the infinitude of the private man." Again we find him saying, "Is it not the chief disgrace in the world not to be an unit;—not to be reckoned one character;—not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the North, or the South? Not so, brothers, and friends,—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak with our own minds. . . . The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men

will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men."

More austere, yet with no less sincerity, than his friend Carlyle, he preached the gospel of great men, telling us in infinite ways that we should value and defer to lofty and heroic souls. "What this country longs for is personalities, grand persons to counteract its materialities. For it is the rule of the universe that corn shall serve man, and not man serve corn."

At first sight, and to the casual mind, such doctrine appears to tend towards aristocracy, or, indeed towards any form of state rather than democracy, yet, paradoxical as it may seem, out of it he formulates a conception of democracy more revolutionary than the world has yet dared to entertain. "As to what we call the masses, and common men,—there are no common men. All men are at last of a size; . . . heaven reserves an equal scope for every creature."

Emerson viewed systems of government from the broadly humanistic and philosophic standpoint. He considered no practical ends. "The end of all political struggle is to establish morality as the basis of all legislation. It is not free institutions, it is not a republic, it is not a democracy that is the end,—no only the means. Morality is the object of government."

"The union is at an end as soon as an immoral law is enacted. He who writes a crime into the statute-book digs under the foundations of the Capitol."

Emerson found much in America that was good, or rather much that had its origin in dreams of good, and contained vast possibilities of future greatness. "We live in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for Opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race; and a literal, slavish following of precedents, as by a justice of peace, is not for those who at this hour lead the destinies of this people."

The germs of evil he detected also, and in no small quantity. There were to his mind many things in the tissue of our national life that were ominous with threatenings of disaster. "Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat." The windy hypocrisy and the spread-eagleism of professional politics were things he had absolutely no sympathy with. He had the cultured man's distaste for demagoguery of any sort, and saw in that familiar parasite upon society, the political trickster, one of the most dangerous influences

in the state. The cosmopolitan, nay, universal quality of his mind, caused him to have the utmost impatience with class enterprises or partisanship of any kind. So deeply did he feel on this subject, that it was very seldom and with the greatest reluctance that he gave utterance to his opinions concerning some local issue or question of the day. For this reason he became a person of great suspicion to some of the extreme abolitionists, who fancied that he had a veiled sympathy with slavery. Yet he had no more sympathy with slavery than he had with sectional hatred or partisanship in general. Let anyone "beware," he says, "of proposing to himself any end. I say to you that there is no end so large that pursued for itself will not become carrion and an offense to the nostril."

Most of all he feared lest life be shaped and governed wholly by mercenary ideals. He saw, as every thoughtful man must see, the use and value of trade. He saw how it had grown from its insignificant position in the economy of nations until it overshadowed, aye, dominated them. "The philosopher and lover of man have much harm to say of trade; but the historian will see that trade was the principle of liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed Feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps peace. . . . We complain of the oppression of the poor, and of its building up a new aristocracy on the ruins of the aristocracy it destroyed. But the aristocracy of trade has no permanence, is not entailed, was the result of toil and talent, the result of merit of some kind, and is continually falling like the waves of the sea before new claims of the same sort. Trade is an instrument in the hands of that Friendly Power that works for us in our own despite. . . . But trade is also but for a time, and must give way to somewhat broader and better, whose signs are already dawning in the sky!" This was written more than a half century ago; but has the day whose dim gleamings he fancied he saw upon the age's horizon yet revealed its glory to the world?

"The Americans have many virtues, but they have have not Faith and Hope! I know no two words whose meaning is more lost sight of. The Americans have little Faith. They rely on the power of a dollar; they are deaf to a sentiment. They think you may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society; and no class are more faithless (than) the scholars or the intellectual."

"The trail of the serpent reaches into all the lucrative professions and practices of men.

Each finds a tender and very intelligent conscience a disqualification for success. Each requires of the practitioner a certain shutting of the eyes, and a certain dapperiness and compliance, and acceptance of customs, a sequestration from the sentiments of generosity and love, a compromise of private opinions and lofty intrepidity. Nay, the evil custom reaches into the whole institution of property until our laws which establish and protect it seem not the issue of love and reason, but of selfishness."

"Amidst the downward tendency and proneness of things, when every voice is raised for a new road, or another statue, or a subscription of stock; for an improvement in dress, or in dentistry; for a new house or a larger business; for a political party or the division of an estate;—will you not tolerate one or two solitary voices in the law, speaking for thoughts and principles not marketable or perishable?"

Vanderbilt University.

Emerson—To the Muses.

By Henry O. Sibley.

O Heliconiades, montanam linquite sedem
Istam. Nunc Emersoni lauri ferte coronam.

With cups from your perennial spring,
Ye goddess maids of Helicon,
Your flight across the Atlantic wing,
To bear a wreath for Emerson.

His torch was kindled in the blaze
That from your sacred altars sprang;
He knew the tongues, he knew the lays
In which your bards immortal sang,

Along your mountain's side he trod,
Imbued with philosophic light,
His upward way to truth and God,
And found them both upon the height.

He quarried in your mount, and brought
Forth from the star-lit caverns fair
And priceless wisdom, gems of thought,
Jewels more bright than rubies rare.

At your eternal springs he quaffed,
Where Poesy her youth began,
A thrilling, deep, enlivening draught;
Then full and rich his numbers ran.

In all your arts he won the meed
For noblest workmanship, ye Nine;
He loved your friends, the wingéd steed,
The archer god, the grove, the shrine.

Fill then a goblet from that fount,
Whence soul-inspiring waters run,
And from the laurels on that mount
Twine a fresh wreath for Emerson.

Syracuse University.

Emerson, the Poet.

By Charles W. Hubner.

While the major part of the essays, appreciations and tributes concerning the life and works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, evoked by the centennial anniversary of his birth, will be devoted to his well-known and indisputable rank among the foremost philosophers and thinkers of modern times, and only the minor part will deal adequately with his less quantitative work as a poet, yet the fine and richly endowed quality of Emerson's poetry will not fail to command the admiration of every true lover of the poetic muse.

To Emerson, the poet, there is assured as conspicuous and permanent a place among the sons of Apollo as that which has been assigned to him, by the world's verdict, in the classic temple of Philosophy. Doubtless this centennial commemoration will serve to concentrate the attention of students and of book-lovers generally, for a fruitful, though it may be but a brief, period upon our great American philosopher's complete works, with the result that his poems will receive the increased meed of praise and appreciation which they so richly deserve—an appreciation which, comparatively speaking, has been confined to the select few, while, with the mass of men, his wider fame rests mainly upon his reputation as a philosopher and teacher.

Although the range of Emerson's poetry is narrow, it is deep, and suffused with the pure light of imagination, and dominated by the supreme ideality of a philosophic mind. Its keynote is Beauty. What it lacks in mere technical excellence, what occasional flaws there may be, showing the absence of the subtle touches of the master verse-builder, in rhythm and meter, are compensated for by the depth of insight, by the soul and heart uplifting power of inspiration, which characterize his best poems, and by the profound truths which shine like virgin gold in his virile lines. The merely metrical, the matter of form defects which may offend the eye and ear of the critical, are forgotten in the glow, the exaltation which are felt by the earnest student and the cultured reader of Emerson's poems—by everyone who allows himself to be touched and purified by the Ithuriel spear of this rare poet. After all, quality, not quantity, is the true test of merit; the soul and the heart of the poet are of more consequence to the world than his proficiency in the external details of his art.

Emerson was a lover of man and of nature,

a lover of the true, the good, and the beautiful. He devoted his genius to their service, and to the elucidation of what these terrestrial and supernal teachers taught him.

In closing this brief and inadequate appreciation of "Emerson, the poet," I deem it pertinent to quote, as voicing perhaps the opinion of many thoughtful students of Emerson, what Mr. Frothingham has said of him:

"His thoughts are deep and pregnant; capable of infinite expansion, illustration, and application. They crop out on almost every page of his characteristic writings; are iterated and reiterated in every form of speech, and put into gems of expression that may be worn on any part of the person. His prose and poetry are aglow with them; they make his essays oracular and his verse prophetic. By virtue of them his best books belong to the sacred literature of the race; by virtue of them, but for the lack of artistic finish of rhythm and rhyme, he would be the chief of American poets."

Carnegie Library, Atlanta, Ga.

Emerson's Break with Institutional Religion.

By Lorenzo Sears.

It was something of a surprise to the Second Unitarian Church of Boston when, in 1832, its young assistant minister asked to be dismissed from that body on account of differences between it and himself touching the Lord's Supper. There were various explanations of the occurrence at the time, some of them not unlike what would have been sufficient a century before, namely, that it was a mysterious manifestation of Providence, dark and inexplicable, and nothing more to be said about it. But with the perspective of three-score and ten years, it is possible to account for such a radical procedure on more philosophical grounds than to attribute it to a wilful eccentricity bordering upon an egotistical iconoclasm.

Several climacteric events and men in New England history were the outcome of movements started before the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth. The dissatisfaction that some felt with measures of the Reformation in England, which they were pleased to call half-way reforms, bred a spirit of dissent, which, like a fracture once made in a globe of glass, multiplied itself on every occasion. This protesting habit of Protestantism, joined to the independency of Puritanism, could not be forever kept within even such a stockade as was built in Massachusetts Bay. Despite Levitical restraints, it would now and then "tran-

scend the impalement of the impound," as the negro remarked of his unruly heifer. Hence the narrow escapes which the unity of the Standing Order had made once or twice before the irrepressible break into the Unitarian movement at the beginning of the last century.

Then there was the kindred principle of individualism which had a way of periodically asserting itself: the right of every man to his own conscientious scruples, provided they did not clash with the tenets of the meeting-house. When this proviso grew weaker, personal convictions of the individual became more emphatic; and instead of being reduced to respectable conformity by fines and the pillory, they were called hard and heretical names, which, as with all criticism, served as an advertisement.

Add to this the inheritance of a ministerial habit through eight generations, and we have the legitimate and perhaps exaggerated fruit of tendency, heredity, and environment through two centuries culminating in a New England minister's rejection of the single rite instituted by the Founder of Christianity.

How far historic habits and tendencies should be made to share accountability for personal action must be left to the opinion of one and another according to their views of distributed responsibility. But inheritances are not readily shaken off, and the ninth in the succession of preachers in a single family could not stop preaching, which was always the chief ministerial office with it. The lecture platform became his pulpit, and his congregation was found wherever an audience gathered to listen to his orphic sayings, full of wisdom and paradoxes, of sagacity and idealism, of wit and imagination, of abstraction and concrete reality, all uttered in a diction compact, suggestive, stimulating, and creative. Some accepted his intuitions of beauty and truth as a new gospel; many others rejected them as novel heresy, but all were curious to hear more of them,—except that orthodox divine who followed one of Emerson's lectures with a prayer in which was the petition that they "might be delivered from ever again listening to such transcendental nonsense."

Brown University.

Mr. Loomis in Boston.

I had always heard that Bostonians were readers, and that they were loyal to the little band of *litterateurs* who made a crown of glory for the city on the three hills, so it did not surprise me to see a man, evidently a business man, reading Emerson's Essays on a Boston

and Cambridge electric. (They call them "electrics" in Boston. They *have* to be different.) I was curious to know something of the history of this typical Bostonian, and so under pretext of asking him whether the car went through to Arlington I entered into conversation with him when he had finished the essay on "Self-Reliance" and was presumably in a position to look out for himself.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," said I, "but I could not help seeing the title of your book, and as I am a stranger in Boston it pleased me not a little to learn that Bostonians are really as cultivated as the joke writers would have us believe."

"Oh, yes," said he; "there are cultivated men in all cities."

"Well, can you tell me if it is a general custom for business men to read Emerson on the street cars?"

With great courtesy but with a half-concealed smile he said:

"I am not in a position to answer your question as I was never in Boston before. I am a professor in Columbia University and I am on my way to visit my brother, who is a professor in Harvard. I was born and brought up in Jersey City and I never happened to read Emerson until to-day, when I picked up this copy in the Corner Book Store. I see that I have missed an intellectual treat."

I retired, apologizing, and fell to reflecting on the danger of generalizing.—CHAS. BATTELL LOOMIS in *Saturday Evening Post*.

A Tribute to Emerson.

The poet Gray complained that he was neither a cat to see in the dark, nor an eagle to face the sun; not a whisper of this do we get from Emerson. Cat and eagle are mere moles to him who says, "I am a transparent eyeball." Emerson, of all our poets, sees; be it noontide or twilight, the glance is straight and piercing. Not only does he see through the light, but he absorbs it, "illuminating the untried and the unknown." Emerson's mastery over light distinguishes him from his compeers, and, coupled with his ability, "to put his private fact into literature," gives him the electric, seminal strength which comes first in a computation of his power. Sight, imagination, and inspiration standing foremost among his gifts, Emerson was a seer, a reporter, a mighty applier of ideas to life. His aim was truth, his mission to tell us "how to live well"; he was to the last the lover of youth and beauty, he was a receiver of the

distilled wisdom of the ages, he was virile and benign; in short, he could make a brave showing of the gifts characterizing the great poets of old.—JOHN VANCE CHENEY, from his volume of essays entitled "That Dome in Air."

A Club Incident.

By Charles W. Kent.

In a Southern city there is to-day one of the most serious and successful literary clubs in America. For more than a decade this club, with a membership of twenty-one members, has held its regular weekly meetings during nine months of each year without ever losing a meeting by default or lack of interest.

Among the members of this club were several avowed Emersonians, if familiarity with his writings and affectionate appreciation of his life and purpose elevate to this rank. For a given evening Emerson was selected as the subject, and that we might not be regaled with mere reiterations of our own views, the duty of preparing a paper on Emerson was assigned to a newly elected member, a clergyman of mature culture, but, as later appeared, wholly out of touch with Emerson's life and philosophy. The club assembled, the paper was announced, the author with impressive confidence drew out his bulky manuscript, while the members settled themselves to hear once again intelligent and discriminating praise of an old favorite.

With the first bold words the members were aware that the author of the paper was no lover of his subject; with later utterances they pricked up their ears, straightened themselves in their chairs, moved uneasily, cast questioning glances at one another, and then surrendered themselves to astonishment and dismay. In blissful ignorance of the consternation he had created, the reader was intent upon his incisive dissection of Emerson's character, his severe censure of the incoherent prose, and sarcastic references to metrical deficiencies. He ended—and for the first time noted that, uninspired by love and unilluminated by reverent study, he had pronounced to sensitive lovers of the New England sage a strange and startling diatribe.

The situation was so ludicrous as to forestall the necessity of explanations or apologies, but the moral was, and is, as one of the members put it, that you must not presume to walk familiarly with Emerson unless in some measure you have caught the "Emersonian stride."

University of Virginia.

EMERSON AND TRANSCENDENTALISM.

By C. F. McClumpha.

"What is popularly called transcendentalism among us, is idealism; idealism as it appears in 1842," said Emerson in a lecture before a Boston audience in the same year. This idealism came to be an important part of Emerson's philosophy. It became a mode of thought as well as a precept. It was the soul to the body of his literary expression, for literature may be said to have a soul as well as a body. Literary history records many a period when the question of keeping body and soul together was an important one, periods when materialism, such as that of the eighteenth century, threatened the life of idealism; periods when transcendentalism has waxed militant and distrustful of the material, scientific progress of mankind.

It was the voice of Immanuel Kant that heralded a philosophy of idealism, declaring that the external world, its phenomena, its history, do not depend upon experience; that mind, its speculations, aspirations, and dreams, are not to be rent as fine-spun myths. It was reserved for Emerson to translate the idealism of Kant into the practical, every-day life and culture of the American in the nineteenth century. Emerson poured his idealism into a mould which shaped a world of real profit and ideal delight for the masses that were to become his readers and admirers.

Wordsworth, the transcendental naturalist, had already celebrated the sympathy of man with external nature; Carlyle, the transcendental moralist, had thundered forth his anathemas against the pettiness of human thought and the falseness of human institutions; but it was for Emerson to exult in the divine nature of things, to glorify the spiritual force in man and his humanity. It was a grand thing for the idealist of nature to dream of the material particles that are wrought into intimate relationship with the soul, to let the imagination bridge the gulf between inner self and outer world, between the subtlest thought and the dancing atom of the sunbeam. It was a noble thought to imagine moral energy in stardust, to connect the heroes and sages of human history with the barren rocks of Scandia or the pleached gardens of Arabia. But how much more sublime the idealism that could link the commonplace lives and humdrum existence of unheroic and uninteresting neighbors and fellow citizens with the whole power of world-creation or the highest conception of spiritualism.

Emerson's transcendentalism was eminently

suited to the American public. It was democratic. It placed him in harmony with the current and movement of the time; it enabled him to bear his part in the public and private doings of his country; it made him a noble and inspiring leader among men. The human side of democracy, its ideal, it may be said, is humanitarianism, and this was the burden of all Emerson's political, or theoretically political, utterances. To him the greatest examples of humanity, those who became the heroes of history, were not resultants of blind force, but "representative men" endowed with divine qualities. Such heroes do not exact hero-worship; they rather attract men by their transcendent qualities and then yield their places to other geniuses. "But at last we shall cease to look in men for completeness, and shall content ourselves with their social and delegated quality." "We never come at the best and true benefit of any genius so long as we believe him an original force." Such heroes are resultants of qualities common to all men, they are democratic as we are democratic, and they leave us independent.

Again, Emerson's transcendentalism was optimistic. It was self-sufficient in the highest sense of the word. It could afford to dispense with the harsh theories that science has often sought to impose upon material things. Cellular explanations of matter, prosy crystallizations of sociology, philosophy may be ignored. Optimistic transcendentalism rises above such explanations. The thoughts of moral beings are reflections of that divine harmony present in all natural phenomena. The richly colored clouds of heaven, the laughing mountain brook, the murmuring forest pines, the most delicately tinted flower, are in accord with human joys and sorrows. Human efforts and ambitions are swayed by the same forces that pass into electrons of the minutest atom. Emerson exultingly exclaims, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams." Against such optimism the billows of materialism and pessimism may dash with the greatest possible violence, but transcendental faith will remain serene, undisturbed.

The transcendentalism of Emerson became

a part of his style. As the writer's thoughts soar above the experiences of routine life, so his inspired announcements flash from one height to another till they seem to occupy regions that will not allow a safe entrance to the wearied follower. Like Ariel they sometimes "divide and burn in many places." In this lofty region of pure faith and ethereal spirituality the air of logic becomes rare and the reader finds it hard to inhale a full breath of empirical ozone. These regions are sublime and often sheer, but the views are wide-ranging and the soul's eye catches many a rare sight in its spiritual excitation and rapture. No conceivable style could better fit the inaccessibility of the theme. It often puzzles, it shows

the vast and unapproachable spaces of chaos, it often leaves the plodding reader without a guide. Yet there, above the confusion, reigns the stimulating sense of belief in order, in goodness, and in beauty. Clear and simple it would never be, for its domain lies beyond the plains and meadow-lands of human reason. He speaks not with the monotony of a logician, not with the imperiousness of a dogmatist, but with the encouraging shout of one who is scaling heights and can summon those below only by occasional cries and exulting exclamations. Such a style was Emerson's and such was the eloquence of transcendentalism.

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EMERSON'S TRANSCENDENTALISM.

By Henry A. Beers.*

If people who write essays on Emerson would only stop saying fine things about him and tell us what he means, they would do more service to criticism. It is significant, by the way, that the question asked about Emerson is, What does he *mean*? and about Carlyle, What does he *want*? Both of these questions were put by plain people a generation ago. Answers enough were forthcoming—but in the shape of fresh oracles. The plain people were told, among other things, that the ideas of the reason (*Vernunft*) could not be translated into the language of the understanding (*Verstand*); and thereupon, examining themselves diligently, came to the mortifying conclusion that the former of these organs must have been left out of them. Mr. Lowell, too, abused them for wanting an edition of Emerson in "words of one syllable for infant minds." And he went on to say:—"The bother with Mr. Emerson is that, though he writes in prose, he is essentially a poet." But surely this is not the whole of the bother; for after making every allowance for the needs of poetic expression, it still remains true—does it not?—that the poem should have a meaning capable of statement in prose. Emerson would have been the first to acknowledge this; holding, as he did, the somewhat heretical opinion that a translation is about as good as an original. The real bother with Emerson is that his *Weltanschauung* is unfamiliar to most readers and that, being a poet, he nowhere formulates it. His position toward systematic philosophies is almost consciously defined by himself in what he says of Plato: "He has not

a system. The dearest defenders and disciples are at fault. He attempted a theory of the universe, and his theory is not complete or self-evident. One man thinks he means this; and another, that; he has said one thing in one place and the reverse of it in another place."

Now when Emerson "cut the cable that bound us to English thought, and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue water," he had a German pilot on board. If we wish for a formal statement of his philosophy, we must look for it in the systems of Kant, of Fichte, and of Schelling. It may be worth while, even at this late day, to undertake the humble office of interpreter, for Emerson is increasingly read. Those who cannot understand him affect an admiration, in order to be in the fashion, and one hears the mystic lines of "Brahma" repeated with ecstasy by people who haven't the remotest notion of their meaning.

The three questions which the poet puts to the philosopher are: How do you conceive of nature, of the soul, and of God? The popular conceptions of these points need no long statement; for they are familiar to us from childhood, but they are, in brief, as follows:

First: External nature—matter—the visible universe, has a real, objective existence independent of spirit. Things are as they seem. We have never doubted it: no man in his *senses* ever doubted it. What do you tell us? Are not the everlasting hills as real

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as we ourselves? If all the human race and all animals were annihilated, would not the forms of the mineral and vegetable world *be* there all the same, whether there were any onlookers or not?

Secondly: Each human soul is a separate and immaterial thing—separate from God—separate from its body and the world of matter. It is created at the same time with the body which it inhabits or is at least put into it at some time between conception and birth. Its relations to the body are mysterious and can be expressed only by a metaphor. The body is its garment, its organ, its tabernacle. It grows with the body, suffers with it, but does not die with it. Matter and spirit are eternally distinct. (This is what the philosophers call “dualism.”)

Thirdly: The cause alike of nature and of the soul is God. He is not identical with nature or with the soul, but distinct from them. He is a person and he has given the soul a destiny higher than nature's. Nature he will or he may uncreate; but to the soul he has promised immortality. He enlightens it through conscience, through nature and through revelation. It partakes with him of spiritual being; but nature is material and was created for its service. (This is personal theism.)

This is, of course, a crude and mechanical statement of the popular philosophy, but no more so than would be given by nine out of ten intelligent men if asked to formulate their beliefs. These conceptions are held with all degrees of subtlety and of grossness. The minds of thinkers and of refined natures approach to a pure notion of spirit. Children and unthinking persons necessarily materialize their conceptions and help them out with images; the soul is figured as a thin form of matter—an *anima*, vapor or breath. God becomes not merely personal but anthropomorphic. In a series of wood-cuts designed by the priests of a Catholic seminary for deaf mutes in Germany, to teach their pupils, through the eye, the mysteries of their religion, the doctrine of the Real Presence is illustrated by a manikin proceeding along a beam of light which streams from God's uplifted palm into the sacramental cup. The same figure is stamped upon the wafer. A similar device represents the mystery of the Immaculate Conception. These deaf mutes were like children. The abstractions which language reaches were to them unknown. Pictures were the only language which their teachers could use, and spirit must be symbolized for them by a visible image. Sir John Davies in his poem

on the Immortality of the Soul finds it hard to express the junction of soul and body. He says that the soul does not dwell in the body as in a tent; nor is she as a pilot in his ship, a spider in its web, the print of a seal in the wax, or as heat in fire, but rather as the morning light, that

“—in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air in all and every part”—

a simile, of course, quite as material as the rest.

But with slight modifications the above conceptions form, more or less consciously, the philosophical background of the mass of English poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson. It is true that here and there an individual like Shelley may have doubted the personality of God and the immortality of the soul. There are passages in Wordsworth that lean toward pantheism, or at least toward a closer identification of God with nature than in the popular philosophy. Coleridge's prose is filled with the speculations of German metaphysics, but he only stirred the waters of English thought an inch or two below the surface, like a languid wind. Carlyle's protests have done little to remove the national distrust of “mysticism” or to domesticate Novalis and Richter among us. There is no instance of a great English poet so filled with the ideas of a speculative system as Schiller was for a time with those of the critical philosophy. The eighteenth century indeed offers one distinguished instance of a British idealist who was likewise a poet. But Berkeley's philosophy met a reception at home in striking contrast with the sudden kindling of the German imagination under the sparks thrown off by Kant and his successors. No better illustration of the general attitude toward Berkeleyism can be found than Boswell's anecdote of Johnson: “After we came out of the church we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter and that everything in the universe is merely ideal. I observed that, though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone till he rebounded from it. ‘Sir, I refute it thus.’”

This method of refutation is by no means obsolete. One still finds popular writers in our magazines triumphing easily over Berkeley. They tell stories of witty friends who soothe

the wretched idealist by reminding him that the mosquitoes which annoy him in the North Woods are merely "phenomena;" or who offer the sophisticated trifle a five-cent cigar, with the assurance that "to him" it is just as good as the finest Regalia, since both, in effect, have no existence. Such passages suggest a painful doubt as to whether the unredeemed Anglo-Saxon intellect is really capable of understanding the most elementary arguments of philosophy.

Emerson's divergence from our customary point of view will now become plain, if we examine briefly and in the order named his attitude on each of the three cardinal points above mentioned, viz.: The nature of the visible universe, of the human soul and of God. In his lecture on "The Transcendentalist" (1842) he has himself given his definition of the word. "What is popularly called transcendentalism among us is idealism. . . . The idealism of the present day acquired the name of transcendental from the use of that term by Immanuel Kant, who replied to the skeptical philosophy of Locke, which insisted that there was nothing in the intellect which was not previously in the experience of the senses, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas, or imperative forms, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired; that these were intuitions of the mind itself, and he denominated them *transcendental* forms."

Let us glance then, for a moment, at Kant's philosophy and at the systems that grew out of it. And first it should be said that Kant's criticism is not properly idealism, i. e., that it does not deny the objective or independent being of matter. That its conclusions lead inevitably to idealism, is doubtless true. The question whether Kant had unconsciously taken the step from criticism to idealism is still an open one. Professedly he certainly had not. He spoke of Fichte's egoism as "ghostly" and of Berkeleyism as *Träumerei*.

Kant's doctrine as to matter may be thus expressed. He believed in the reality of the *noumenon*—the *Ding an sich*, which is the ground of the *phenomenon* or the thing as it appears to us. We know *that* it is; but we know not *what* it is. For first, in its passage into the mind, it is modified by the senses through which it enters. This is illustrated by the facts of color-blindness, the illusions of the special sense, etc. What by daylight appears to me blue, by lamplight will appear green. In diseased conditions the eye may fail to distinguish between yellow and red.

It is possible to conceive that the ear might be so constructed that the combinations which now produce harmony might then produce discord. Nay, it is even possible to conceive that our five senses do not report all that is to be reported of material objects; that we are blind and deaf toward many sides of things; that beings may exist with a hundred senses instead of five. The revelations of the microscope give us a hint of what possibilities lie in nature beyond the reach of our apprehension. Secondly, space and time in which all things are perceived, are not in Kant's view qualities, inherent in the objects of our perception; nor are they conceptions generalized from experience, like man, color, sound. They are rather *forms* of sense perception, contributed by the mind, subjective elements in the act of perception; not, indeed, earlier in time than our experience, but underived from experience. And thirdly, the *Ding an sich* is still further modified and shaped by the mind, in that the latter imposes upon the raw material of experience certain categories, or *a priori* notions, through which alone experience or cognition becomes possible. Such are the notions of substance and attribute, of cause and effect. These are not derived from experience, they are necessary and universal, and precede experience. Without the aid of these primary notions furnished by the understanding, we could not unite into one the scattered perceptions of a yellow color, a rough surface, a spherical shape, etc., and refer these perceptions to the single object, which we call an orange. We have no experience of a substance apart from its qualities. Experience gives us only a manifold of sensations; it is an intellectual necessity alone, which compels us to refer them to a single substance, or to assume a cause for any given effect. According to Kant's view, the soul looks out upon the material universe through windows of various shapes and hues. The media modify the appearances. Our perceptions are red and square, or blue and round, not because the landscape outside is so, but because the windows are so. Or the soul is a concave mirror distorting what it reflects; or a mould which gives shape to the impressions poured in. There is no accurate copy in the mind of anything outside it. Lambert was right from Kant's standpoint, when he wrote to the latter that phenomena are not related to noumena, as the exact translation of an unknown speech is related to its original.

Kant's *transcendentalism* has been popu-

larly confounded with idealism in great part, no doubt, because of the emphasis which he laid on the subjective factors of knowledge; but also, mainly because Kant having gone thus far, it was impossible for his followers to avoid going farther. He had shown that the categories of the understanding had no validity outside of the sphere of experience; that we have no right to assume, e. g., that God is the *cause* of the universe; since God cannot be given as an object in experience. Yet in violation of this principle he assumed an underlying *noumenon* or *Ding an sich* as the ground of the phenomenon. What right have you to assume the existence of any *Ding an sich*? asked Fichte. According to your own showing, it can never be an object of experience. We know only phenomena, only our own states of consciousness. *Is there anything else? Is there any material universe at all?* This is that "noble doubt" of which Emerson speaks, the doubt of all idealism. It is impossible to think of an object perceived except in terms of a perceiving subject. Then there is no object out of myself. I make the object. "To-morrow, gentlemen," said Fichte at the close of one of his lectures, "to-morrow we will create God." The thing-in-itself, as Kant had left it, was so forlorn a residuum that it dissolved under Fichte's criticism. In this denial of the absolute existence of matter, Emerson is at one with Fichte and with Berkeley. It is hardly necessary to cite passages in support of this. His idealism is found on his every page. He calls the universe a shade, a dream, "this great apparition." "It is a sufficient account of that appearance we call the world," he writes in "Nature," "that God will teach a human mind and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations, which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses; to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects; what difference does it make whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul?"

This same mood occurs frequently in Thoreau. The hard world of matter becomes suddenly all fluent and spiritual. The multitude of fixed forms waver off into the *schwankende Gestalten* of the poet's dream. "This earth," exclaims Thoreau, "which is spread out like a map around me, is but the lining of my inmost soul exposed." "In *me* is the sucker that I see;" and of Walden Pond

"I am its stony shore
And the breeze that passes o'er."

Read also in the "Week" the poem entitled "The Inward Morning:"

"Packed in my mind lie all the clothes
That outward nature wears."

At this point we may note a distinction between the idealism of Berkeley and of Fichte. Berkeley's system is called by Lewes "theological idealism." He assumed an eternal cause for the images in the mind. This cause was not matter—not Kant's *Ding an sich*—but God, who unfolds the ordered panorama of the universe before the eyes of the soul. With Berkeley nature was a thought of God, with Fichte a thought of the soul. In a later chapter of "Nature" Emerson writes: "Spirit, that is the Supreme Being, does not build up nature around us, but puts it forth through us." Here he takes a position in advance both of Berkeley and of Fichte and in harmony rather with the objective idealism of Schelling. To see more clearly what this position is let us go back to Kant. In answering the question, How does Emerson conceive of nature? we have anticipated somewhat the answers to the question, How does he conceive of the soul and of God?

Besides the forms of sense-perception—time and space—and the categories of the understanding, Kant found the mind possessed of certain *a priori* notions which have no objects corresponding to them in experience and which he called the ideas of the pure reason. One of these is the real, objective existence of the ego—i. e. of the immortal soul. In consciousness I am merely the subject; I cannot know myself as independently existing—independently, i. e., of my state of consciousness. Yet as the mind is compelled to assume a thing in itself which is the outward basis of knowledge, so it is forced to assume its own existence as the inward basis—the transcendental ground of knowledge. The soul is the fixed point past which the flux of sensations is driven. Knowledge is impossible beyond experience; the speculative reason cannot *prove* this independent life of the soul; but the practical reason, or the will, cannot *act* except upon the assumption. Another of these ideas of the pure reason is God, as the source of the world and of the soul. This idea, in like manner, cannot be verified by experience, but the freedom of the will and the moral law, which is of universal force, compel us to take God for granted.

In Fichte's philosophy the existence and activity of the ego are assumed as the starting

point. God and the universe of matter exist but in the soul. In the act of knowledge the object is identified with (i. e., produced by) the subject, and God is nothing else than the moral order of the world. God, in Fichte's system, is not a being distinct from the universe and the soul. This is the most thoroughgoing of all idealisms. But Emerson is not content with idealism pure and simple. "Idealism," he says, "is a hypothesis to account for nature by other principles than those of carpentry and chemistry. Yet if it only deny the existence of matter, it does not satisfy the demands of the spirit. It leaves God out of me. It leaves me in the splendid labyrinth of my perceptions, to wander without end. Then the heart resists it because it balks the affections in denying substantive being to men and women. Nature is so pervaded with human life that there is something of humanity in all and in every particular. But this theory makes nature foreign to me and does not account for the consanguinity which we acknowledge to it." This last sentence brings us to Schelling.

Schelling, without the intellectual sobriety of Kant or the high and austere moral enthusiasm of Fichte, possessed an imagination which accounts for his influence upon minds of keen instinctive perception like Coleridge's and Emerson's. His system is a poem, and his style has great literary beauty.

Schelling took the step from idealism to pantheism. Let it be granted that the outside universe has no existence independent of the mind. Yet is it not equally certain that the mind has no existence independent of the universe? We are irresistibly driven to assume the reality of matter. Man can no more be a subject without an object, than an object without a subject. The subject becomes conscious of itself only through its recognition of the object. In every act of knowledge the subject and object are identical, i. e., the mind knows only its own state of consciousness, and yet it distinguishes itself from its object. How can this identity and diversity at once be reconciled? Only in a higher unity, answered Schelling. Nature and mind are one, and are yet opposed to each other. They are the positive and negative ends of the magnet. They both exist in the absolute, i. e., in God, in the All (*To Pan*). Reason is the indifference point in the magnet, where subject and object become one. Nature is the dark side of mind. In man the absolute becomes conscious of himself, makes of himself as nature an object to himself as mind. "The

souls of men are but the innumerable individual eyes with which the infinite world spirit beholds himself." The finite soul exists only by the self-limitation of the infinite—exists in the infinite or absolute soul, which is God. Nature, too, which exists in God strives upward through rock, crystal, plant, animal, toward a more and more complete consciousness of itself, which it finally reaches in man. This aspiration Emerson expresses in the lines prefixed to "Nature":

"A subtle chain of countless rings .
The next unto the farthest brings; * *
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Schelling's system is in result mystical, and to be expressed only by figures, however the arguments by which he supported it have the appearance, at least, of severe logical deduction. It is, of course, flat pantheism, and Coleridge, who had followed his earlier speculations, drew back from the later phases which they assumed. Not so, Emerson, who is here in harmony with Schelling. There have been denial and assertion as to Emerson's pantheism. His language seems to me capable of but one interpretation. His "Over-Soul" is the same thing as Schelling's *Weltseele*. In his essay under that title, he thus urges the relation of the individual to the infinite spirit: "The soul in man . . . is the background of our being . . . an immensity not possessed, and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all." Again he defines revelation as "an influx of the Divine mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life." In moods of exaltation and especially in the presence of nature, this relation of the individual soul to the absolute is discerned. "All mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate thro' me; I am part and particle of God." Compare, too, that remarkable rhapsody in Thoreau's "Week": "Suddenly old Time winked at me—Ah, you know me, you rogue—and news had come that IT was well. That ancient universe is in such capital health, I think undoubtedly it will never die. . . . I see, smell, taste, hear, feel that everlasting Something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very Selves." A still more important passage is the following from "The Over-Soul": "In all conversation between two persons tacit reference is made

to a third party, to a common nature. That third party, or common nature is not social; it is impersonal; is God." It is in other words the "pure" or universal Ego of Fichte, the absolute of Schelling. "Thought is not my thought," wrote Schelling, "and Being is not my being; for everything belongs to God or the all. There is no such thing as a reason which *we have*, but only a Reason that *has us*." And Emerson again in the essay on "The Transcendentalist": "His experience inclines him to behold the procession of facts you call the world, as flowing perpetually outward from an invisible, unsounded center in himself, center alike of him and of them, and necessitating him to regard all things as having a subjective or relative existence, relative to that aforesaid Unknown Center of him." And elsewhere: "There is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." "That great nature in which we rest as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere."

We have now answered the three questions with which we set out, and have found that Emerson's conception of God, the soul and nature and their relations to one another constitute an idealistic pantheism. There is found an entire harmony in this respect between his earliest and his latest utterances. His essay on "Immortality" published in "Letters and Social Aims," 1876, was greeted in some quarters as a final acceptance of the Christian doctrine of personal immortality. But it is impossible to see how its language can bear such construction. To be sure, Emerson never dogmatizes. He neither asserts nor denies personal immortality, and he even argues hopefully of the soul's destinies. But he comes no nearer a conclusion than this: "I confess that everything connected with our personality fails. Nature never spares the individual. No prosperity is promised to *that*. We have our indemnity only in the success of that to which we belong. *That* is immortal and we only through that. The soul stipulates for no private good." And he takes refuge in a high stoical faith. "I think all sound minds rest on a certain preliminary conviction, namely: That if it be best that conscious, personal life shall continue, it will continue; if not best, then it will not; and we, if we saw the whole, should of course see that it was better so."

It is the confidence expressed in this last passage which gives to Emerson's page that

serenity and elevation—the confidence, *viz.*, that the good will ultimately prevail. To doubt it is, he says, "the only skepticism." He would believe with Milton that

"—if this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble."

And when I say that Emerson seems to be a pantheist, I do not mean by pantheism the doctrine that the first principle is matter or force or any unconscious thing. Emerson's whole view is intensely spiritual. His idealism resolves matter into spirit. I will not attempt a definition of personality or affirm that he attributes personality to God. But if it includes only will and intelligence, I should say that he did, and that his pantheism differs from theism mainly in this, that he declines to separate his idea of God from his manifestation in nature and his presence in the human soul. He would doubtless accept this passage in Matthew Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna" as a fair statement of his position:

"All things the world which fill
Of but one stuff are spun,
That we who rail are still,
With what we rail at one;
One with the o'erlabored Power that through the
breadth and length
Of earth, and air and sea,
In men, and plants, and stones,
Hath toil perpetually,
And travails, pants and moans;
Fain would do all things well, but sometimes fails in
strength."

Or if it be objected that this denies the divine omnipotence, then perhaps Wordsworth has given a nearer expression to Emerson's conception in the oft-quoted lines written near Tintern Abbey:

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air
And the blue sky and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Space is wanting within the limits of this paper, to illustrate fully the direction which Emerson's philosophy has given to his poetry and general literary production. A few of the more obvious effects may be briefly indicated. An ever-present sense of the ideality of material things subordinates nature unduly. This thought will visit all high poetic souls, but it must not come to stay. Shakespeare does not forget that this world will one day vanish "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and that we our-

selves "are such stuff as dreams are made on," and Milton speaks of the world's "vain masque." But this is not the mood in which they dwell. The poet belongs to the cheerful world of phenomena. He is most the poet to whom existence is most real—who *realizes* most intensely that experience of the soul which we call nature and human life. In Emerson's "World Soul" occur the following lines:

"And what if trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad,
With railways ironed o'er?
They are but sailing foam-bells
Along thought's causing stream,
And take their shape and sun color
From him that sends the dream."

Is this the attitude of the poet, or of the philosopher? This disturbing influence of idealism will continue in spite of our confidence that the order of phenomena is constant. "God plays no tricks with the soul," says Emerson, recalling Descartes' assertion that external nature must exist because of the truthfulness of God.

As with nature, so with humanity and history. The ethics of transcendentalism postpones all social duties to the needs of the private soul and proposes self-culture as the highest aim. So in like manner its literature is unsocial. Emerson's theme is the soul standing over against the universe and discerning in itself God. The varieties of individual fates and passions do not touch him closely. With him the type is important—the common element. "Persons are supplementary to the primary teaching of the soul," he says. "In youth we are mad for persons. But the larger experience of man discovers the identical nature appearing through them all." His religion is aristocratic: "How ill agrees the majestic immortality of our religion with the frivolous populations!" But it is these same populations that swarm the pages of the great creative singers who express the general only through the concrete. In Shakespeare and Goethe how infinite the multitude of forms! It is for the poet to distinguish the manifold in unity; for the philosopher to detect the uniform in variety. It is manifest on which of these sides Emerson's sympathies fall. Read his essay on "Plato." "The same—the same: friend and foe are of one stuff; the plowman, the plow, and the furrow are of one stuff." And this is the thought in "Brahma":

"They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

There have been poets—Dante for instance—whose poetry has risen on occasion into the region of pure thought, while still keeping close in the main to the shape of this actual life. There have been philosophers who have apprehended truth with such warmth of feeling and imagination, that they have been forced to give poetic expression to a system of high abstractions. To this latter class Emerson belongs. His genius is interpretive rather than constructive. He remains, after all, a preacher—

"Child of an age that lectures, not creates."

He is one of a class of minds of which the rarest English example is Sir Thomas Browne.

Let it not be supposed that any divorce is here attempted between beauty and truth; nor that in this classification no account is made of the exquisite poetic quality in Emerson's thought and style. The substance of his writing is philosophy, but the expression is poetry. It is not the purpose of this essay to take his measure as a poet, but to point out the direction which his philosophical notions have inevitably given to his poetry and prose.

It would be instructive, but it is unnecessary, to trace the presence of these same notions in the writings of the other New England transcendentalists. Among these Thoreau unquestionably holds the highest place. In one respect he has been more fortunate than Emerson; his subject, New England nature, is more concrete and will assure him, it is probable, a wider public. The most distinctive note in Thoreau is his inhumanity. "Man" he wrote, "is only the point on which I stand." Almost equally interesting is Margaret Fuller, who indicated more than she performed, and whose personality had more influence than her work.

Among writers who held aloof from the movement, Lowell's earlier poems have much that is transcendental in expression and none has made more splendid acknowledgment of the impulse which the great lecturer gave his hearers. His tributes recall the fond reminiscences of Wordsworth and Coleridge, touching the days of their joyous youthful radicalism.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

William Ellery Channing, Jr., will also have a permanent place in the history of transcendental poetry, if by nothing else than by virtue of the line "If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea." Hawthorne was naturally an idealist, but he tells us himself that he came

too late to Concord to fall decidedly under Emerson's influence. He would have run little danger of that had he come earlier. The shy independence of his genius took alarm at the too close approach of an alien mind. In his Brook Farm reminiscences he speaks with a certain resentment of Margaret Fuller and her "transcendental heifer."

In conclusion, whatever may have been the ethical and religious efforts of the transcendental movement, it certainly helped New England literature. All the young writers within its reach struck their roots deeper into the loosened and freshened soil.

Yale University.

Two Interesting Emerson Letters.

From the manuscript collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania for THE BOOK-LOVER, by John W. Jordan, Librarian of the Society.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON TO GEORGE W. CHILDS
CONCORD, February 11.

DEAR SIR: Since I received your letter, which I answered a few days ago, accepting your kind invitation, I have received a note from Dr. Furness to the same purport, but urging his claims on me and mine so affectionately that I have not the heart to disobey him, and must beg you to forgive me for going to his house, when I reach Philadelphia, instead of yours. The Doctor and I went to the same dame's school in our fourth or fifth year and thereafter to the Latin school, and the college, and he has such rights in me as I have no power or wish to dispute.

Hoping you will forgive me, I shall not fail to call on you on my arrival in your city. With great regard, yours,

George W. Childs, Esq. R. W. EMERSON.

THOMAS CARLYLE TO —

CHELSEA, 27 Oct., 1842.

DEAR SIR: Thanks for your gift of Emerson's Lecture. Mr. Ballantyne had already sent me two copies; that was my first sight of the performance. It is an excellent discourse, greatly wanted on both sides of the Atlantic, and cannot be too widely circulated. While men worship mammon as their supreme Divinity, it is of no use trying to "reform" either themselves or their affairs. Mammon was long ago recognized to be no Divinity but a Devil, and even a very contemptible species of Devil; and they that follow his

guidance do very naturally go to the Devil in all senses, and even cannot go elsewhither!

Probably you are not aware that in New England a certain set of persons, grounding themselves on these ideas of Emerson's, are already about *renouncing* this miserable humbug of a world altogether, and retiring into the rural wilderness, to live there exclusively upon vegetables raised by their own digging! Three hours' daily work, they say, will produce a man vegetables sufficient, with gray hodden garments sufficient; and he can live there according to his own mind, leaving the world to live according to *its*. An American man was here lately, as an anxious missionary of all that; seeking for recruits, for proselytes;—naturally finding none, I was obliged to express my total, deep, irreclaimable dissent from the whole vegetable concern,—not without great offence to the missionary; and that perhaps is the reason why he sent me no American copy of this lecture. Emerson does not yet go into vegetables, into rural hermitships, and we may hope, never will.

I remain, yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Ballade of a Book-Lover's Choice.

By Clinton Scollard.

For some, about the honeyed heart of June,
To drift and dream, amid the golden shine,
Down placid waters, is the dearest boon;
For some, what time the skies incarnadine,
To list the thunder of the ancient brine
That swirls, as though 'twere chaff, the stoutest prow;
For me, line marrying with jeweled line,
"A book of verses underneath the bough!"

For some light of the enamored moon,
Flooding the sky as with ethereal wine,
The while impassioned night-birds trill in tune,
And Love plucks lilies for the votive shrine!
For some the prospect, distant and divine,
Billowing below a mighty mountain's brow;—
For me, serene, sequestered, and supine,
"A book of verses underneath the bough!"

For some the mellow and mysterious croon
Of the warm south, at twilight faint and fine;
For some the garden, with its radiant rune,—
The violet, the pink, the eglantine;
For some such ruins as the Rhone and Rhine
With a vague charm of legendry endow;
For me, who reverence the wreathed Nine,
"A book of verses underneath the bough!"

ENVOY.

Whose verses? thine, O poet of the vine,
Omar, high honored, both of yore and now!
How sweet to read until the day's decline
Thy book of verses underneath the bough!

LIONEL JOHNSON: A CELTIC POET.

By John Russell Hayes.

The Celtic cause has lost a knight of pure soul in the recent death of Lionel Johnson. A Celt by race, an Oxonian by culture, and dwelling amid the cloistral seclusion of the old Inns of Court in London, he seemed fitted for high things. As I linger afresh over his two volumes of verse—quaint and distinguished in their very form—I recall the delight of my first reading in these pages—now so freighted with Hellenic beauty and austere splendor, now so affluent of the wild Gaelic sorrow and faery enchantment; and their passages of twilight melancholy seem more deeply wistful in the shadow of their author's almost mysterious taking-off in that lonely London street in the October night.

I hear little said of Lionel Johnson; he seems to have found as yet a small audience in America. Well, the man himself would not have had it otherwise, perhaps,—he who was so scrupulous in the perfecting of his every line, yet so unambitious of fame. A disciple of Arnold and of Pater, he must have felt that his highly chastened work could bide its time and come to its own but slowly.

Winchester and Oxford, the homes of his bright youth, gave him his classic and academic accomplishment.

"To thee
Consecrate and bounden be,
Winchester! this verse of mine."

So opens his first volume; and his last book ends with a melodious reverie on his beloved old school:

"Greatness, beauty, all things fair
Made the spirit of thine air:
Old years live with thee; thy sons
Walk with high companions."

Thus did he write of her. And passing, like a good Wykehamist, to New College, he found the ancient charm of Oxford wholly congenial. In those immemorial cloisters and cedarn chapels, in the sunlight of Oxford gardens, among Arnold's hills and sweet June meadows, the young scholar-poet was happy. And when he passed, like Charles Lamb, "from cloister to cloister," he could look back upon his Oxford days wistfully.

"Over, the four long years! And now there rings
One voice of freedom and regret: *Farewell!*
Now old remembrance sorrows, and now sings:
But song from sorrow, now, I cannot tell.

* * * *

"There, Shelley dreamed his white Platonic dreams;
There, classic Landor throve on Roman thought;

There, Addison pursued his quiet themes;
There, smiled Erasmus, and there, Colet taught.

* * * *

"That is the Oxford strong to charm us yet:
Eternal in her beauty and her past.
What though her soul be vexed? She can forget
Cares of an hour: only the great things last.

* * * *

"Think of her so! the wonderful, the fair,
The immemorial, and the ever young:
The city sweet with our forefathers' care;
The city where the muses all have sung."

The great minster and the centuried quadrangles of Winchester, then, and the incomparable charm of Oxford, would seem to have given Lionel Johnson his keen reverence for all that is antique and traditional in England. When he came to the writing of "The Art of Thomas Hardy," he pictured with rich fancy the old, old life of primitive Dorsetshire, coloring his dream with touches as of antique Sabine or Virgilian pastoral simplicity; and writing of the venerable ecclesiastic memories lingering in the Wessex names, in this fashion—so like Pater's clear perfection of style: "Old episcopal and abbatial places, long since stripped of their honour, keep something magisterial about them, something sacrosanct and austere: the sense of a comely order surrounding the throne, the cloister, 'centres of light and strength: a grace seems to go out of the ancient stones, built up after a plan so consecrated."

Lionel Johnson's severe study of the eighteenth century poets and criticks (so he would spell the word), and his discipleship to Arnold and Pater, too, gave to his art a scrupulous nicety. Like William Watson, he was oftentimes an appraiser of literary values in the course of his poems. He liked to scatter through his scholarly verse such lines as these:

"Æschylus, a warrior voice,"
"Immortal sisters of the North,"—of the Brontës,
"Virgil, the melancholy, the majestic."

In his literary allusiveness he ranged easily over the whole field, pagan and Christian. He could glory in the "holy Latin immemorial" murmured by the ancient priest in the lonely valley shrine; he could sit by his warm ingle in the wintry Oxford nights,

"With, gentlest of the martyrs! *Lamb*,
Whose lover I, long lover, am:
With *Gray*, whose gracious spirit knew
The sorrows of art's lonely few."

And he divined a very subtle sympathy with certain of his own moods in Hawthorne's brooding reverie,—

"Hesperian soul! Well hadst thou in the West
Thine hermitage and meditative place:
In mild, retiring fields thou wast at rest,
Calmed by old winds, touched with aerial grace."

Johnson's admirable capacity for friendship has been spoken of by Louise Imogen Guiney, in her striking paper in the December *Atlantic*. His pages bear witness to his attachment to poets and scholars of the new school, dedicated individually, as most of them are, to such folk as William Watson, Ernest Rhys, William B. Yeats, John Davidson, Laurence Binyon, "A. E.," Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Meynell, Stephen Phillips, George Moore, and our own compatriots, George Santayana, Miss Guiney, and Miss Alice Brown—to name only a few from the goodly bead-roll.

Yet all this more or less literary poetry of the cultivated and brilliant Oxonian would not of itself justify our title, "A Celtic Poet." Beautiful as are his musings upon Plato's "starry music," the processional pageant of Roman history, and the joys of art and culture, the poet in Lionel Johnson spoke most appealingly when in solemn cadences he chanted of the glamour and mystery of "the far, fair Gaelic" days, of the mediæval Irish Catholicism, and of the dimly-seen triumph of Celtic spirituality over the materialism of the Saxon. The longest of his poems, "Ireland," is stately with the ardors and dreams of her most impassioned sons. What a train of haunting shadows and magical presences have we in this throbbing dithyramb!—

"Not in the bitter dust
Thou crouchest, heeding what the coward saith:
But, radiant with an everlasting trust,
Hearest thine ancient rivers in their glee
Sing themselves on to sea,
Thy winds make melody: O joy most just!

* * * * *

—Great spirits ride thy winds: thy ways
Are haunted and enchaunted evermore.
Thy children hear the voices of old days
In music of the sea upon thy shore,
In falling of the waters from thine hills,
In whispers of thy trees:
A glory from the things eternal fills
Their eyes, and at high noon thy people sees
Visions, and wonderful is all the air.
So upon earth they share
Eternity: they learn it at thy knees."

Lionel Johnson was something of a Merlin,—there was a druidic quality in his reverence for the strange hidden powers of the world of dream and enchantment. "The fair humanities of old religion" were realities to him; and with noble eloquence he celebrated a chivalric idealism too long lost to the world.

"From the broken tower what solemn bell still tolls,
Mourning what piteous death? Answer, O saddened
souls!
Who mourn the death of beauty and the death of
grace."

The "Propertian fire and Spenserian solemnity," which he once praised in a poem of Campion's, so often come to give marked beauty to his own high musings. Celtic as he is, with a "heart of melancholy," he stands somewhat apart from the present Celtic school. The elfin glamour of Yeats, enamoured of a loneliness that is fast leaving the old raths and the charmed quicken-boughs; the thrill of the vanishing voices of the shee; the eerie and childlike humor that gleams from the lyrics of such writers as Nora Hopper and "Moirá O'Neill":—these were not just the traits of Lionel Johnson. Where another would tell of the fairy fiddler among forlorn and weedy ways, of dishonored white-thorn and hollow rath, he would muse wistfully on the general aspect of grieving Ireland,—

"Her heart is sorrow's home,
And hath been from of old:
An host of griefs hath come,
To make that heart their fold."

"The wail of Irish winds,
The cry of Irish seas:
Eternal sorrow finds
Eternal voice in these."

There is ever present in his verse the "proud melancholy charm" that Miss Guiney has spoken of; and although he proclaims himself on every page the intimate of the poets of all the ages, his style is individual, and at times almost unique. Mood, rather than style, was his inheritance from the authors of his devotion; here, we say, is a hint of his Attic preferences; here, of his love of Roman austerity and dignity; here, of his pondering the raptures of Crashaw or the wistfulness of Arnold. As in his richly allusive prose, so in his poetry the scholar will find continual fresh delight.

Miss Guiney has told of "the sanctity of his character . . . something priestly and monastic." One reads such character into the poems of Lionel Johnson, illumined as they are with noble fervor and yearnings of the spirit, prayerful poems, little credos, and frequent portrayals of perfection and comeliness of living. One feels that Johnson must have fulfilled Sidney's vision of "a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith."

The slender band of the singing fraternity has truly suffered in his death. Other Celtic

poets remain, but none in whom the ancient exalted spirit of Bard and Druid lived anew as it did in Lionel Johnson. A threnody, "wild with all regret," should be written for him by one of his Celtic brothers,—or sisters. Will Miss Guiney write it? In the meantime we may set down these words of the dead poet concerning another, by way of pious memorial:

"Magnificence and grace,
Excellent courtesy;
A brightness in the face,
Airs of high memory;
Whence came all these to such as he?
* * * * *
"Now, when sad night draws down,
When the austere stars burn;
Roaming the vast live town,
My thoughts and memories yearn
Toward him, who never will return."

Swarthmore College.

To Elizabeth Akers.

By Harry Lyman Koopman.

(On the Publication of "The Sunset Song.")

Just the gods are, and they were not willing
Any heart should bear a double burden.
So it is that, when they gave to woman
Love and its anguish,

Man they made the singer and the seer,
Laid on him the burden of the message,
Bade him voice the gladness and the travail
Borne by the world-soul.

So man sang; but ever, as they listened,
Something lacked, some depth of pain unfathomed
Some starred height of self-outsoaring rapture
He could not compass.

Something too they missed of patient, lowly
Insight into being unawakened,
Fellowship, with root and stalk and tendril,
Shadow and silence;

Missed the lore of soul outrunning insight,
Oneness with all Nature's tendernesses,
Mother-love bending o'er earth as o'er her
Slumbering infant.

Melodies they missed of spheral music,
Thrilling men's hearts to no strain responsive,
Harmonies of heaven that, rolling earthward,
Wakened no echo.

So sometimes the gods on hearts of women
Lay of love and song the double burden;
Such the fatal dower of Lesbian Sappho,
Telian Erinna.

Still of Sappho lisp Leucadian surges,
Still the distaff murmurs of Erinna;
But their charge the gods in love and pity
Lay on the living.

Thee to-day we crown with love and praises,
Thee who long this load hast borne and bearest;
One in fate with them of old, we hail thee
One in the triumph!

Brown University.

The Consolations of a Professor.

By Charles F. Johnson.

The lot of a professor of English, who is forced to read fifty or more themes weekly, is not a happy one. The dreariness of the task is lessened by occasionally finding examples of neat and precise literary expression, but more frequently enlivened by flashes of error and a happy misapprehension of epithets beyond the power of Mrs. Malaprop in its natural and unstudied simplicity. Errors in spelling are sometimes amusing, but they bear the same relation to the genuine blunder that practical jokes do to wit. We are pleased by a sense of our own superiority over the young man who wrote that "Shelley eloped with a daughter of Godkin," or that "the vast boarders of the United States will soon take in the islands of the Spanish Main," but the misuse of a word has some of the quality of a pun, which, indeed, is only an intentional misuse. The statements: That "after Shakespeare's death his plays were published in a volume known as the 'First Portfolio,'" "that the Queen Anne period might be called a laxative period," that "Coleridge joined a regiment of dragons and was ill at ease," that "after the death of Chaucer there seems to have been a dirge of poets," and that "Barbour considered himself to be quite a contemporary of Chaucer," are of this class. They alleviate the reader's weariness, but they do not raise his spirits as much as the genuine blunders where there is a subtle incongruity between expression and thought and a sympathetic haziness in both. To say that "Carlyle was the son of a stone-crusher" is merely to use one word wrongly, probably from inadvertence, but to write that "Life is largely a delusion; none of us knows when it began or when it will end," betrays such a hopeless misconception of the word "delusion" as to give the reader an inspiring sense of superiority, and to do this is one of the functions of wit. The following all show a singular inability to comprehend the force of words. All were written in good faith, though many of them under limitation of time: "Shelley stayed round with himself and thought of things;" the phrase, "'threw a tub to a whale,' arose from the fact that sailors threw out a tub to prevent the whale from laying violent hands on the ship;" "Burns was much noticed in embryo on account of his fine eyes, large head, and a small edition of his works;" "We Americans have no cathedrals and no cuckoos to inspire literature;" "Shakespeare's father was a farmer and his mother was an Arden. Where he got

his genius is not known;" "Spenser barely escaped from Ireland with his life and children;" "The Knight was a man on horseback, but afterwards the musket took his place;" "Alexander Pope was a very small boy when young, when near death he was much liked;" "At one period it gave Johnson a good deal of trouble to live;" "Keats was born in London. It is a great thing to be born in London, but it is a greater thing to be born at all;" "Surrey was executed for writing an inartistic sonnet which Henry VIII. considered treason. In our day no attention would have been paid to it."

Blunders like the above show the power of words quite as much as does the most dainty and precise style, though in an inverse way. They add to the gaiety of assistant professors of English and go far to explain why no suicides are reported among the members of a meritorious and overworked profession. Fortunately, the supply of mistakes and blunders is inexhaustible, in writing themes, as in all human activities.

Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

"John Inglesant."

A figure curiously incongruous in English fiction has passed away. It has not been usual for all English novelists, even the greatest of them, to regard their art quite seriously, but the late Mr. Shorthouse was one of the exceptions. The fashions of novels come and go, and occasionally they assume the mask of history. We are given, indeed, names and dates and phrases, but these things do not give flesh and blood to the phantoms that have been evoked so carelessly. There is a something hidden in the centuries which no amount of painstaking accuracy can ever reproduce, and because of this we recognize constantly beneath the sonorous appeals from the past, the imposture of an inadequate ventriloquism. Just now this ventriloquism is particularly obvious; and yet it is not so very long ago since an English book was published which was instinct with the historic sense, and the feeling for an age that had passed. These things give the glamour of tone, of atmosphere, the illusion of art penetrating through history. But there is another illusion to be found in "John Inglesant."

As you read this or that novel of to-day you feel that you are in the atmosphere of a conservatory. With others, again, you feel that you are in a garden; with others in fields, separated in each case one from the other, limited, arranged. Of the elemental influ-

ences of the sea, the plains, and the forest, these authors know nothing, and yet it is precisely by these primitive influences that some of the greatest writers have been dominated. Even to-day we have Pierre Loti, who has expressed with so subtle an analysis the barren passion of the sea, and Maxim Gorki, who translates for us the whisper of the steppes that challenges the wanderer to endless distances. Of the third influence, that of the forest, very few books—"Lorna Doone" is one of them—are more typical than "John Inglesant."

And just as this book is impregnated with a spirit utterly alien from that of the average novelist, so it expresses ideals that to the majority of us have become mere phrases. Briefly these ideals are, setting aside the question of religion, personal fidelity to a personal sovereign and single-hearted reverence for one woman. These two ideals in themselves revive an old attitude of thought towards history. For, since Voltaire, history has ceased to be the register of courts and camps, and, in sympathy with this democratic tendency, the novel has passed further and further away from romance and has drawn nearer and nearer to sociology. That the very word "chivalry" has become almost too meaningless to be used as a sneer is of course obvious, but this fact also can be accounted for by the same general movement. Democracy, which pulled the hero from his pedestal, did not spare the heroine. All men must stand a little higher, but there must be no pedestals: women must have their rights as sensible economic factors, but there must be no exaltation. There must, in point of fact, be very little worship of any kind. Against all this a very strong protest was written, and the protest was "John Inglesant."

This book was proudly called a romance, and in it the romantic as opposed to the sociological spirit is applied to history. It is the spirit which accepts a tradition without criticism and spurs a man to die for it without comment. It is the spirit which made of love the crown or the despair of heroism, a conquest or a martyrdom, anything under heaven excepting a sneer of fatigue. Well, in four vivid scenes these ideals find culminating utterance. The first comes to one with all the tragedy of history; it is the scene in which the King questions Inglesant about the ghost of Strafford. The second is that in which Inglesant allows the woman he loves to pass out of his life. The third scene is the one in which Inglesant, "fighting a desperate battle

for the King's honor, forsaken by God and men," lies for the House of Stuart. The fourth is the one in which Mary Collet dies. In these four scenes, historic and personal—the personal loyalty to the woman merging always in the personal loyalty to the sovereign—we find a picture of life without which literature would be the poorer, a conception of conduct concerning which all words are idle:

The old familiar glamour that shed such a holy radiance on the woods and fields of Gidding, now, to Inglesant's senses, filled the little convent room. The light of heaven that entered the open window with the perfume of the hawthorn was lost in the diviner radiance that shone from this girl's face into the depths of his being, and bathed the place where she was in light. His heart ceased to beat, and he lay, as in a trance, to behold the Glory of God.

That "glamour" of the forest and that "light" of the soul are symbolic of the romance called "John Inglesant."

John Henry Shorthouse.

By the death of Mr. J. H. Shorthouse we have lost no very active living force, for Mr. Shorthouse had long lived in much seclusion; but we have lost the man who devoted twenty years of toil to the writing of what he rightly called a philosophical novel, and made that novel memorable and important to many thousands of readers. "John Inglesant," that beautiful story laid in the reign of Charles I., stands alone in modern fiction. In his preface to the second edition Mr. Shorthouse wrote of it:—

Amid the tangled web of a life's story I have endeavored to trace some distinct threads—the conflict between Culture and Fanaticism—the analysis and character of sin—the subjective influence of the Christian Mythos—eternal truth manifested in phenomena.

Great as has been the success of "John Inglesant," it came into the world with difficulty. Mr. Shorthouse has himself told the story, and it is highly interesting. Besides the author himself, the MS. of "John Inglesant" was seen by Mrs. Shorthouse. The copy was finished in 1877, but it was put by and was seen by no one till 1880. In January of that year the author took it to Mr. Rickman King, to whom he had been recommended by his brother, Mr. Edmund Shorthouse, and requested him to print it. The first proof was sent on February 20, and the last on June 11; the first bound copy on July 1 (100 copies were printed). Some seventy were presented to the author's personal friends; the rest were sold by Messrs. Cornish Brothers, of Birmingham, at one guinea each. No manuscript of the novel was ever

sent to a publisher. Yet a great publishing firm was soon issuing it.

What happened was this. The Rev. Arthur Jamson Smith, one of Mr. Shorthouse's intimate friends, sent the copy he had received to Mr. Arthur Johnson, of All Souls', Oxon, who, after he had read it, sent it to a lady author, who read some passages in it to the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan, who afterward said that he would be pleased to publish it. Seven hundred and fifty copies were published in two volumes at 25s. They were ready by June 16, 1881. They sold readily. On an afternoon of the following month, July 16, Mr. Gladstone called on Mr. Macmillan in Bedford Street, "specially to thank him for the copy which had been sent him" in the regular course, "and to ask him to tell the author that he thought it a work of real genius and of a class that interested him greatly." He added that there were a good many misspellings in the Italian proper names. The second edition, in two smaller volumes, was ready in December, 1881, at 12s. It sold enormously, and has sold ever since.

In pleading for the presentation of philosophy by the aid of fiction, Mr. Shorthouse wrote boldly:—

Let us try to catch something of the skill of the great masters of Romance, of Cervantes and Le Sage, of Goethe and Jean Paul, and let us unite to it the most serious thoughts and speculations which have stirred mankind.

He further defined the aim of his story, the story in which he held a life-stake:—

An attempt, and an honest one, to blend together these three in one philosophy—the memory of the dead—the life of thought—the life of each one of us alone.

Mr. Shorthouse saw clearly the answer to which he exposed himself, and beautifully he met it:—

"But," you say, "it is only a romance."

True. It is only human life in the "highways and hedges," and in the streets and lanes of the city, with the ceaseless throbbing of its quivering heart; it is only daily life from the workshop, from the court, from the market, and from the stage; it is only kindness and neighborhood, and child-life, and the fresh wind of Heaven, and the waste of sea and forest, and the sunbreak upon the stainless peaks, and contempt of wrong and pain and death, and the passionate yearning for the face of God, and woman's tears, and woman's self-sacrifice and devotion, and woman's love. Yes, it is only a romance. It is only the ivory gates falling back at the fairy touch. It is only the leaden sky breaking for a moment above the bowed and weary head, revealing the fathomless Infinite through the gloom; it is only a romance.

EUGENE FIELD: THE MAN.

It is doubtful if any one could be selected who could present a more sympathetic and entertaining study of Eugene Field than Slason Thompson, who, for more than twelve years, was closely and intimately associated with the popular humorist on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News*. In the preface of his biography, entitled "Eugene Field: a Study in Heredity and Contradiction," Mr. Thompson declares that if Field had written his own life, as was once his intention, it would have been absolutely misleading. From title-page to colophon, it would have been a studied effort to quiz and queer (a favorite word of his) the innocent and willing-to-be deluded reader—"a grotesque caricature of a staid, church-going, circumspect citizen and author, instead of the ever-fascinating bundle of contradictions and irresponsibility Field was to his legion of associates and friends." Mr. Thompson says there were two Fields—the author and the man—and he devotes his two volumes to a study of the latter as he appeared to those who knew and loved him for what he was personally, being content to let Field's fame as an author rest on his printed books, which he thinks "will endure as surely as the basis of his art was true, his methods severely simple, his spirit gentle and pure."

In the three opening chapters is told the first love affair of Eugene Field's father, which brought on a series of suits in the Supreme Court of Vermont, and resulted in the elder Field leaving Vermont for St. Louis, where he became one of the leading counsel in the famous Dred Scott case.

In Field's youth there was no indication of his possession either of unusual talent or that unique personality that were to distinguish him from the thousands born every day. When he reached manhood his father was anxious that he should study law, but, strange to relate, his first thought was to become an actor:

He had inherited a wondrous voice, deep, sweet, and resonant, from his father, and had a face so plastic that it could be moulded at will to all the expressions of terror, malignity, and devotion, or anon into the most grotesque and mirth-provoking lines of comedy. His early love for reciting passages from "Spartacus," referred to by Rev. Mr. Tufts, showed the bent of his mind, and when he became master of his own affairs he sought out Edwin Forrest and confided to him his ambition to go on the boards. Would that I could produce Field's version of that interview! He approached the great tragedian with a sinking heart, for Forrest had a reputation for brusque roughness never ex-

ceeded on or off the stage. But Eugene managed to prefer his request for advice and an opening in Forrest's company. The dark-browed Othello looked his visitor over from head to foot, and, in a voice that rolled through the flies of the stage where this little scene was enacted, exclaimed:

"Boy, return to your friends and bid them apprentice you to a wood-sawyer, rather than waste your life on a precarious profession whose successes are few and whose rewards are bankruptcy and ingratitude. Go! study, and learn of Coriolanus."

When he reached his majority, Field received \$8,000 from his father's estate, and immediately placed himself in the way of investing it where it would be the least incumbrance to him:

While at Columbia he met Edgar V. Comstock, the brother of his future wife, through whom it was that he made her acquaintance. Upon the first touch of the cash payment on his share of the executor's sale, Eugene at once proposed to young Comstock that they visit Europe in company, he bearing the expenses of the expedition. His friend did not need much persuasion to embark on what promised to be such a lark. And so, in the fall of 1872, the two, against the prudent counsels of Mr. Gray, set out to see the world, and they saw it just as far as Eugene's cash and the balance of that eight thousand would go. . . . About the only letters that reached America from Field during this European trip were those addressed with business-like brevity to Mr. Gray, calling for more and still more funds to carry the travelers onward. Before they had reached Italy the mails were too slow to convey Field's importunity, and he had recourse to the cable to impress Mr. Gray with the dire immediateness of his impecuniosity. In order to relieve this, Mr. Gray was forced to discount the notes for the deferred payments on the sale of the Field land, and when Eugene and his brother-in-law-to-be reached Naples their soulful appeals for more currency with which to continue their golden girdle of the earth were met with the chilling notice, "No funds available." Happily, in their meteoric transit across Europe, they had invested in many articles of vertu and convertible souvenirs of the places they had visited. By the sale, or sometimes by the pledge, of these accumulated impedimenta of travel, Eugene made good his retreat to America, where he landed with empty pockets and an inexhaustible fund of mirthful stories and invaluable experience.

During his visits to Edgar V. Comstock's home in St. Joseph, Field became interested in his chum's sister, Julia Comstock, one of five, who was still in short dresses. Says Mr. Thompson:

While her sisters were thinking how good it was of Field to take so much interest in a mere child,

their long afternoon drives together down "Lovers' Lane, Saint Jo," had come to that happy turn that ignores all immaturities of age and lays the life of a man at the feet of the maid—albeit, the feet are still strangers to the French heels, and have not yet known the witchery that goes with long dresses. Once sure of himself, Field lost no time in making his wishes known, not only to Mistress Julia, but to her astonished family. She listened, and was lost and won. Her parents expostulated that she was but a child. Field had no difficulty in convincing them that she would outgrow that. He pleaded for an immediate marriage, but her father firmly insisted that, though Julia might not be too young to love and be loved, she was "o'er young to marry yet." Field was forced to accept the sensible decree against the early realization of his hopes, and returned to St. Louis with the understanding that he should establish himself in business and wait until Miss Comstock was eighteen.

Then followed his tour of Europe. Upon his return, instead of fulfilling that condition of his probation which required him to become established in business, he immediately set himself to secure an abridgement of his term of waiting:

The lovers pleaded and contrived so cunningly and successfully that the obdurate parents finally acceded to their wishes, and Eugene Field and Julia Sutherland Comstock were married at St. Joseph, on October 16, 1873. The bride "at that time was a girl of sixteen," is the laconic and only comment of Field's "Auto-Analysis." This he supplemented with the further information, "we have had eight children—three daughters and five sons."

We next get an insight into his early domestic life, his experience in journalism in St. Louis and Kansas City, and then his connection with the *Denver Tribune*, which led to his being recognized as one of the foremost humorists of the day. Field's office was a fitting retreat for the genius of disorder:

It had none of the conveniences that are supposed to be necessary in the rooms of modern managing editors. It was open and accessible to the public, without the intermediary of an office boy or printer's devil. Field had his own way of making visitors welcome, whether they came in friendly guise or on hostile measures bent. Over his desk hung the inhospitable sign, "This is my busy day," which he is said to have invented, and on the neighboring wall was the motto, "God bless our proof-reader, He can't call for him too soon." But his cruelest device, "fatal," as his friend, E. D. Cowen, writes, "to the vengeance of every visitor who came with a threat of libel suit, and temporarily subversive of the good feeling of those friends he lured into its treacherous embrace, was a bottomless black-walnut chair." Its yawning seat was always concealed by a few exchanges carelessly thrown there—the floor being also literally

strewn with them. As it was the only chair in the room except the one Field occupied himself, his caller, though never asked to do so, would be sure to see in Field's suave smile an invitation to drop into the trap and thence ingloriously to the floor. Through this famous chair, on his first visit to the *Tribune* office, "Bill" Nye dropped into a life-long friendship with Eugene Field. When the victim happened to be an angry sufferer from a too personal reference to his affairs in the paper, Field would make the most profuse apologies for the scant furnishings of his office, which he shrewdly ascribed to the poverty of the publishing company, and tender his own chair as some small compensation for the mishap.

Of Edgar W.—more familiarly known as "Bill"—Nye's unceremonious introduction to Field's friendship, Mr. Thompson writes:

This followed upon what was virtually the discovery of Nye by Field. The former was what old-time printers described as "plugging along" without recognition on the *Laramie Boomerang*. His peculiar humor caught the attention of Field, who, with the intuition of a born journalist, wrote and got Nye to contribute a weekly letter to the *Tribune*. At first Nye was paid the princely stipend of \$5 a week for these letters. This was raised to \$10, and when Field informed Nye that he was to receive \$15 per letter, the latter promptly packed his grip and took the first train for Denver to see what sort of newspaper *Croesus* presided over the order-blank of the *Tribune*. When he appeared before Field he was whiskered like a Western farmer, and his head had not pushed its way through a thick growth of hair. He was altogether a different looking personage from the bald-headed, clean-shaven humorist with whose features the world was destined to become so well acquainted.

After the incident of the chair, nothing would do Field but a dinner at the St. James Hotel, given in honor of Bill Nye:

The affair started after the *Tribune* had gone to press, and lasted all night. At five o'clock in the morning the company escorted their guest to his room and departed, with elaborate professions of good-will. They waited at the hotel office long enough for Nye to get to bed, and then sent up cards, requesting his presence down-stairs on immediate business. But Nye was equal to his tormentors, and the bell-boy returned, bearing a shotgun, with the message that it would speak for him.

One of the familiar stories of Field's rollicking life in Denver was at the expense of Oscar Wilde, then on his widely advertised visit to America. This was when the æsthetic craze and the burlesques inseparable from it were at their height:

Anticipating Wilde's appearance in Denver by one day, and making shrewdly worded announcements through the *Tribune* in keeping with his

project, Field secured the finest landau in town and was driven through the streets in a caricature verisimilitude of the poet of the sunflower and the flowing hair. The impersonation of Wilde à la Bunthorne in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "Patience," was well calculated to deceive all who were not in the secret. Field's talent as a *farceur* and a mimic enabled him to assume and carry out the impression of bored listlessness which was the popular idea of the leader of the æsthetes. Nobody in the curious, whooping, yelling crowd assembled along the well-advertised route suspected the delusion, and after an hour's parade, Field succeeded in making his exit from public gaze without betraying his identity. When Wilde turned up the next day, he was not a little mystified to learn that he had created a sensation driving around Denver in the raiments of Bunthorne, while in reality traveling over the prairie in a palace-car. It was Field himself who relieved his curiosity with a highly amusing narrative of the experiences of the joker, lounging in the seat of honor in the landau. Wilde, it is related, saw nothing funny in the affair, nor was he provoked at it. His only comment was, "What a splendid advertisement for my lecture."

The one thing of which Eugene Field was intemperate in Denver was of himself:

He gave to that delicate machinery we call the body no rest. It was winter when he did not see the sun rise several times a week, and the hours he stole from daylight for sleep were too few and infrequent to make up for the nights he turned into day for work and frolic. Thus it came about that in the summer of 1883, Eugene Field had reached the end of his physical tether, and some change of scene was necessary to save what was left of an impaired constitution.

Melville E. Stone, who had been watching the growing newspaper popularity of the humorist, went to Denver and found little difficulty in persuading him to go to Chicago to write for the *Morning News*, later called the *Record*. Says the biographer:

It is more than probable that Eugene Field chose Chicago for the place of his permanent abode after deliberately weighing the advantages and limitations of its situation with reference to his literary career. He felt that it was as far east as he could make his home without coming within the influence of those social and literary conventions that have squeezed so much genuine American flavor out of our literature. He had received many tempting offers from New York newspapers before coming to Chicago, and after our acquaintance I do not believe a year went by that Field did not decline an engagement, personally tendered by Mr. Dana, to go to the New York *Sun*, at a salary nearly double that he was receiving here. But, as he told Julian Ralph, on one occasion, he would not live in or write for the East. For, as he put it, there was more liberty and fewer literary "fellers" out

West, and a man had more chance to be judged on his merits and "grow up with the country."

Field's weekly salary—"stipend," he called it—was paid regularly to Mrs. Field, that is, all of it that the ingenious Eugene had not managed to forestall:

Not a week went by that he did not tax the fertility of his active brain to wheedle Collins Shackelford, the cashier, into breaking into his envelope for five or ten dollars in advance. These appeals came in every form that Field's fecundity could invent. When all other methods failed, the presence of his children, "Pinny" or "Melvin," in the office would afford a messenger and plan of action that was always crowned with success. "Pinny" especially seemed to enter into his father's schemes to move Shackelford's sympathy with the greatest success. He was also very effective in moving Mr. Stone to a consideration of Field's requests for higher pay.

Here is one of the seductive verses which he dispatched to the cashier, Shackelford, with befitting solemnity:

A SONNET TO SHEKELSFORD.

Sweet Shekelsford, the week is near its end,
And, as my custom is, I come to thee;
There is no other who has pelf to lend,
At least, no pelf to lend to hapless me;
Nay, gentle Shekelsford, turn not away—
I must have wealth, for this is Saturday.

Ah, now thou smil'st a soft, relenting smile—
Thy previous frown was but a passing joke,
I knew thy heart would melt with pity while
Thou heardst me pleading I was very broke.
Nay, ask me not if I've a note from Stone,
When I approach thee, O thou best of men!
I bring no notes, but boldly and alone,
I woo sweet hope and strike thee for a ten.

He was a great admirer of the drama, and five nights of every week he went to the theatre. He was a close friend of Modjeska, and it is related that often when visitors were present, Modjeska insisted on Field's giving his imitation of herself in "Camille":

He rendered her lines with exaggerated theatrical sentiment and with the broken-English accent such as Modjeska permitted herself in the freedom of private life. She would give him Armand's cues for particular speeches, and his impassioned "Armo, I lof, I lof you!" never failed to convulse her, while his pulmonary cough was so deep and sepulchral that it rang through the hotel corridors, making other guests think that Modjeska herself was in the last stages of a disease she simulated unto death nightly. After Field had added colored inks to his stock in trade, these fits of coughing were succeeded by a handkerchief act, in which the dying Camille appeared to spit blood in carmine splotches. No burlesque that I have seen of a play frequently burlesqued ever approached the side-splitting absurdity of these rehearsals for the benefit of the heroine of "Modjesky as Cameel."

When his health began to fail he went to England to recuperate. Speaking of the number of excellent people he met in London, Field, on his return, told with great gusto his experience at a dinner-party there, at which he was seated between the wife of a member of Parliament and Mrs. Humphry Ward. The conversation turned upon P. T. Barnum, who was then in London with his "greatest show on earth." One of the ladies inquired of Field if he was acquainted with the famous showman, to which Field said he replied, with the utmost gravity and earnestness:

"From my earliest infancy. Do you know, madam, that I owe everything I am and hope to be to that great, good man? When he first discovered me, I was living in a tree in the wilds of Missouri, clothed in skins and feeding on nuts and wild berries. Yes, madam, Phineas T. Barnum took me from my mother, clothed me in the bifurcated raiment of civilization, sent me to school, where I began to lisp numbers before I had mastered the multiplication table, and I have been lisping ever since." Field had a peculiar hesitation in his speech, almost amounting to the pause of an embarrassed stutterer; and if he related this experience to the British matrons as he rehearsed it to his friends afterward, it was small wonder that they swallowed it with many a "Really!" "How curious!" "Isn't it marvelous?"

This dinner occurred at the time when the trial of several members of the Clan-na-Gael for the murder of Dr. Cronin was in progress in Chicago. The case was followed with as much interest in England as here:

When Mrs. Ward learned that Field hailed from that city, she said to him, "I am so glad to meet somebody from Chicago, for I am greatly interested in the town. Do tell me, did you know Dr. Cronin, or any of those horrid Clan-na-Gaels?"

"I had the satisfaction of telling her," said Field, "that Martin Bourke (one of the suspects) and I had been very intimate friends, and that Dan Coughlin (another) and I belonged to the same hunting club, and had often shot buffaloes and cougars on the prairie a few miles west of Chicago. As for Sullivan, the ice-man, I assured her that if that man was convicted it would be a severe blow to the best circles of that city." "Still more satisfaction had I," Field added, "in the conviction that my auditor believed every one of the preposterous yarns I told her."

We should like to quote from Mr. Thompson's chapter on "In the Saint's and Sinner's Corner," "Political Relations," and Field's "Auto-Analysis," but space forbids, and we shall have to content ourselves with this touching incident of his passing:

Those who gathered at his house on the day of the funeral and looked upon the form of the "Good

Knight" in his last sleep, saw a large white rose in one of his hands. There was a touching story connected with that rose: On the preceding afternoon a lady, who was a friend of Field's, went to a florist's to order some flowers for the grave. A poorly clad little girl was looking wistfully in at the window, and followed the lady into the store.

"Are those flowers for Mr. Field?" she asked. "Oh, I wish I could send him just one. Won't you, please, give me one flower?"

The florist placed a beautiful white rose in her hand. Then she turned and gave it to the lady, with the request: "Please put it near Mr. Field with your flowers." And the little girl's single rose—the gift of love without money and without price—was given the place of honor that day beyond the wealth of flowers that filled house and church with the incense of affection for the dead.

Marcus Varro.

By Eugene Field.

Marcus Varro went up and down
The places where old books were sold;
He ransacked all the shops in town
For pictures new and pictures old.
He gave the folks of earth no peace;
Swooping around by day and night,
He plied the trade in Rome and Greece
Of an insatiate Grangerite.

"Pictures!" was evermore his cry—
"Pictures of old or recent date,"
And pictures only would he buy
Wherewith to "extra-illustrate."
Full many a tome of ancient type—
And many a manuscript he took,
For nary purpose but to swipe
Their pictures for some other book.

While Marcus Varro plied his fad
There was not in the shops in Greece
A book or pamphlet to be had
That was not minus frontispiece.
He did not hesitate to ply
His baleful practices at home;
It was not possible to buy
A perfect book in all of Rome!

Where are the books that Varro made—
The pride of dilettante Rome—
With divers portraiture inlaid
Swiped from so many another tome?
The worms devoured them long ago—
O wretched worms! Ye should have fed
Not on the books "extended" so,
But on old Varro's flesh instead!

Alas, that Marcus Varro lives
And is a potent factor yet!
Alas, that still his practice gives
Good men occasion for regret!
To yonder bookstall, prithee, go,
And by the "missing" prints and plates
And frontispieces you shall know
He lives, and "extra-illustrates!"

SONNETS ON THE SONNET.

Soneto del Soneto.

Mendo Diego Hurtado de Mendoza (1503-1573).
(The earliest sonnet on the sonnet).

Pedís, Reyna, un Soneto, y ya le hago;
ya el primer verso y el segundo es hecho;
si el tercero me sale de provecho,
con otro verso el un quarteto es pago.
Ya llego al quinto: España, Santiago!
fuera, que entro en el sexto: sus, buen pecho:
si del setimo salgo, gran derecho
tengo a salir con vida de este trago.

Ya tenemos á un cabo los quartetos:
¿ que me decis, Señora? ¿ no ando bravo?
mas sabe Dios si temo los tercetos.
Y si con bien este Soneto acabo,
nunca en toda mi vida más Sonetos,
que de este, gloria á Dios, ya he visto el cabo.

The Earliest Sonnet on the Sonnet.

Translated by Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

You ask a sonnet, lady, and behold!
The first line and the second are complete.
If equal luck I in the third should meet,
With one verse more the first quatrain is told.
St. James for Spain! the fifth verse is outrolled
Now for the sixth. 'Twill be a gallant feat
If after all I manage to retreat
Safe with my life from this encounter bold.

Already, rounded well, each quatrain stands.
What say you, lady? Do I bravely speed?
Yet, ah! heaven knows the tercets me affright;
And, if this sonnet were but off my hands,
Another I should ne'er attempt indeed.
But now, thank God, my sonnet's finished quite.

What Is a Sonnet?

By Richard Watson Gilder.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off, murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously—
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy,
A two-edged sword, a star, a song, ah, me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow
falls;
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Deep as mid ocean to sheer mountain walls.

Le Sonnet.

A Maître Claudius Popelin, Émailleur et Poète.

Les quatrains du sonnet sont de bons chevaliers
Crottes de lambrequins, plastronnés d'armoiries,
Marchant à pas égaux le long des galeries,
Ou veillant, lance au poing, droit contre les piliers.

Mais une dame attend au bas des escaliers;
Sous son capuchon brun comme dans les féeries,
On voit confusément luire les pierreries,
Ils la vont recevoir, graves et réguliers.

Pages de satin blanc, à la housse bouffante,
Les tercets, plus légers, la prennent à leur tour
Et jusqu'aux pieds du Roi conduisent cette Infante.

Là, relevant son voile, apparaît triomphante
La bella, la diva, digne qu'avec amour
Claudius, sur l'émail, en trace le contour.

The Same Translated by D. Moncrieff O'Connor.

To Master Claudius Popelin, Enameller and Poet.

Like most brave cavaliers full richly dight
In scalloped tunic, and surcoat with grace
Of signs armorial, with measured movements pace
The sonnet's quatrains through the hall's long flight,
Or, lance in grip, watch by the pillar's height.
Below, a maiden, whose brown hooded face
Is gemmed with mingling sheen of fairy trace,
Whom to receive they go with stately rite.

Like pages in white satin and puffed vest
The lighter tercets tend her in their turn
And to the royal lover lead the maid:
There, in her joy triumphant, stands confessed
The queenly beauty, one you would not spurn
As worth her portrait by your hand inlaid.

What Is a Sonnet?

By M. Montagu.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis a form of poem
Of fourteen lines, disposed in two quatrains
With but two rhymes, of corresponding strains,
Alternate rhymed, or as here framed to show 'em:
And two tercets (or triplets as we know 'em)
Arranged at will; for here a choice obtains
'Tween twice three ways; but (so its law ordains)
Into successive couplets ne'er to throw 'em.

The subject any; but, what'er it be,
In one full thought, clear-claused, and blemish-free,
With a beginning, middle, and an end.
This, clearly, only given as a sample
Of its true mechanism; both to blend,
And illustrating precept by example.

Il Sonetto.

Chi vuol saper ben tessere un sonetto
Bastar non creda il musical concento
Ne in quattordici righe aver ristretto
Senza chiusa o premesse un argomento.
Nuovo si elegga e non volgar soggetto
Che degno sia di stabile ornamento;
E perche suo vigor mostri il concetto,
Si stia su verisimil fondamento.
Si il verso ottavo e l'ultimo più terso
Sostiene il polso e il sentimento esprime
Nonno sia 'l quinto all' undecimo.
Vario il numero sia, dolce e sublime
Abbia corpo la frase, anima il verso,
Sian padroni i pensier, serve le rime.*

*Sent by Christopher Ivanowich to Celio Fiorinelli.

The Sonnet.**By John Vance Cheney.**

The secret of the sonnet? *Je ne puis.*
 Get you to Petrarch, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, or
 To Heredia; go to—thunder (Thor);
 Ply Main and Sharp and Housman, yes, Hall C.
 The sonnet 's like old Omar's "thee and me":
 You grope your way along the corridor,
 You spot the door, the lock, you're looking for—
 No key! "and then no more of me and thee."
 Coleridge and Shelley tried the "trusty yew";
 They failed, and there are others. All the same,
 The arrows will "flirt" on. I'm betting on it,
 And so is Watts, Watts-Dunton. An' you knew
 His flowing, ocean method—fame—game—lame—
Voilà! that's wats the matter with the sonnet.
Newberry Library, Chicago.

My First Sonnet-ering.**By Chas. Rollin Ballard.**

"Construct a sonnet?" Well, I will; and so
 Here goes! And doubtless I shall "make a hit!"
 E'en though I never tried; for Yankee grit—
 Renowned world over, as we all well know—
 Moves me to do it. But, my muse, go slow!
 Eye must I have to form, and—wait a bit!
 Seven pairs of lines must all be made to fit,
 Or surely I shall never "make a go!"
 You call it "easy"? May be, but let's see!—
 "Confound a sonnet!" I say, for I must
 Arrange just fourteen lines in standard shape—
 Two rhymes in "octave," and in "sestet" three.
 Reckless I was to try, and if you'll just
 Forgive me I'll avoid a second scrape.
Middletown Springs, Vermont.

What Is a Sonnet?**By Eugene Lee-Hamilton.**

Fourteen small, baleful berries on the hem
 Of Circe's mantle, all of greenest gold;
 Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that roll'd
 Into the sea, for pearls to come of them.
 Fourteen small signs of omen in the gem
 With which Medea human fate foretold;
 Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,
 Craved of the Fiend to water life's dry stem.

It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
 To Beatrice; the sapphire Laura wore
 When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought;
 The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core;
 The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
 For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

Das Sonett.**By Augustus W. Schlegel. (1767-1845.)**

Zwei Reime heiss' ich viermal kehren wieder,
 Und stelle sie, geteilt, in gleiche Reihen,
 Dass hier und wort zwei eingefasst von zweien
 Im Doppelchore schweben auf und nieder.

Dann schlingt des Gleichlauts Kette durch zwe
 Glieder,

Sich freier wechselnd, jegliches von dreien.
 In solcher Ordnung, solcher Zahl gedeihen
 Die zartesten und stolzesten der Lieder.

Den werd' ich nie mit meinen Zeilen kränzen
 Dem eitle Spielerei mein Wesen dünket,
 Und Eigensinn die künstlichen Gesetze.

Doch, wem in mir geheimer Zauber winket,
 Dem leih' ich Hoheit, Füll' in engen Grenzen.
 Und reines Ebenmass der Gegensätze.

The Sonnet.**By Mosse Macdonald.**

The first line of a sonnet is a door
 Into a room from Fancy's entrance hall;
 A little room, so narrow that the wall
 Just holds one picture from the tenant's store.
 Yet see! 'tis but a mirror set before
 The window pane, and as you turn to find
 What made the frame so meet and you so blind,
 You gaze on verities he loves still more.

For towards the end he throws the window wide
 To win a glimpse of beauty's seeds upspringing;
 Trim paths of pleasantness that need no guide,
 Where to Truth's stem imagination's clinging
 Like ivy;—till you fain would fare outside,
 For overhead you hear the heavens are singing.

A Woman's Sonnet.**By M. E. Francis.**

"And could a woman, think you, be content
 With laws so many and with words so few?
 Methinks more license she would deem her due
 Ere half her wealth of eloquence were spent."
 Nay, sir, a woman's neck is early bent
 Beneath some yoke; more trammelled far than you,
 She murmurs not if fain to stoop anew
 And don these jingling chains by muses lent.

Unchecked the man his inmost heart reveals,
 That all the world may know his hopes and fears,
 His loves or sorrows are his favorite themes;
 But none must guess what suffering woman feels
 Who hides with joyless smiles her need of tears.
 Her, then, the sonnet's reticence beseems.

L'Envoi.**By Hugh T. Henry.**

A sonnet? 'Tis a reed through which we blow
 A shepherd's ditty; or the sharp command
 Of stern-faced duty; or an anthem grand—
 Pipings of pleasure, or a wail of woe.
 A sonnet? 'Tis the clay, plastic as dough,
 Moulded to meanest uses by the hand
 Of some dull artisan; or, artist-planned,
 'Tis named "Praxiteles"! or "Angelo"!

Our life—is it a listless wind-blown reed,
 Meet instrument for wanton mirth of Pan?
 Our life—is it the clay we careless knead—
 Hushing *I will*, to hear alone *I can*?
 O friend! your life's a sonnet—short, indeed:
 Make it an anthem, and yourself a man.

LAURELS AND LAUREATES.

By Estelle Gardiner.

Far away, in that mythical age of sunny Greece, we first hear of the immortal laurel. Its rich, dark, leaves were used by the same poetic race to form garlands, with which to crown their gifted ones, whom the world delighted to honor, for that highest nobility which royal birth cannot give, the Creator's own gift of intellect and genius. And does not the nature of the laurel, firm and enduring, standing alike the blasts of winter and the scorching rays of the summer sun, quietly but steadily, making its way onward, in spite of the many obstacles which present themselves, and at last, standing out before us, a noble tree, in all its beauty, as if defiantly *compelling* our notice, seem a fitting emblem of that strength and endurance of true genius? Thus considering the laurel as the emblem of genius, Ovid's story of the crowning of our first poet conveys a deeper meaning; and, though mythical in character, there lies hidden in it a sentiment at once beautiful and true.

On the lofty height of Olympus, the celestial home of the gods, where peace and happiness reign perpetually, dwelt the immortal youth, Apollo, the perfection of grace and refinement, "too fair to worship, too divine to love"; his countenance, glowing with joyous life, was the embodiment of immortal beauty; his eyes were of a deep blue; his forehead low, but broad and intellectual; his hair, which fell over his shoulders in long waving locks, was of a golden hue. But even gods must sometimes suffer, and this favored youth had the misfortune to incur the anger of that mischievous little archer, Cupid, who, in revenge, flying off to the summit of Parnassus, drew from his quiver two darts of different workmanship, one of gold, inspiring love, and the fatal one of lead, which created aversion. Taking aim at Apollo, he discharged the golden one, while with the leaden one he pierced the heart of a beautiful maiden called Daphne, who, instantly evincing the greatest dislike for Apollo, fled at his approach. He called, but in vain, and had just succeeded in reaching her, when, alas, she was suddenly transformed into a laurel bush, and disappeared forever from his sight. He sorrowfully crowned his head with its leaves, and declared that in memory of his love it should henceforth remain evergreen, and be held sacred to him. Thus originated our *first* poet-laureate.

But the first mortal whom the Greeks considered worthy to receive this honor, was "The

blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," which one act proves, more clearly than all their praises, in what veneration Homer was held by his countrymen, who, had they not deemed him almost divine, would never have dared to imitate their gods, and profane the sacred laurel, by placing it on the brow of man. Those two sublime epics, by which we best know Homer, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," have been called the Greek Bible, and in whatever part of the ancient world a Greek settled, he carried with him a love for the great poet.

In vain we may search the annals of Greece for the name of Homer's successor; *he* stands alone, their only laurelled poet; to be successful we must look among the time-worn records of Italy's noble sons. Around the courtyard of the great Museum of Florence stands statues of her illustrious dead, her poets, her painters and her sculptors. But among them is one figure before which every scholar, every man who has been touched by the tragedy of life, lingers with reverential pity. The haggard cheeks, the lips clamped together in unfaltering resolve, the scars of life-long battle, and the brow whose sharp outline seems the monument of final victory—this, at least, is a face that needs no name beneath it. The life of Dante was one of labor and sorrow. With an intense longing to realize an ideal on earth, he was continually baffled and misunderstood. Exiled from his native city, for nineteen weary years he was a homeless wanderer; and although, looking back, *we* can see how essential all that sad experience was to him, can understand why all the fairy stories hide the luck in the ugly black casket, how did this seem to *him*? We may find the answer in his own words:

"Thou shalt relinquish everything of thee
Beloved most dearly;
And thou shalt prove how salt a savor hath
The bread of others, and how hard a path
To climb and to descend the stranger's stairs."

At the Round Table of King Arthur, a vacant seat was always left for him who should accomplish the adventure of the Holy Grail; so, in the company of the epic poets, there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious—and this place Dante occupies. As he takes possession of it, we seem to hear the same cry he once heard of Virgil,

"All honor to the loftiest of poets."

The next to wear the laurel was Petrarch, whose love for the beautiful Laura has rendered her name as immortal as his own, the one suggesting the other, and even now, the names of Petrarch and his Laura are inseparable.

The last great poet of Italy to whom this honored wreath was offered was Tasso, but alas, it came too late. The poor half-crazed brain could stand no more. The day of his coronation dawns; an eager throng press through the streets of Rome; the way is strewn with flowers; thousands of laurel boughs are waving far and wide—but still his chariot *lingers*. The wreath is twined,—why stays this kingly child of song? And now the dome rings with the triumphal song,

"Yes, for him the victor,
Sing—but low, sing low
A soft, sad, miserere chant
For a soul about to go."

But silence. A hush falls on the multitude, as the portals open, and his body is borne forth to the triumphal car. The honor craved so long had come too late; the poor struggling soul had at last found rest, in

"That sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

From Italy, the custom of bestowing laurel crowns was adopted by the Germans. Although the French had royal poets, the term laureate was not used by them. This title existed in Spain, but little is known of those who bore it.

The early history of the laureateship in England is traditional. The common story is that it was instituted by Edward III, who gave the office to Chaucer, "The father of English poetry," with a yearly pension of 100 marks, and a tierce of Canary wine. But the first to be called poet-*laureate*, was "Our sage and serious Spenser," who, in the "Faery Queen," has left us that world of pure delight, in which we may wander at will, and at last find rest. Spenser's world, real to him, is real enough to us to make us forget ourselves, and we may well be content with it, when the earth on which we dwell is so often too real to allow of such oblivion. *There* is the land of pure heart's delight, where no ache or sorrow of spirit can enter. It belongs to the poet's mind to conceive such gigantic schemes, and block out, in fancy, such colossal heroes, that most poets have left their ideals unwrought in real verse; the sequel remains unwritten. Such was Spenser's thought, in designing the "Faery Queen"; he died when only six books were completed, and no one has dared to follow him into the gorgeous "faery land" of his fancy. But, though this is cause for

regret, there are smaller poems, which are, at once, characteristic of the poet, and symmetrical in themselves. According to a law of crystals, if a large mass be shivered into fragments, each is, in itself, a perfect crystal. Such is the poet's mind; each thought reflects the light of immortality from the same source; each verse is a symmetrical miniature of the great lifework; and Milton calls the true poet's life a great poem.

But not always has the laurel been given to those most worthy; and after Spenser came a succession of laureates, appointed solely from political considerations. The truly sad fate recorded of one of these, Lawrence Eusden, represents the fate of all;

"In rushed Eusden and cried; 'Who shall have it
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the king gave it?'
Apollo begged pardon, and granted his claim,
But vowed until then, he ne'er heard of his name."

The only bright names among them are those of Dryden, and "rare Ben Jonson," talented men, but unsuccessful. For it is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition, to care too much about fame,—about what the world says of us,—to be always anxious for the effect of what we say and do; such was the ambition of Dryden and Jonson; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished, and wishes unfulfilled.

But now, as the glory of the laureate's wreath was fast sinking into a tradition, it was placed on the brow of Robert Southey, one well fitted to redeem it. If we would know and love Southey, we must know him as he read and wrote in his library, as he rejoiced and sorrowed among his friends, as he walked by the lakeside, or lingered to muse near some mountain stream; as he hoped and feared for England, and as he thought of life and death, and a future beyond the grave. Thus, and thus only, can we commune with the man himself; yet it is by his works, dreamy and unreal, and with that dark veil of obscurity and mistrust, thrown, for effect, over all, that the world, mistaking the man for the poet, has too hastily condemned him; overlooking his whole lifework, the true index of the soul, because they cannot understand him through his works, they have charged him with skepticism, and not without cause, for, although we cannot claim of a man that his intellect be profound, or his taste exquisite, yet we may demand of every man, that he hold what light he has clearly before us, that he have strength and honesty to say he is *this*, and not *that*, that he have a faith and know it. But if scorned and forgotten by an

ungrateful world, at least, gratitude is due to him from innumerable "good little men and women," who have been delighted with the story of the "Three Bears;" and, in that time "between the dark and the daylight," known as "the children's hour," wide eyes entranced and peals of young laughter still make triumph for one whose spirit, grave with a man's wisdom, was pure as the spirit of a little child.

But the one to finish the task Southey had so nobly begun, to restore the laureate's wreath to all its former renown, was William Wordsworth, he who teaches reverence for our universal nature. The grand truth which pervades his poetry is, that the beautiful is not confined to the rare, the new, and the distant, but that it is poured forth profusely on the common earth and sky, that it gleams from the loneliest flower, that it lights up the humblest sphere, and that there is sacredness, dignity, and loveliness in lives upon which few eyes rest. His eyes glance from point to point of the horizon, wherever a gleam of the sun appears. Every flash of beauty he hails; into every opening, under the fringe of foam and cloud, he peers. He saw a grandeur, a beauty, in the trivial events which weave the woof of our own most commonplace days. His home was our ideal home for a true poet of nature. Nestled on the sloping side of a rocky hill overlooking Lake Windermere, and mantled with roses, ivy, and jessamine, it commanded beautiful views of the romantic vale of Rothay, and of the distant wood-fringed waters of the lake; while around the dark waters rise the gracefully-rounded, richly-wooded mountains—soft as the scenery of a still Dreamland, and glowing "in the light of setting suns," with a perfect glory of color—orange and bronze, purple and amethyst—against the loftier and remoter peaks, that rise in the far distance, faint and unsubstantial in the wide lapse of light, like high-piled cloud on cloud. Living in this beautiful retreat, far from the bustling world and its cares, he cherished his intense love for nature; and besides this, what charms in Wordsworth, and will charm forever, is the

"Happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty going and the beauty gone,"

so that ever, amid the notes of human joy or sorrow, there comes a deeper and almost awful tone, thrilling us into dim consciousness of a forgotten divinity.

When the venerable brow of Wordsworth drooped in death, there was none better fitted to succeed the "old man eloquent" than Alfred Tennyson, the worthiest English poet

who has worn the laureate's wreath. Tennyson's right to a place among the really great poets of the human race is vindicated by this fact, that he has looked, as a great man might, upon what is most distinctive in the age in which he writes, and that he has bodied forth the result with marvelous poetic realization. He never awakens the profoundest tears, or the deepest laughter; the fearful questions concerning God, Freedom, and Immortality, at which the most thoughtful, and the most noble of the sons of men have stood aghast, he simply bids away; his writings are a stream, through which gold grains sparkle, but the bottom of which we can always see. The element of sweetness pervades his poetry, sweetness too subtle to define, sweetness never permitted to cloy the reader, sweetness cunningly allied with, or relieved by, what the poet calls "the bitter of the sweet." If we accept the ancient law of criticism, that poetry ought to be not only beautiful, but sweet, surely, it is in the exceeding beauty of Tennyson's that one chief secret of its sweetness lies. But the beauty is ideal; it is an ethereal spirit that floats away as a silver cloud, ever near, yet ever beyond our grasp. His words "gleam like pearls and opals, like rubies and emeralds;" and to read them is like traveling in a pleasant hilly country, where, though we may be compelled to remark that the cornfields are not so heavy as in the rich plain, yet we feel that here, at least, there is no miasma, that there is no haze such as floats suspiciously over the rich moist meadow; we are in a land of freshness, freedom and health. But this very grace and witching tenderness, while we cannot help loving him for it, would lead us to imagine his own life a beautiful dream as sweet as those which he has pictured, yet those who look closer can see, beneath this smooth surface, a true poetic soul, that never fails him. In that most beautiful of tributes to the dead, "In Memoriam," Tennyson has poured forth a sublime grief and tenderness that must ever find its way to a human heart, capable of being touched by the sorrow of others. "It was the silence and sadness of autumn, enveloping all the glories of summer." To him the shadow of that sorrow fell everywhere; amid the groups of living men, and into all the regions of thought and feeling, there was still its presence, but, as the poet himself tells us, it was a shadow glory-crowned. Now it is a calm, dream-like harmony, and now our hearts leap, as he bids the "wild bells ring out to the wild sky."

Though Tennyson's later works speak less of the blossom time, they show a continued intellectual growth, as in the eve of his life we leave him in his beautiful home by the sea, in the Isle of Wight. Amid green, undulating woodlands, thick with apple trees, and fringed with silvery sands and snowy rocks, the stalwart, dark-bearded poet lived among his books and friends, happy that, even in old age, he still kept fresh in his heart that pure and beautiful fountain of his youth, the love of nature; and that, as sense grew dull, and days advanced, and the shadows lengthened, he could still look with all the admiration and delight of his early youth on whatever was truly beautiful in the works of God or man.

When Tennyson's sweet thrilling songs were hushed by death, it seemed to profane our love for the dear voice stilled, to put another in his place, to call another laureate. But could that be, could another take his place? Ah, no. The dark-leaved laurel may rest upon another brow, England crown her poet-laureate, but that shrine stands unaltered, the niche still empty, in the hearts of those that loved him. It is this fact that has caused his successor, Alfred Austin, he on whose brow the wreath now rests, so much unmerited criticism. His faults are negative faults; he is not Tennyson, and the man is judged rather for what he is *not*, than for what he *is*. In this lies his misfortune. England, in fact the world, has given us but one Tennyson. Is it fair to expect, aye, even demand another so soon; another whose complex spirit must be as his, a union of so many distinct and separate traits, and yet each one a perfect jewel in itself? If there be any truth in the law of Equity, surely not in one generation. Then, too, in the flush of a poet's first success, when little more than a boy, and ambitious to bring himself before the world, "Rushing in where angels feared to tread," he fearlessly classed Tennyson as a "third-rate poet." While we cannot restrain a smile at this, can we not forget and forgive it in the light of his later and more mature words? Although it is hard for the human heart to forgive a disparaging word of its idol, profanely spoken by one scarce known to fame, surely his manhood's atonement, when he speaks of "the tactful genius of an exquisite poet," must soften it some. And censure him as we may, if such were his convictions, we must admire his bravery on the side of truth, thus to call down upon himself what he knew would be the public wrath.

Alfred Austin is a true poet of nature, with an intense love of England. To him there is no

sweeter song trilled than the English nightingale's; the hawthorn blossoms in springtime would not be so sweet, did they not belong to English soil. His belief in England's greatness, and her destiny, is the underlying current of all his thoughts; "It flashes like a flying shadow through a stream;" it is the passionate keynote of every song, and, whatever the theme, from his youthful satire, "The Seasons," written before the sun of royal favor had risen for him, to his latest work, "England's Darling," just finished beneath the inspiring shadow of the laureate's wreath, through all runs that same exultant cry of patriotism. Second only to this overpowering love of country, is his passionate love for nature; nature in its simplest form, nature as it is seen in England's lanes and England's wild flowers. He seems to have an affectionate knowledge of each tiny spring-blossom; to know and love it for the sweetness that is in it. He notices the tiny "mottled trout, that motionless beneath an alder kept its poise against the current;" and of all the myriad beauties and changes that Nature reveals only to those who love her, and whose eyes are ever watchful for them, *he* knows and loves them all, with an intimate knowledge born of close communion with them, a love and an insight that no books could give. His home, the old ivy-covered manor-house of Swinford, shows the governing touch of his hand: the glades are left in their natural loveliness; the trees, unharmed by woodman's axe, are allowed to grow in all their wild luxuriant beauty; the smooth slope in front of the old manor is one glowing mass of flowers, not trimmed and clipped to suit the symmetrical eye of a gardener, but left to run riot at their own sweet will.

Thus does Alfred Austin love nature. Surely England need never blush for shame at the choice of such a laureate. All meanness and bitterness of spirit must fall away, harmless, from a mind filled with such thoughts. The love of nature is an ennobling love, and then too, how easy to "look through nature, up to nature's God;" and as his writings are but the mirror of his soul, it follows that they, too, must be pure and elevating. And, in this every-day life of ours, where, in the love of gain, and the struggle for mere existence, so many come near to forgetting that the world is still beautiful, that the light of youth is not all gone from their hearts, is it not like a glimpse of green fields to the world weary eyes; like a draught from the fountain of Youth to the parched lips, to step aside for

an hour with such a book? His mission is far-reaching, unfulfilled. He is a true "prophet of the beautiful," and his sweet pure words of nature will bring hope and balm to many a heart that our ideal of poetic fervor could never reach. And now we leave him with the laurel still fresh upon his brow, his lifework as laureate all before him; and, in looking back through the long vista of years, at those who have gone before, our thankful hearts involuntarily reëcho the words of Wordsworth:

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The Poets, who, on earth, have made us heirs,
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."
Flushing, L. 1.

English Booksellers.

By Andrew Lang.

"The larger part of the reading public," says a trenchant critic in *The Author*, "cannot get the books it desires." The tastes of this fragment of mankind "are systematically thwarted." There is some truth in the complaint. A lady in Norway, a total stranger, once wrote to me with her private lament. She had wanted some book of my own, and had written to a bookselling firm in Edinburgh. They told her, in reply, that all my books were out of print. Recently, in the correspondence of a man who died some years ago, I noticed a letter in which he said (1873) that he had tried to purchase my very first printed book, a set of rhymes of 1872. But the bookseller assured him that it was "out of print," a prodigious fiction. Moreover, I have seen, in a bookseller's catalogue, one of my productions priced much higher than its actual ransom, as it was "rare." My publishers knew that it was only too frequent on the shelves of their warehouse. Now, the bookseller in this case was himself an author, and ought to have known "the feelings of such." What can authors do, what can that rare bird, the purchaser, do, when people whose business it is to sell books refuse to sell them, say that they are unattainable or even non-existent? A hatter, despite the proverbial suspicion of his sanity, will veritably sell you a hat; a bookseller, too frequently, declines to sell you a book—not an old book, not a rare book, but quite a new book, readily purchasable by him in market overt. A hatter does not say, "We don't stock hats, but I dare say I can get one for you." Often a bookseller does not even go so far to meet one as that—of course nobody expects him to "stock" all books. He often simply avers that to get the book passes the wit of man, yet a postal-card would work the miracle. The experienced customer knows

that, but the inexperienced customer is impressed by the bookseller's confident assertion—there never was any such book or it is no longer accessible—and he goes away sadly.

In Spain, of old, there was an antiquarian bookseller whose customers came to strange and sudden ends. Stones fell on them; gratings opened under their feet; they perished of diseases which medical science was powerless to explain; the daggers of bravoës reached their nobler organs. In fact, they were all taken off by the bookseller, who could not bear to part with his treasures. But at least he did sell the books; he did not refuse to deal in them. A friend of mine, one of the Clan Donald, told me this tale of the tenacity of the bookseller: He had heard of a new novel by an author not unknown. The romance dealt with the wars of Clan Donald and Clan Diarmaid, under MacColl Keitach and the great Marquis of Montrose, so he wanted to buy it. He started from the city and walked westward, asking for this legend in every bookseller's shop. No bookseller had the work till, in Oxford street, my friend saw it in a bookseller's window. In he went and asked for it. The bookseller said he had not got it. "Why, it is in your window," said the descendant of Somerled. "Then it ought not to be there," said the bookseller. Now, this was a book of unimpeachable morality.

Though it be a digression, I am tempted to mention that a kinsman of my own once asked in the public library of a colonial town for an historical work of my own. As it really is out of print perhaps I may name it—"Pickle, the Spy." "That book does not come into this library," said the lady librarian, flushing darkly. Her name was Macdonnell, and her blood, for some reason, was up. So many are the difficulties which beset the quest of books.

Books Were His Friends.

The following farewell note was found in a library book in the Penitentiary at Anamosa, Iowa, recently, where it had been left by No. 3377, who had just completed paying a debt to the State covering a "11 spot," less four years and nine months taken off for good behavior.

"Farewell to the silent friends, whose sunshine has mingled with the shadows of my life for so many years, and whose company has given me so many pleasant hours of research, and from whose pages I have gleaned many thoughts of wisdom and of truth. May those gleanings always be with me to conduct my future life in ways that are noble, is my last wish to my dear old friends."

WINDOWS.

By Ethel Wheeler.

The "machinery" of literature—that is, the artificial means which writers use to develop their creations—shows an entirely opposite tendency to the machinery of science. The latter is multiplying in manifold extensions and in extravagant complexities of parts; the former is putting aside the clumsy mechanisms on which it relied in the past, and working its effects by means of devices so simple as to be almost elemental. In old times there were needed, for the revelation of a soul, termless and devastating wars, the murder of kings, or enormous conflicts between heaven and hell; to-day the tragedies of human destiny rest in the banging of a door or the cracking of the finger-joints. Hence the importance of the trivial, rather injudiciously exploited by Dickens; hence the significance of the commonest objects. The hissing of the kettle is more fraught with fate than the crash of the thunderstorm—the happiness of lovers hangs upon the loss of a snuff-box.

Indications are not wanting that this changed attitude towards "machinery," this rejection of the ancient complicated engines of romance in favor of slighter and defter inventions, will cause a revolution in literary methods. But we are at present in the period of experiment; few as yet consciously try to achieve their results with these simpler tools. To illustrate what has already been done in this direction, and to point to the unexplored prospect that the practice suggests, we may take some examples of the use of the window as "machinery."

The window creates a fixed point in the flux of human life. In the streets we are merged in a multitude; to take up a separate attitude—to assert our personality—demands a strenuous effort of will. But at a window we are aloof—withdrawn—spectators of a drama that becomes more intense by its continued repetition. In tales that concern themselves with prisoners the window is so vital a factor that it can hardly be included at all in the category of "machinery." In "The Knight's Tale," in the "King's Quhair," the window is the pith, not the frame-work. These windows and their like are the windows of Romance; they become the windows of Tragedy when it is the woman that is captive. The whole Tragedy of Weariness is played out before the casements of the Moated Grange, which day after day look upon the same pale, changeless

landscape. The window facing the East in "The Statue and the Bust" knows the Tragedy of Frustration; it is the "Loop of hell whence a damned soul looks upon Paradise." But the best use of the window as a centre where the threads of life congregate is to be found in the story of the "Lady of Shallott." The web of many colors that she weaves signifies the web of human destiny; over her mirror flits without ceasing the many-colored pageantry of life. The moral of this old legend is the danger of what we may call "Window Philosophy"—the philosophy that regards life remotely, as a spectacle, without daring its trials and its fires. The lady has always lived among shadows of her own creation, and the first breath of vital emotion kills her. But the standpoint of the spectator is not incompatible with the keenest sympathy. This is demonstrated by such writings in poetry as "Casa Guidi Windows," and in prose as "The Window in Thrums." In both the window may be regarded as "machinery" to concentrate into manageable compass, in the one case the infinite and conflicting movements of Italy towards reconstruction, and in the other the myriad motives and characters of an obscure Scotch village.

The window in its more poetic employment belongs to a different class of ideas. Mechanical devices belong to the lower levels of literature; if lifted higher they become spiritualized into something different. The windows from which Keats looks out on the fragile and haunting melancholy of fairyland undergo this exquisite transfiguration:

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

One of the most delicate idealizations in poetry is Keats' window of stained glass, through which the wintry moon is shining:

Rose-bloom fell on her hands together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint. . . .

There is more fervor of imagination, though less perfection of workmanship, in Matthew Arnold's great western window in the church of Brou.

The dramatic possibilities of the window are portrayed with marvellous fulness by two modern writers, who in every other respect differ radically—Robert Browning and Maurice Maeterlinck. Not only is the use of the

window frequent in both of them, but each has actually written a little tragedy relying for sole machinery upon a window. One of the scenes of Browning's "Pippa Passes" is laid within doors, and the world outside only exists for purposes of contrast. The importance of the window is emphasized at the outset, when Ottima draws Sebald's attention to "This blood-red beam through the shutter's chink." She bids him push the lattice behind the frame, and in her nervous allusions to trivialities we see how even her unscrupulous soul is overwrought:

Sebald

It shakes the dust down on me. Why, of course
The side-bolt catches. . . .

The window has been no slight factor in the development of Sebald's passion. "Ever your house was I remember shut till midday," he says, and he tells how, strolling through the valley, he observed

Rough white wood shutters, rusty iron bars,
Silent as death, blind in a flood of light. . . .

and how the peasants laughed, and said, "The old man sleeps with his young wife." The effect of the pure morning landscape upon the guilty pair is carefully delineated. To Sebald it is a night with a sun added. "Where's dew?—Where's freshness?—" he asks, until Ottima, in impatience, is constrained to ask him to close the lattice. Yet still the outer world, so carelessly observed by the lovers, helps in the development of the drama. Then we have a novel and pathetic use of the machinery of the window:

This dusty pane might serve as looking-glass,
Three, four—four gray hairs. . . .

says Ottima. At last the tragedy culminates in the voice of Pippa, brought on a waft of pure air through the closed casement. One other interior of Browning's must be mentioned with its hopelessness of a different dawn upon Paracelsus and Festus. In these instances the window gives the point of view from within; Browning has given us a window from without that serves as frame-work for one of the finest pictures in the gallery of literature:

There at the window stood
Framed in its black square length with lamp
in hand
Pompilia; the same great grave grief-ful air
As stands in the dusk, on altar that I know,
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell
Our Lady of all the Sorrows. . . .

The window from without, bright with fire-light, glowing with an atmosphere of warmth and comfort, is one of the commonest devices

in fiction to point a somewhat obvious contrast, and the lamp in the window is over and over again a symbol of forgiveness, as in the story of Ib and Little Christina. One might have thought that the machinery of the lighted window had exhausted its powers; but Maeterlinck has known how to revive them with a startling originality and pathos, and henceforward we may never look from without upon a happy "Interior" and not feel the pang of his tragedy at our hearts. It is night when the scene opens. Behind the window in the lighted room we see the members of a family employed in their several occupations; an atmosphere of perfect joy and peace encircles the illumined group. Watching them from outside, harrowed by the sight of the happiness they must destroy, are the bearers of dreadful news—the news of a daughter who has drowned herself. Never has the pitifulness of unconsciousness been shown more simply; seldom has the drama surprised so poignant a tragedy in the germ. This is surely the last word in the machinery of the window. But the window in "Pelléas and Mélisande" also subserves one of Maeterlinck's most wonderful inventions. Not, however, in the scene between Pelléas and Mélisande, where she lets down her hair out of the casement. This scene is charmingly written, but there are many parallels to it, both in fairy tale and folklore; fair ladies have loved to lean out of windows and to bend over balconies from the time of Juliet to the time of Roxane. But when Golaud lifts up his little son to peer through the windows at Pelléas and Mélisande, then, in the fierce anguish of the man, in the irrelevant and broken prattle of the child, in the supreme necessity for silence, occurs a moment of emotional intensity hardly equalled in literature.

The more we think of the window as "machinery," the more exhaustless its possibilities become. It is not merely the symbol of intercourse in separation—as at a convent grating; it is also used as a hieroglyphic for the most agonizing griefs. In the raising or lowering of a blind, the opening or closing of a shutter, lies the whole difference between life and death. To this significance of the window there are but few allusions in literature. There is opportunity here for both poetry and drama; but allegory has given us its final pronouncement of beauty upon this subject in the words of Ecclesiastes:

"And the grinders cease because they are few,
and those that look out of the windows are darkened."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY RENAISSANCE IN BOOKBINDING ART.

By W. H. Edmunds.

The symbolic theory as necessary in book-cover decoration is one of the modern absurdities of a class of people who find the phallic idea in a builder's scaffold pole, or the stone pillar that guards the corner of a curbstone. There is a craving after finding symbolism in everything of the past, and a wanting of it in every production of to-day, which is turning the brains of otherwise sane men. Dickens hit the idiosyncrasy with the lump of stone bearing the cryptic inscription, "Bilst um PSII S.M. ark," and Bret Harte, with the bones of that animal "that was extremely rare;" but the blows have not killed it, for it is difficult now-a-days to look back at any period of art, in any form of production, without having someone behind one's ear to deafen one with the shrieks of fatuous delight in the supposed discovery of hidden symbolism. Even poor old Shakespeare is turned into a monstrous cryptogram.

The Gospel of St. John found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert is the oldest example of leather binding known, dating from the eleventh century, or possibly earlier, that is to say, a period when Celtic art was

near its height. The decoration of the front side is composed of style-impressed interlaced strap-work, and *repoussé* centre panel, and the other side bears a simple impressed line pattern, neither of which could ever have been intended for anything symbolical, or more than simple ornament. The earliest known tooled leather bindings are those executed by the Benedictine monks of Durham in the twelfth century, some of which are still preserved in the Cathedral library, on which the tools used were *intaglio* cut, giving raised patterns, and the lines style-impressed. They mainly consist of interlaced strap-work, which may have been derived from the designs on Roman mosaic pavements, but more probably from Celtic art, and others of fabulous animals, men on horseback, palmated leaves and other purely decorative devices having no possible connection with the purposes of the books on which they were used—almost all of a religious nature—unless an exception be made of an oval tool representing David playing on a harp. The London and Winchester bindings of the same period are of much the same character, although some of the stamps used



EARLIEST KNOWN EXAMPLES OF LEATHER BINDINGS.

may be said to be heraldic, and thus allusive, in the sense of indicating ownership. The earliest examples of Arabic and Spanish decoration also partake of the interlaced ornamental method which became the model for the more elaborate Gothic designs, even now generally acknowledged to be the acme of perfection of evenly distributed plane decoration.

The Canevari bindings with the raised medallion of Apollo driving a chariot over waves, in colors and gold, supposed to have been executed about the middle of the sixteenth century, are the best known examples of the early form of that allusive ornament which afterwards developed into the heraldic. The earliest known of these so-called cameo bindings belongs to the late fifteenth century, no earlier than 1497, the date of the book. The design was most probably taken from the owner's seal, likely enough an antique cameo, and was intended to imply ownership; it could not in any way be symbolic of the work on which it was used.

Take the finest periods of French art right down from Francis I., 1515, to Louis XVI., 1774, covering all the styles from Grolier to Derome, and there can scarcely be found a book on which the decoration could be distinctly defined as symbolic, suggestive, or symphonic, except as regards heraldic or monogram devices occasionally worked into the composition of the design; and these, signifying ownership, were the *ex libris* of the period quite as much as the printed labels pasted inside other books, which began a fashion at about the same period. Grolier marked his books for himself and his friends, but most owners were afraid of their friends, and marked their books that they might not lose them. The earliest pasted label inside a book dates from about 1514 and belonged to Nicholas Bacon; and with Francis I., about 1515, began the more enduring plan of stamping the exterior with a mark of ownership, heraldic or cryptic.

While thus combatting the theory that the decoration of a book *should be* symbolical, or even suggestive of a book's purpose, in most cases an impossibility, it must not be inferred that symbolism or suggestion is to be wholly ignored. There are very few books which give of their general purpose a theme concentrated enough to be expressed in ornament, and so realized that the decoration employed reflects that purpose. The examples of such treatment which show any high artistic conception are extremely rare, and when wanted it is not easy to produce one; most works treated symbolically, or suggestively, find ex-

pression in very common-place ideas. Still there is a happy mean between the two, which an ordinarily thoughtful binder may find without a lengthy study of a book's contents, and the abstracted contemplation of its ideas which are necessary for the production of a picture. Such a decorative scheme as the one here illustrated, on the binding of Thomson's "The Seasons," by Mr. John Fazakerley, of Liverpool, needs no advertisement of its meaning. It expresses itself in the legitimate methods of the binder's craft, is not overdone, nor too obvious. The edge design of interlaced work leaving small panels filled with tiny water-color sketches is entirely in keeping with that desire which should animate a binder, to make his work in general conformity to the class of book to be decorated, though exception might be taken to painting on the fore-edge, as not designed for use.

The other illustration of modern work given herewith is of the purely decorative order. What else is possible on the cover of a book dealing with "George Engleheart," the miniature painter of 1750-1829? It is a beautifully conceived symmetrical design of conventional floral ornament of the *liliaceæ* order inlaid with colored leather, and with the *doublure*, is worked in the most admirable technique which characterizes all the fine bindings issuing from the workshops of Mr. W. T. Morrell.

The recent ornamental movement in book-binding has been largely due to independent spirits who broke free from past traditions as to style, but who, in the same manner as other reformers, set up their standard, of the same restrictive character, the *should be*, and have mostly failed to realize it, except in forms outside of the limitations of plane ornament with bookbinder's tools, whereas what is wanted is art work produced by these means, for no other means of decorative skill are so suitable both for the decoration of bindings and their use. It is use which must be borne in mind, use and storage, and decoration must be made subservient to such use and means of storage.

The first intent of all art is the expression of beauty, but, co-existent with that intent, it must be assumed that there is the desire of giving pleasure to others. In the creative art there is wanted a broad catholic spirit, unfettered by tradition, and even anxious for innovation, but it must not be disdainful of technical limitations. If what it desires to express cannot be expressed by bookbinders' tools, and no modifications of those tools can be made suitably to work out the idea, then it may be safely said, that the conception to be expressed is unsuit-

able for the form of decoration desired. There is yet a large field of unexplored fruitfulness in the bookbinder's domain. Some of the work recently executed by Mr. Fazakerley having a design of *blind*-tooled mosaic, or inlays, or with a mixture of blind tooling with some slight outlines of gold work, is a revelation in an almost untouched style, and, with inlaid leathers of the delicate tones which are the glories of Japanese prints, the effect is irresistibly beautiful.

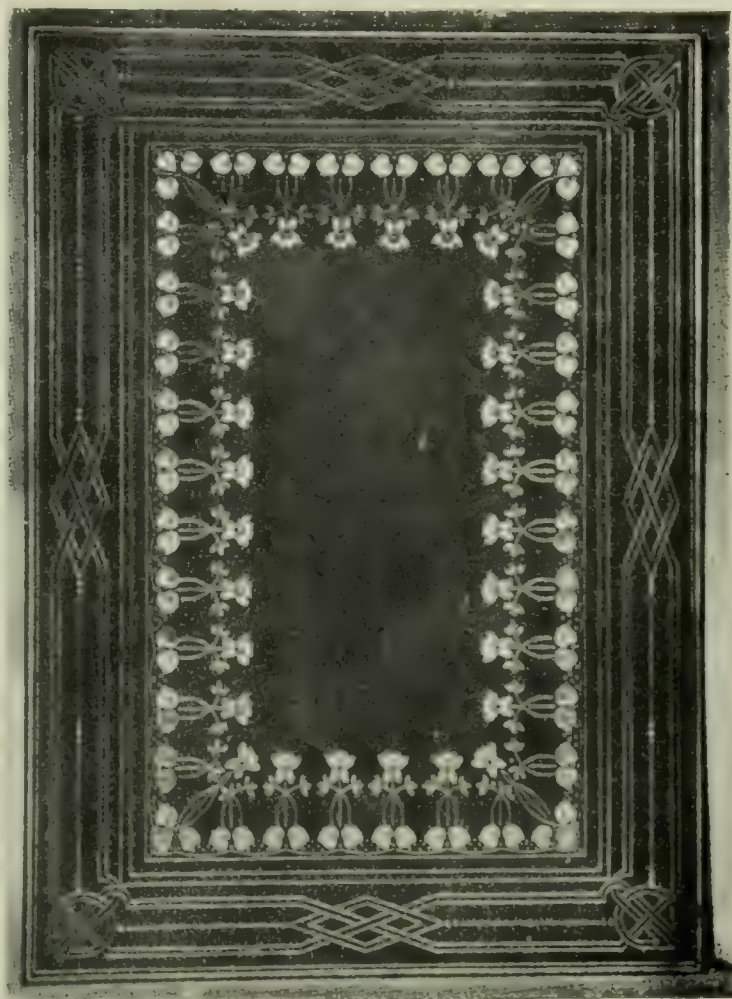
There is pyrogravure, too, which gives the opportunity for the artist's touch at first hand. M. Léon Gruel, of Paris, has produced some wonderful specimens of this system of burnt drawing, with apparatus which was faulty, because of the difficulty of keeping a certain and continuous heat; but now that there is an electric current in most of our workshops, it may be applied to a similar pencil point, with such an equality of heat, that a design may be indelibly fire-engraved on the leather cover in any style desired, and fully as subservient of use, and

storage, as the tooled bookbindings which are the products of the professional bookbinder.

Critics and theorists are at times helpful—they may serve to spur flagging energies—but while doing this, it must not be allowed that they should dictate impossible conditions to the majority of humble craftsmen, who have to turn out their daily "pot-boilers" under conditions similar to those with which the greatest of painters and other art workers have at some time had to contend. The widest field of art study is the purely ornamental; here forms may be culled and disposed in endless variety of devices which correspond with the ordinary canons of art. Symbolic expression is only given to a great genius; when the great genius expresses, we shall all perceive it, but we must not be led away in curiosity towards the sounds of a badger beating on his own stomach, which is Japanese for the *ignis fatuus* which lures one on to the bogs of destruction.—*Caxton Magazine*.

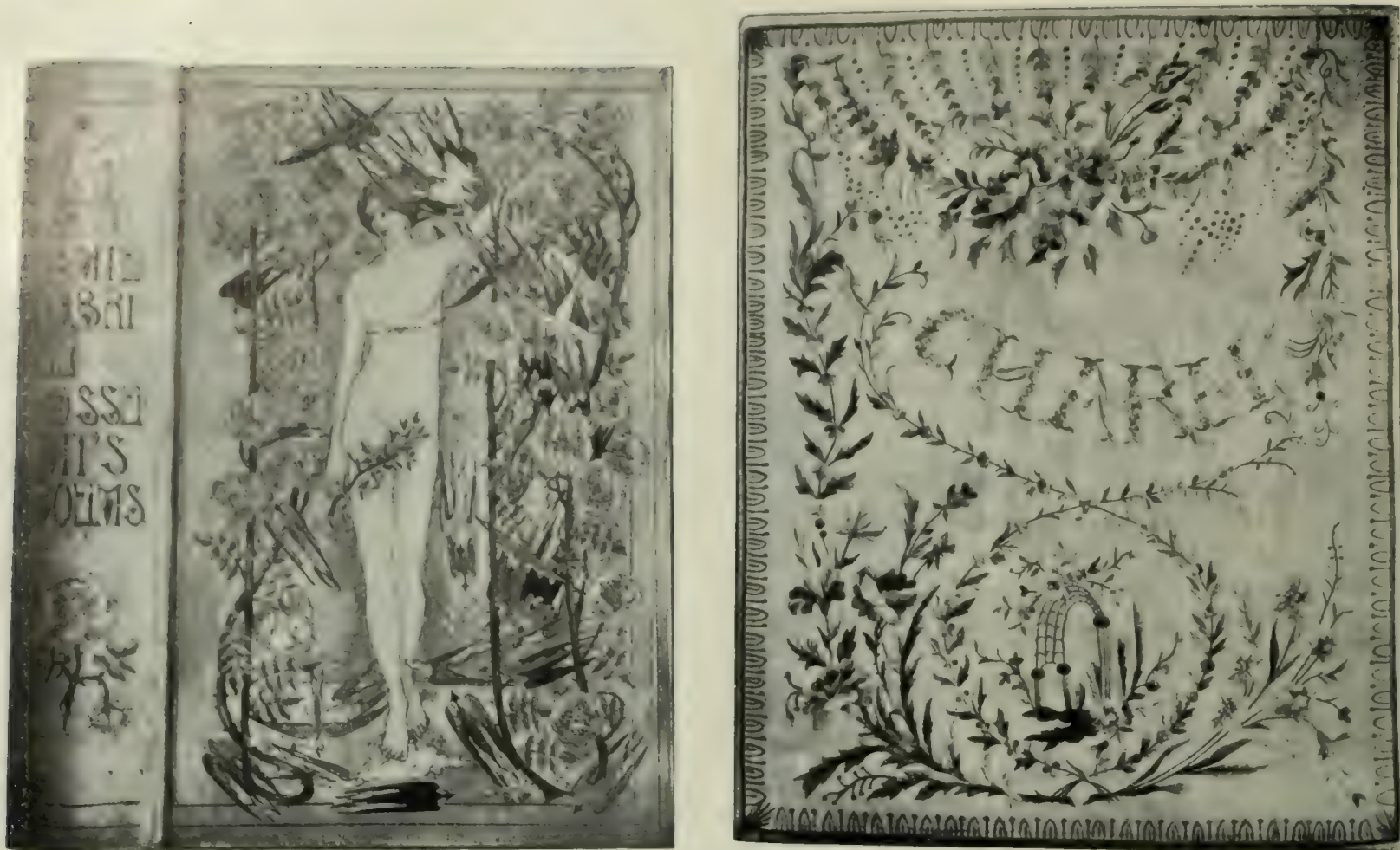


Binding of "George Engleheart."
By W. T. Morrell.



Doublure of Binding, "George Engleheart."
By W. T. Morrell.

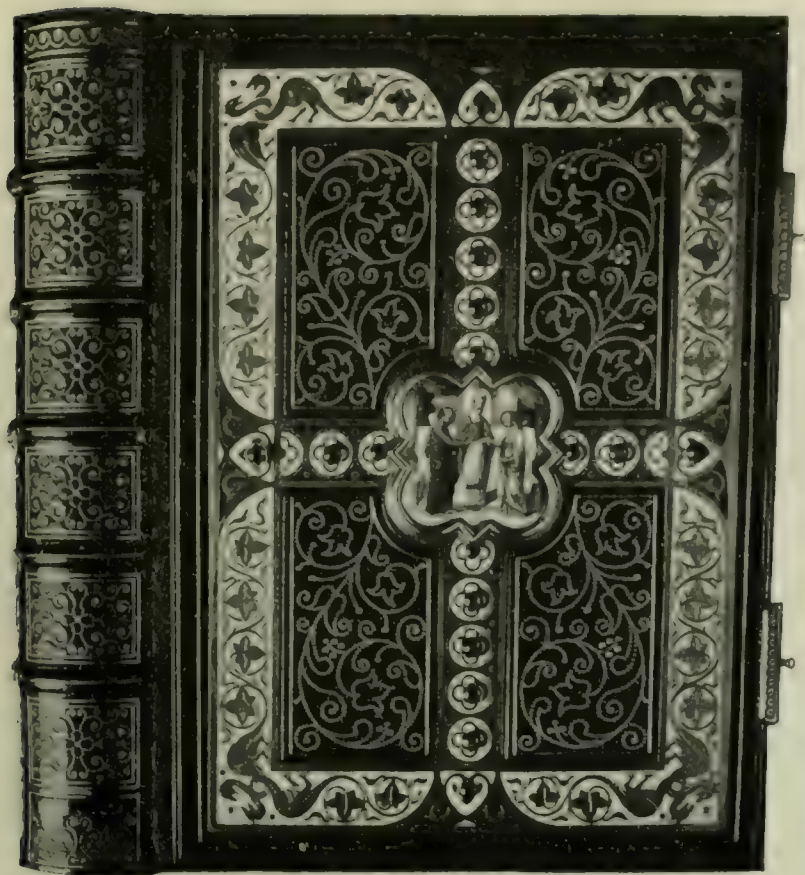
THE BOOK-LOVER.



BINDINGS FROM PETER MARIE COLLECTION



WHITELAW REID'S LIBRARY, OPHIR HALL.



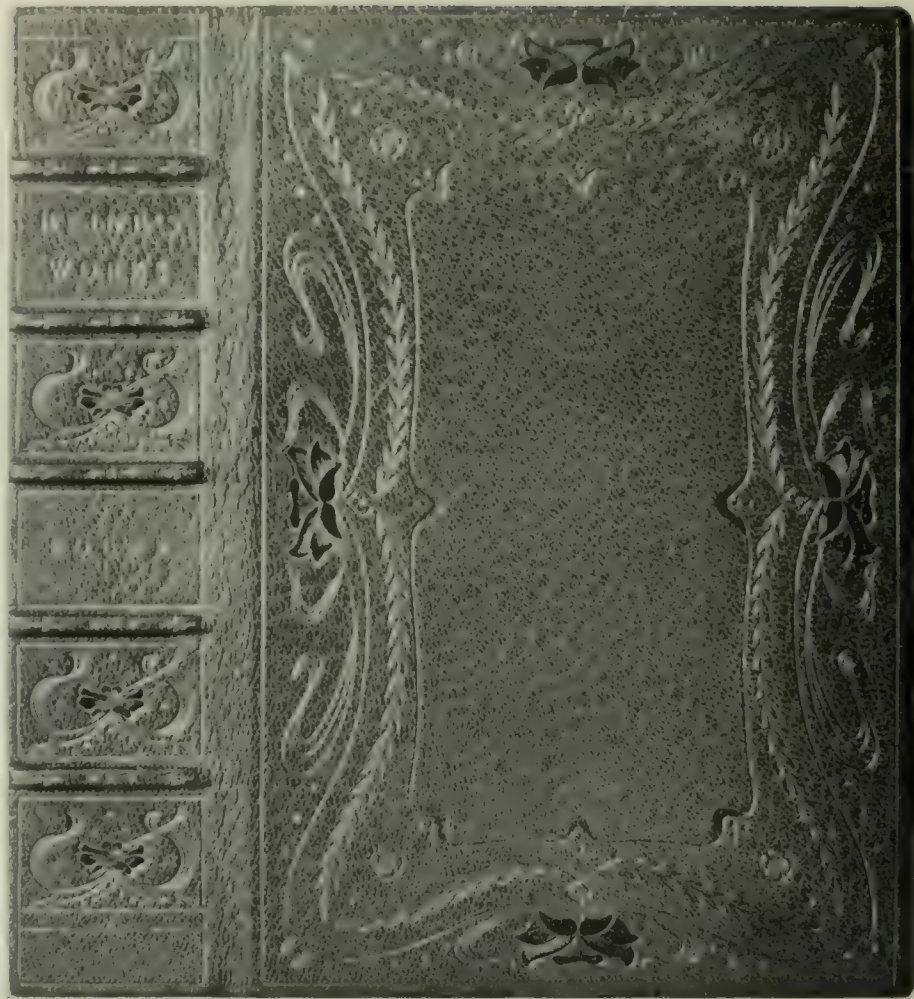
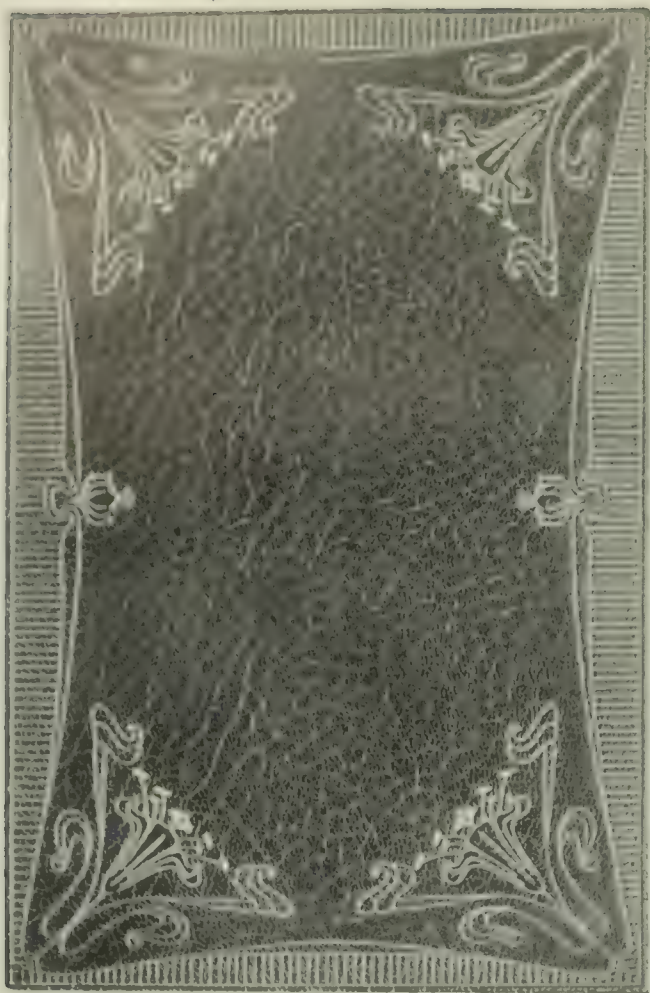
PETER MARIE COLLECTION.



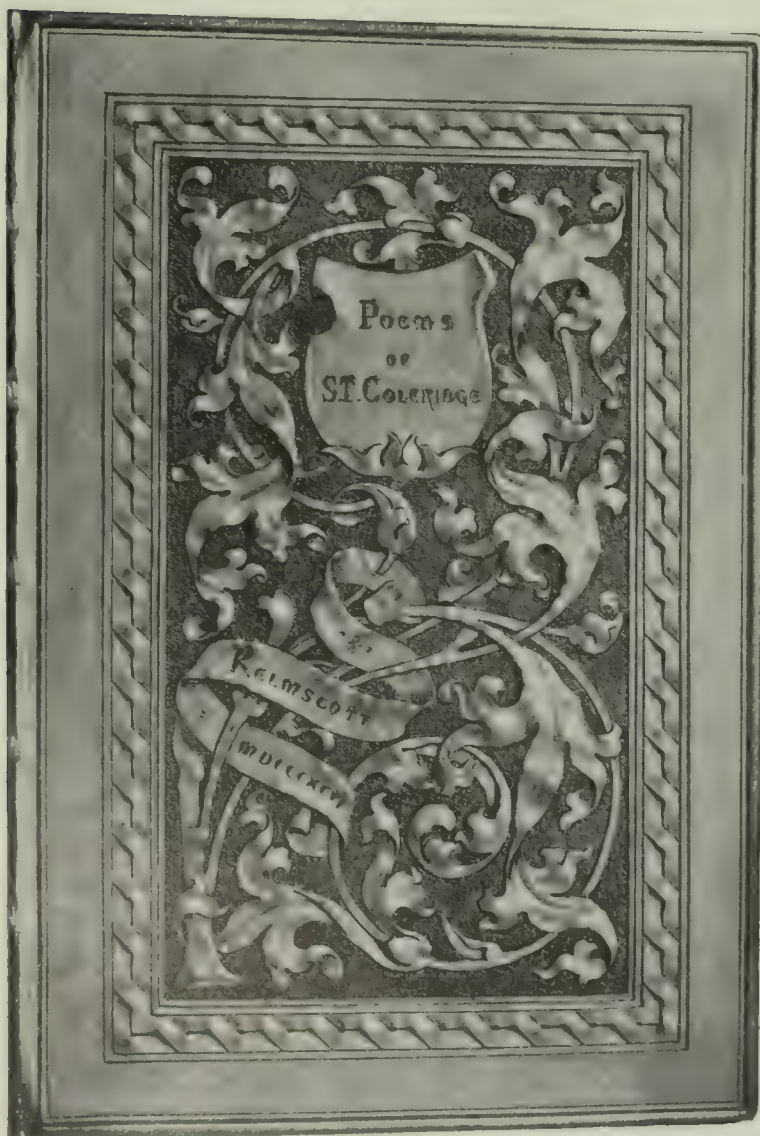
ROMANCES DE LA REINA HORTENSE.
Owned by E. F. Bonaventure.



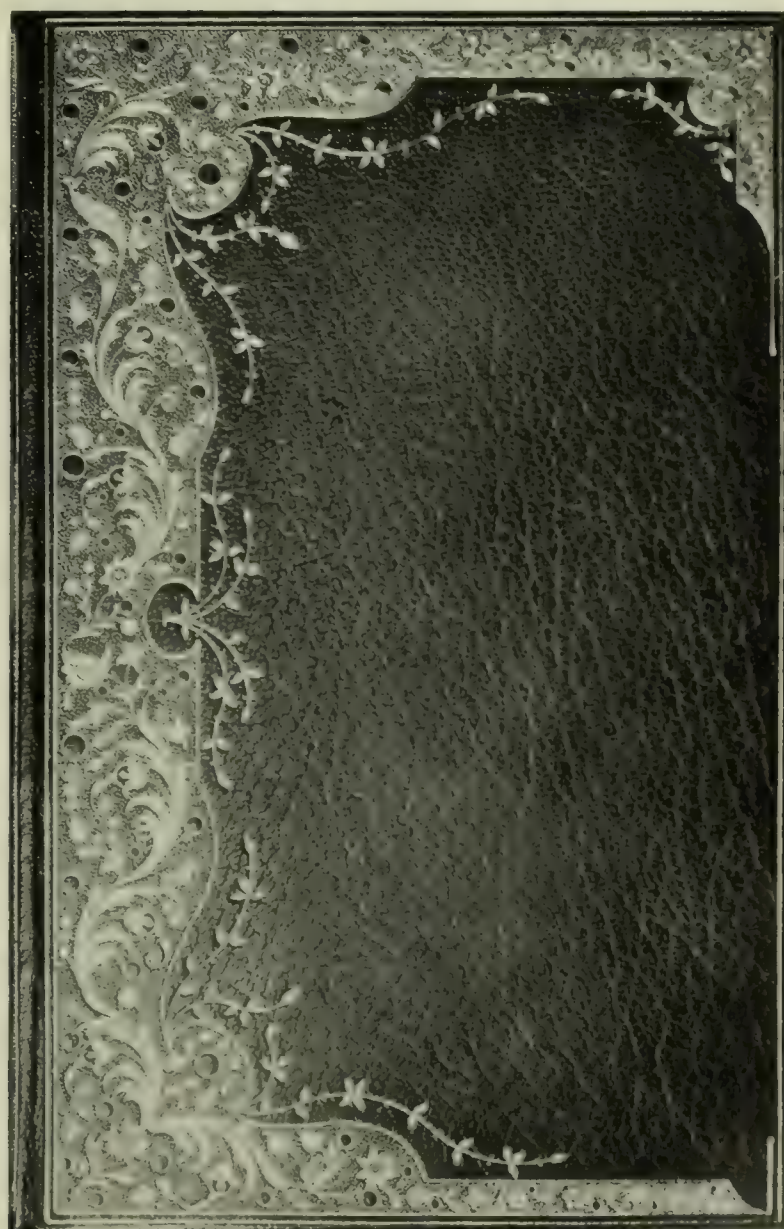
WHITELAW REID'S LIBRARY, OPHIR HALL.



BINDINGS BY RALPH RANDOLPH ADAMS.

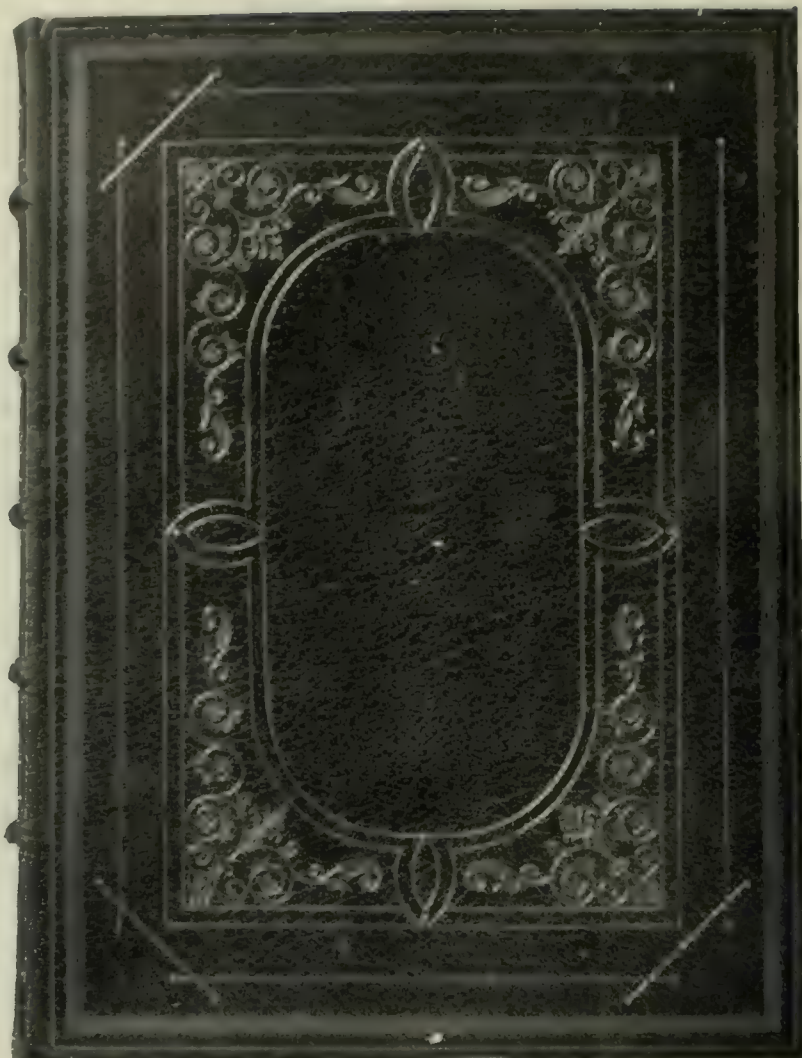


PETER MARIE COLLECTION.

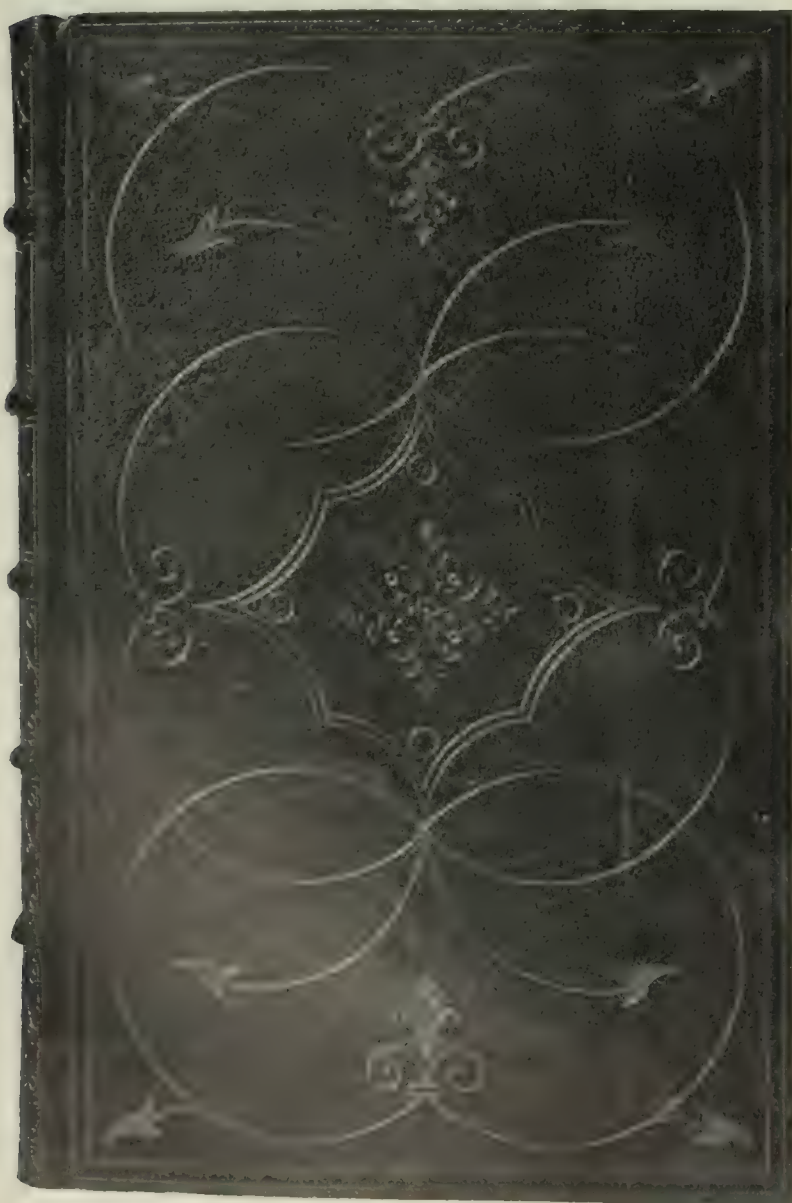




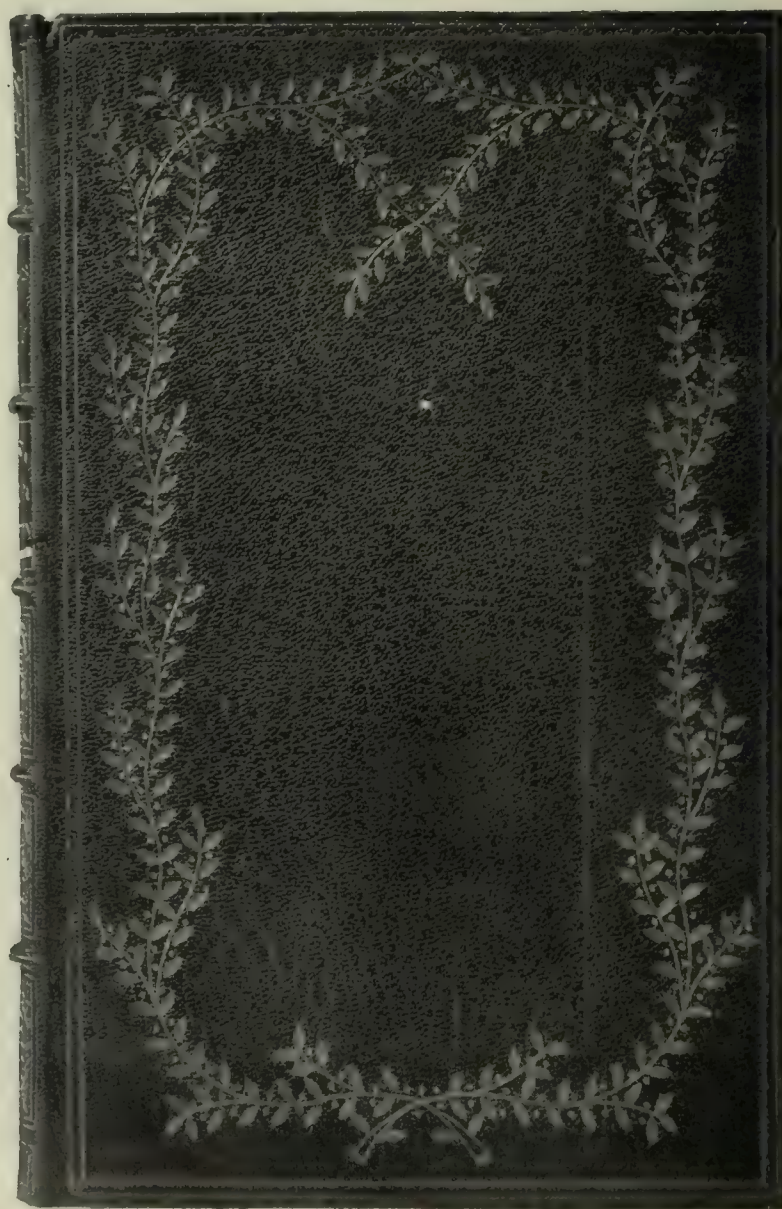
Wm. Winter, Shakespeare's England.
Bound by Knickerbocker Press.



Spain and the Spaniards.
Bound by Knickerbocker Press.



Leigh Hunt, Essays.
Bound by Knickerbocker Press.



Shelley, Poems.
Bound by Knickerbocker Press.

HOW I SHOOK HANDS WITH SHAKESPEARE.

It is remarkable how one can overlook one's privileges. Not till the other day did it occur to me that I had shaken hands with Shakespeare. Indirectly, to be sure. By proxy, of course. Still, to have shaken hands with Shakespeare at all, to be able to set up the most shadowy claim to such a distinction, is something. I had been talking to a lady who enjoyed the friendship of John Ruskin, and it was not until she had given me her hand, and I had gone my way, that the full meaning of this little meeting dawned upon me.

I then remembered an interesting fact in Ruskin's boyhood. He was taken by a Mr. Pringle to see the aged banker poet, Samuel Rogers, in the big house which to-day, quite unaltered externally, faces the Green Park. Young Ruskin seems to have borne himself before the venerable poet with considerable assurance; indeed, Mr. Pringle was disappointed in his lack of hero-worship. Ruskin himself tells with quiet humor the story of his rather unsuccessful efforts to ingratiate himself with the author of "The Pleasures of Memory":

I congratulated him with enthusiasm on the beauty of the engravings by which his poems were illustrated, but betrayed, I fear me, at the same time some lack of an equally vivid interest in the composition of the poems themselves. At all events, Mr. Pringle, I thought at the time, somewhat abruptly diverted the conversation to subjects connected with Africa. These were doubtless more calculated to interest the polished minstrel of St. James's Place; but again I fell into misdemeanors by allowing my own attention, as my wandering eyes too frankly confessed, to determine itself on the pictures glowing from the crimson-silken walls; and accordingly, after we had taken leave, Mr. Pringle took occasion to advise me that, in future, when I was in the company of distinguished men, I should listen more attentively to their conversation.

Thus I shook hands with Samuel Rogers.

Rogers had known Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of "The School for Scandal" and of a thousand witticisms, during twenty-five years. He had heard him deliver his great speech in the trial of Warren Hastings; he had foregathered, times without number, with Sheridan, Moore, and Byron; and he was one of the two or three who remained loyal to Sheridan in his last days of debt and dishonor. He had stories to tell of Sheridan's death-bed. Asked by the doctor if he had ever undergone an operation, he answered, "Never, except when sitting for my portrait or having my hair

cut." Sheridan was very proud of his eyes, which were magnificent, and he said to Rogers, "Tell Lady Bessborough that my eyes will look up to the coffin lid as brightly as ever."

So I shook hands with Sheridan.

Sheridan had, of course, known Dr. Johnson; indeed, it was Johnson who proposed him as a member of the Literary Club, remarking: "He who has written the two best comedies of his age is surely a considerable man." And Sheridan was duly elected. He had just pleased Johnson greatly by writing a prologue for the tragedy of "Sir Thomas Overbury," written by his early companion in London, that unhappy poet, Richard Savage. In his prologue Sheridan described very touchingly the wretched life of

Ill-fated Savage, at whose birth was given

No present but the Muse, no friend but Heaven.

So I shook hands with Dr. Johnson.

Johnson and ill-fated Savage had starved and struggled as authors together in the streets of London. Johnson once related to Sir Joshua Reynolds how, one night in particular, Savage and he walked round and round St. James's Square for want of a lodging, but, in high spirits and full of patriotism, denouncing the Government, and swearing they would "stand by their country." When Savage died in want and misery, Johnson anxiously hastened to write his biography, so that the public should receive an authentic and favorable account of his friend. He never wrote anything better than his "Life of Savage." Of this book Sir Joshua Reynolds said that on his return from Italy he met with it in Devonshire, knowing nothing of its author, and began to read it with his arm against a chimney-piece. It gripped him so strongly that, not being able to lay the book down till he had finished it, he found his arm totally benumbed.

So I shook hands with Richard Savage.

Savage had known Sir Richard Steele, the founder of the *Tatler*, and co-worker of Addison on the *Spectator*. Steele knew Congreve, the brilliant dramatist. He knew him both directly and through Pope. Congreve had a close link with Dryden. It was so close that Dryden hailed Congreve as his successor, and as the guardian of his fame in lines which I cannot resist quoting for their dignity and pathos:

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent charge on His providence.
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,

Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

So I shook hands, at a great rate, with Steele, Pope, Congreve, and Dryden.

Dryden, you know, once called on Milton at his house in Artillery Walk, near Bunhill Fields, to ask him whether he might turn his "Paradise Lost" into a tragedy in rhyme; and Milton is said to have answered, "Ay, young man, you may tag my verses, if you will"—a surprisingly genial answer to such a request. Whatever the truth of this story may be (one is glad to have Milton into the chain if possible), it is certain that Dryden knew and worked with Sir William Davenant.

I hope I shook hands with Milton, as I did with Davenant.

Davenant was intimate with John Hobbes, the philosopher, who in his youth was secretary to Lord Bacon. He was not, however, Lord Bacon's only famous assistant; Ben Jonson, the great dramatist, was another. So well did Jonson know Bacon that he wrote this account of his talk in his "Discoveries":

No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less

idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end.

So I shook hands with the great Hobbes the greater Bacon, and "Rare Ben."

That Jonson was the friend of Shakespeare, let those doubt who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Have we not honest Fuller's portrait of them together at the Mermaid?

Many were the wit-combates betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-o'-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher, in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-o'-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

So I shook hands with Shakespeare. If you look into the matter you will probably find that you have done the same.

"JOHN O' LONDON."

A LITERARY SENSATION IN RUSSIA.

What are the limits of realism in fiction, especially in fiction touching the delicate and intimate sides of the relations between the sexes? How far may a novelist go in this direction without the reproach of pandering to prurient curiosity and vicious sensualism?

These questions have been raised in the Russian periodical and newspaper press by Countess Sophia Tolstoy, the wife of the great author-moralist. They are discussed with animation and some ill temper, not only by professional critics and writers, but by correspondents representing the "reading classes"—students, mothers, fathers, and so on. The debate had its origin in a letter written by the Countess Tolstoy (whose appearances in print have not been frequent) to the *Novoye Vremya* in denunciation of a story by a young novelist, Leonid Andrieff, regarded as a sort of follower of Gorky and literary grandson of Tolstoy himself. The story was entitled "In a Fog," and depicted the moral tortures of a young and high-minded student who, through ignorance and bad associations, had glided into immorality and incurred a loathsome disease. Was the subject legitimate, and, if so, was its treatment by Andrieff offensive, needlessly brutal, and cal-

culated to encourage vice and the very evils realistically depicted?

Countess Tolstoy answered the last question in the negative, and, in view of Andrieff's popularity and undoubted talent and original bent in the choice of topics (months before, another story of his had provoked a storm), she went on to make the following general reflections:

"Writers like Andrieff are not to be read, lauded, and rewarded; it behooves all of our educated society to protest indignantly against the filth scattered all over Russia by the reviews and book publishers that encourage them. In the works of Maxim Gorky there is always a relief in some character or some moving situation, which makes you feel that the author, full of pity for the fallen, firmly distinguishes between the good and bad, and loves the former. If Gorky has imparted much cynicism and nakedness into the scenes in which he depicts the life of a certain class, he makes you feel that he heartily deplores the evil and misery caused by vice, ignorance, and poverty.

"But in the stories of Andrieff one feels that the author relishes and derives satisfaction from the vile phenomena he depicts, and by this love for vice he infects the undeveloped, morally unwashed reading public, which is as yet incapable of analyzing life, and which stupidly repeats the

favorite but senseless formula: 'But this is reality!'

"Reality! But why should the reader's eyes be turned on that particular side of life? What an immense horizon there is before the really gifted artist! I can not refrain from mentioning the great work which was created under my own observation—'War and Peace'—in which the author penetrated into so many hearts and compelled us all to love that which he loved. For years thousands have been attracted by this book, which throws not the smallest shadow of corrupting influence on the souls of its readers.

"But the pitiable new writers of contemporary fiction, like Andrieff, for example, have been able merely to concentrate interest in the filthy aspect of human degradation. They invite and summon the public to study the decaying corpse of human sin, and to close their eyes to the whole spacious, beautiful world, with the loveliness of nature, the majesty of art, the nobility of human aspiration, the religious and moral ascent of the race, the great ideals of goodness and love—even, let us add, the weaknesses, misfortunes, and tragedies of mankind as shown by a Dostoievsky. In describing the last-specified things, however, the artist should brightly illuminate, not the direction of vice and sympathy therewith, but that direction in which we find struggle against sin and corruption, the triumph of truth and humanity over evil and vice."

Several critics and publicists of note have expressed their sympathy with Countess Tolstoy's indictment of the younger novelists, but Andrieff has not lacked stout champions. The charge that "In a Fog" betrays a salacious sympathy with vice is declared to be absolutely unwarranted by the tone and manner of the story. "A Russian Mother" writes to the *Novosti* that Andrieff is to be thanked for raising a question which so vitally concerns the welfare of the rising generation and for breaking the silence imposed by cowardice and hypocrisy. There is no filth in the story, asserts a third writer, and the author's object is to incite aversion and terror, to compel a study of the causes of a condition which wrecks thousands of lives, physically and morally, and converts society into a huge hospital. "A Russian Woman" writes in the same paper:

"It is not immoral to cry out, to tell the painful truth. We mothers, in our inmost souls, tremble for our sons, and if we detect something wrong in their lives, we try to deceive ourselves and make light of it. We need more of such healthy champions of morality as Andrieff, who, in his final stroke, sounds the knell of vice and impurity. We fathers and mothers, must stand nearer to our children and save them from a mass of errors and faults. Andrieff does not render vice alluring; he artistically depicts the inevitable and revolting consequences of an abnormal social relation."—*Translations made for The Literary Digest.*

A Dirge for Papers Dead.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Here is a poem that to some will not appeal, yet to many will seem one of the finest in our language. Few indeed are the "newspaper men" to whom it does not bring a touch of sadness, of that fellow-feeling that makes the whole world kin. It was published originally in *The Criterion* and has been more widely copied than any other poem of recent years.

And ever the papers come,
And ever the papers go,
The little papers born to die
When we have loved them so!
Some are the highest art,
Some are the broadest fun,
But each "comes to fill a long-felt want,"
Each and every one.
Some are brutally frank,
Libelous, personal, smart,
Some with pictures and prose and verse
Are—well, we may call it "tart."
Some of them "fight for the right,"
Say they will never yield,
Some follow a fad, a good one or bad,
But each has "a particular field."

Some have an "angel" behind them,
Someone "with money to burn,"
But most are born with nothing but nerve
And the hopes of what they will earn.
Some are quite unpretentious,
And begin in the most modest way,
Some clang their cymbals and beat their drums,
And shout "We have come to stay!"
Some in their second issue,
Boast of the power they wield,
But, cheap ones or dear, there's not one
Will appear
But has "its particular field."
Poor little things, their requiem sings
In the words, "our particular field."

And ever the papers come
And ever the papers go,
Those little papers born to die
When we have loved them so.
Always the unsold copies
Fall in the fakir's hands,
Down to Park Row at last they go
To be sold on barrows and stands.
Bombast, Abuse and Praise,
Poetry, Prose and Art,
Here they are for a penny apiece,
For sale on a huckster's cart!
"Here for a penny apiece!"
Say it under your breath,
They're all on a common level now
As mortals after death.
Those that had "come to stay,"
Those with "power to wield,"
The stupid, the smart, the vapid, the tart,
In Park Row Potter's Field;
The solemn, the staid, the gay,
The aggressive that never would yield,
You're all of you dead, and it's true, as
you said,
You "fill your particular field!"

AN UNCOMMON BOOK.

By T. P. O'Connor.

I have been reading with the greatest interest Mr. George Gissing's new book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" (Constable, 6s.). It is an uncommon book, for it is of the nature of an autobiographical and literary testament which may be described as the retrospect of a hard literary life, the life of an observer, a thinker, an intellectual struggle-for-lifer. It is a book of many nooks, many detached trains of thought; it is composed of the disjecta membra of a writing man's life, and it has this special interest: that it is dominated by a great sigh of relief at his escape from years of penury and more or less bitter struggle in the literary arena.

One embarrassment this book presents to the critic. It is clearly autobiographical in a very large degree; yet one is bound to respect the veil of disguise thrown over it by the device of presenting it in the form of papers written by a supposititious "Henry Ryecroft." I observe with amusement that one literary gossipier gravely accepts the book as a work of a real Henry Ryecroft. The book, as I have said, is Mr. Gissing's own; although it is perfectly true that the portrait of Henry Ryecroft is not his own in all matters of fact.

I shall now give my readers a few foretastes of a volume which I advise them to possess. Here is a book-buying episode in Henry Ryecroft's struggling youth:

At the little shop near Portland Road Station I came upon a first edition of Gibbon, the price an absurdity. I think it was a shilling a volume. To possess those clean-paged quartos I would have sold my coat. As it happened, I had not money enough with me, but sufficient at home. I was living at Islington. Having spoken with the bookseller, I walked home, took the cash, walked back again, and carried the tomes from the west end of Euston Road to a street in Islington far beyond the Angel. I did it in two journeys, this being the only time in my life when I thought of Gibbon in avoirdupois. Twice three times, reckoning the walk for money, did I descend Euston Road and climb Pentonville on that occasion. Of the season and the weather I have no recollection; my joy in the purchase I had made drove out every other thought. Except, indeed, of the weight. I had infinite energy, but not much muscular strength, and the end of the last journey saw me upon a chair, perspiring, flaccid, aching, aching—exultant! . . .

Years after, I sold my first edition of Gibbon for even less than it cost me; it went with a great many other fine books in folio and quarto which I could not drag about with me in my constant removals. The man who bought them spoke of

them as "tombstones." Why has Gibbon no market value? Often my heart ached with regret for those quartos. The joy of reading the "Decline and Fall" in that fine type! The page was appropriate to the dignity of the subject; the mere sight of it tuned one's mind. I suppose I could easily get another copy now; but it would not be to me what the other was, with its memory of dust and toil.

Released from London life, and enjoying a competence as the result of a most welcome legacy, Henry Ryecroft writes his memoirs in the peace and seclusion of a Devonshire cottage, tasting to the full every delight of leisure, every sweetness of his mother-earth, and receiving gratefully the gentle ministry of his books. Now take a delightful vignette:

Sitting in my garden amid the evening scent of roses, I have read through Walton's "Life of Hooker"; could any place and time have been more appropriate? Almost within sight of the tower of Heavitree church. Heavitree, which was Hooker's birthplace! In other parts of England, he must have thought of these meadows falling to the green valley of the Exe, and the sun setting behind the pines of Haldon. Hooker loved the country. Delightful to me, and infinitely touching, is that request of his to be transferred from London to a rural living, "where I can see God's blessing spring out of the earth." And that glimpse of him where he was found tending sheep, with a Horace in his hand. It was in rural solitudes that he conceived the rhythm of mighty prose. What music of the spheres sang to that poor, vixen-haunted, pimply-faced man!

The last few pages I read by the light of the full moon, that of after-glow having till then sufficed me. Oh, why has it not been granted me in all my long years of pen-labor to write something small and perfect, even as one of these lives of honest Izaak! Here is literature, look you, not "literary." Let me be thankful that I have the mind to enjoy it; not only to understand, but to savor, its great goodness.

Even among his flowers and books the long sordid years of his writing life in London come back to Henry Ryecroft again and again, exciting him to tenderness or loathing. Of true literature and all that stands for it he is the sworn friend; but the literary hurly-burly, the vulgar, pushful, superficial, and more or less insane passion for print he would fain forget, and there are pages in this book which hundreds, I may say thousands, of would-be writers would do well to ponder. Mr. Gissing knows what he is writing about. Take this sombre ejaculation:

Innumerable are the men and women now writing for bread who have not the least chance of finding in such work a permanent livelihood. They took to writing because they knew not what else to do, or because the literary calling tempted them by its independence and its dazzling prizes. They will hang on to the squalid profession, their earnings eked out by begging and borrowing, until it is too late for them to do anything else—and then? With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to “literature” commits no less than a crime. If my voice had any authority I would cry this truth aloud wherever men could hear. Hateful as is the struggle for life in every form, this rough-and-tumble of the literary arena seems to me sordid and degrading beyond all others. Oh, your prices per thousand words! Oh, your paragraphings and your interviewings! And oh, the black despair that awaits those down-trodden in the fray!

On the other hand, Mr. Gissing is well aware that riches are to be feared as well as poverty, where the fate of literature is in the balance. Thus in another mood he asks whether in these days there is left in all London a boy of twenty fairly educated, but without means, with nothing but the glow in his brain and courage in his heart, who sits in a garret and writes for dear life. And he sees that after all the young garreteer is becoming scarce. The newspapers and the gossip papers tell him another tale of the novelists and journalists now awaiting their promotion. They eat good dinners, they have good seats at the theatre, their flats are cosy and adorned, and their photographs are frequent in the illustrated papers.

Doubtless it is a rare thing nowadays for a lad whose education ranks him with the upper middle class to find himself utterly without resources, should he wish to devote himself to the profession of letters. And there is the root of the matter; writing has come to be recognized as a profession, almost as cut-and-dried as church or law; a lad may go into it with full parental approval, with ready avuncular support. I heard not long ago of an eminent lawyer, who had paid a couple of hundred per annum for his son's instruction in the art of fiction—yea, the art of fiction—by a not very brilliant professor of that art. Really, when one comes to think of it, an astonishing fact, a fact vastly significant. Starvation, it is true, does not necessarily produce fine literature; but one feels uneasy about these carpet-authors. To the two or three who have a measure of conscience and vision, I could wish, as the best thing, some calamity which would leave them friendless in the streets. They would perish, perhaps. But set that possibility against the all but certainty of their present prospect—fatty degeneration of the soul; and is it not acceptable?

How To.

In the Spring the Bookshop windows show a most amazing lot
Of the “How To” books and essays telling How and
How to Not;
How to Know the Purple Pansy When You Meet
Him in the Wood;
How to Tell the Poison Toadstool; When He Is or
Isn't Good;
How to Recognize a Sparrow, Fighting in the Garden
Dirt;
How to Pick Out Proper Patterns for a Woodland
Walking Skirt;
How to Shoot the Fearsome Panther; How to Lure
the Lurksome Trout;
How to Tame the Wildest Tiger; How to be a
Huron Scout;
How to Make a Lovely Garden With the Seeds from
Washington;
How to Plant Them When You Get Them; How to
Get Your Hoeing Done;
How to Market Watermelons; How to Sell Asparagus;
How to Train the Johnny Jumpup; That Amoozin'
Little Cuss;
How to Feed the Shining Goldfish; How to Know
the Cuckoo's Call;
How to Deal With Mr. Burglar When You Meet Him
in the Hall;
How to Play at Table Tennis; How to Ping and How
to Pong;
How to do Artistic Tatting; How to Write a Funny Song;
How to Monkey with the Buzz-Saw, So as Not to
Lose Your Dough;
How to Make the Festive Piecrust, Like Your
Mother Did, You Know;
How to Bet on Running Horses, So You'll Surely,
Surely Win;
How to Walk Home in the Evening After Losing All
Your Tin;
How to Manufacture Goldbricks in the Choicest Roy-
croft Style;
How to Take the Money for Them; How to Never
Crack a Smile;
How to Draw Like Dana Gibson; How to Sing to
Highest C;
How to Look Like William Bryan or Like Richard
Harding D.;
How to Write an Advertisement; How to Jump a
Trolley Car;
How to *Know* the Stars in Heaven: Not Just *Wonder*
What They Are;
How to Know a Girl from Paris, London, Venice or
from Rome;
How to Catch the Sacred Codfish on the Boston State
House Dome;
How to Lick a Sassy Caddy; How to Go to Weber-
fields
Without Paying All the Money That Your Best In-
vestment Yields;
How to Win a Timid Maiden with a Soft, Persuasive Coo;
How to Make Her Think She's Got to Leave Her
Happy Home for You;
How to Act at Coronations; How to Act Upon the
Stage;
How to Bluff a Pair of Deuces; How to Tell a
Woman's Age—
Though I've searched the bookshop windows high
and low, from morn till night;
I have never yet discovered: How to Sell the Stuff I
Write.
H. P. T.

"MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES."

By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

All over the "Two Hemispheres," of which he has written such varied and interesting reminiscences, men will regret the death of that eminent Irish *littérateur* and politician who died last February at Nice. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy reached the age of eighty-seven, and every year was lived, and, what is more, lived over again in memory. Here is a story of his early youth, which shows, perhaps, more than anything else how intensely faithful was this man of many wanderings to the old home and the old country:—

My three brothers died before I reached manhood. Of John, the brother nearest my own age, I heard recently a story from a gray-haired kinsman, a landowner in Buenos Ayres, which I think will touch generous hearts: "I was present, a boy in my first breeches, when my elder brother was sharply called for by our father, a strict disciplinarian with his sons. 'Mick,' he cried, 'bring me your pocket-knife.' Michael was in consternation, and whispered, 'What shall I do? I've lost my knife.' 'Take mine,' says John Duffy; 'tis the same color.' 'No, no,' my brother muttered, 'the blade in my knife was broken, and father will know the difference at a glance.' Cousin John, without a word spoken, put the blade of his knife under his heel and broke it off. The tears," concluded my friend, "ran down my face at the time, and, after sixty years, they could run down still when I think of that generous transaction."

Duffy knew the brilliant and unfortunate poet Mangan in his days of Dublin journalism, and throws a side-light upon a far-off love story which was from the beginning shadowed by tragedy. Here are the facts as he relates them in "My Life in Two Hemispheres":—

Shortly after our acquaintance commenced he brought me to visit a County Clare family—Mrs. Stacpoole and her daughters, living, I think, in Mount street. I found them agreeable and accomplished, and repeated my visit several times, always with Mangan. One night, coming away, he suddenly stopped in the moonlit street, and, laying his hands on my shoulders and looking into my face, demanded: "Isn't it true that you are becoming attached to Margaret?" and finally he said: "I will save you from my fate by telling you a tragic story. When I knew Margaret first I was greatly attracted by her charming manners and vivid *esprit*. I talked to her of everything I did, and thought, and hoped, and she listened as willingly, it seemed, as Desdemona to the Moor. I am not a self-confident man—far from it; but when I besought her to be my wife I believed I was not asking in vain. What think you I heard? That she was already two years a wife, and was

living under her maiden name till her husband returned from an adventure which he had undertaken to improve their fortune." "You cannot think," I said, "that she deceived you intentionally, since you have not broken with her?" "Ah," he said, "she has made my life desolate, but I cannot help returning, like the moth to the flame."

Here is a very different picture of a very different poet:—

When I descended I found a little, middle-aged man, with pleasant smile and lively eyes, but of a countenance far from comely, and so elaborately dressed that the primrose gloves which he wore did not seem out of harmony with the splendor of his attire. But my interest was awakened in an instant when he told me his "name was Moore—Thomas Moore." He had come to ask for a proof of some words spoken the night before at the theatre on a universal call from the house.

Duffy was, as everybody knows, a born fighter, but he had that phase of humor which is the beginning of the larger urbanity. Listen to how he alludes to the author of the "Irish Sketch-Book":—

A little later I was agreeably surprised by receiving through a friend a couple of squibs, lighted up with graphic illustrations by a young Englishman who had recently published a humorous and impudent book upon Ireland, with the signature of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Thackeray did not love the *Nation* at that time, but he fell under obligations to Mr. Peter Purcell, who had been very friendly during his Irish visit, and as Mr. Purcell was in conflict with the government over a mail-coach contract Thackeray came vigorously to his aid.

His sketches of the prominent figures of the House of Commons are done with the same charming impartiality. Here, for example, is a sketch of Disraeli:—

In the front benches, crowded with Englishmen, for the most part bright-complexioned and always punctiliously fresh in linen and visage, sat a man approaching fifty, with swarthy features and a complexion which had once been olive, on every lineament of which was written foreigner and alien. It was not an uncomely face, and far from unimpressive, but it was conspicuously un-English. Masculine will and unflinching purpose might be read, it seemed to me, in the firm mouth and strong jaw—gifts worth nearly all the rest in the art of governing men. He dressed in complete disregard of conventional prejudices—a Chancellor of the Exchequer in a plum-colored vest was a sight as perplexing to prim propriety as Roland's shoe-ties in the court of Louis XVI.—and he cultivated on his

chin an ornament rarely seen and little loved north of Calais—a goatee.

Here is an allusion to the lady to whom Disraeli owed so much:—

Some of the young bucks on the Liberal side are fond of sneering at Disraeli's devotion to his wife, who would not, perhaps, be a suitable Queen of Beauty at a new Eglinton Tournament, but to whom he owes everything. M'Cullagh Torrens says he saw them one night leaving the opera, when, descending the *grand escalier*, one of the lady's shoes got untied. She stopped suddenly, and cried: "Dizzy, tie my shoe." Dizzy dropped on his knee and performed the service required. And why not? It is the devoir of a cavalier to his lady.

Hare gives the following illustration of the caprices of Disraeli:—

Augusta had many interesting reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield. One day, at luncheon, she offered him the mustard. "I never take mustard," he replied, in his sepulchral voice. "Oh, don't you?" she said airily. "No," he continued, in solemnest tones. "There are three things I have never used. I have never touched mustard; I have never had a watch; and I have never made use of an umbrella." "Well," said Augusta, "I can understand the mustard, that is a mere matter of taste; but surely going without the other things must have been sometimes rather inconvenient." "And why should I want them?" continued Disraeli, more sepulchral than ever. "I live under the shadow of Big Ben, and there is a clock in every room in the House of Commons, so that I cannot possibly require a watch; and as I always go about in a close carriage I can never want an umbrella." Disraeli was always full of these small affectations.

Duffy, on the other hand, tells of a singular instance of the Leader's adaptability:—

One of my friends told me of an adventure he witnessed at Bellamy's. Olivera, who has a craze for the introduction of French wines at a nominal duty, stalked up to the table where Disraeli was dining, and, picking up a little flask of red wine and glancing at it between him and the light, demanded, "Do you know what you are drinking, Mr. Disraeli? You think it is port wine, but it isn't." "No," replied the man of the world, who was determined not to be bored, "I have no doubt it was made at Holywell street, but I like it."

Sir Gavan was usually happy in his social relations with celebrities and others, but on one occasion he put the truth in an awkward way. It was in reference to his own verses, and he tells the story without commenting upon it:—

After dinner a curious accident befell. The hostess, a sentimental young woman, produced her album and asked me what I thought of the verses with which the volume opened, while J—— smiled

with a significance, the meaning of which I altogether misunderstood, when I saw that the verses were some I had written for the *Vindicator* ten years ago. "I think," I said, laughing, "they are dreadful drivel. The hyperbolic devotion of Corydon to his shepherdess reminds me of Moore's lines—

"He thought her a goddess, she thought him a fool, (as I have no doubt she did)

'And I'll swear she was most in the right.'"

My hostess looked flushed and offended. "I don't mind your laughing at me," she said, "but pray don't laugh at verses which came from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other, and which I will treasure to my dying day." I hastened to apologize for my rudeness, and got out of the scrape indifferently well.

Sir Charles was for years and years an intimate of Carlyle, and he has given us in his "Conversations" many rather unexpected criticisms. Here is Carlyle's comment on Wordsworth:—

"Well," he replied, "it was true you would get more meaning out of what Wordsworth had to say to you than from anybody else. Leigh Hunt would emit more pretty, pleasant, ingenious flashes in an hour than Wordsworth in a day; but in the end you would find, if well considered, that you had been drinking perfumed water in one case, and in the other you got the sense of a deep, earnest man, who had thought silently and painfully on many things. There was one exception to your satisfaction with the man. When he spoke of poetry he harangued about metres, cadences, rhythms, and so forth, and one could not be at the pains of listening to him. But on all other subjects he had more sense in him of a sound and instructive sort than any other literary man in England."

Carlyle once observed that Thackeray had only two genuine ideas—that a man should be a gentleman and incidentally avoid being a snob; but he seems to have held him in higher esteem than Dickens:—

Yes, he said, Thackeray had more reality in him, and would cut up into a dozen Dickenses. They were altogether different at bottom. Dickens was doing the best in him, and went on smiling in perennial good humor; but Thackeray despised himself for his work, and on that account could not always do it even moderately well. He was essentially a man of grim, silent, stern nature, but lately he had circulated among fashionable people, dining out every day, and he covered his native disposition with a varnish of smooth, smiling complacency, not at all pleasant to contemplate. The course he had got into since he had taken to cultivate dinner-eating in fashionable houses was not salutary discipline for work of any sort, one might surmise.

You will remember his comment on Tennyson—"Alfred is a good listener."

Carlyle had no exalted opinion of Savage Landor, who, he said, "had fallen into an extravagant method of stating his opinions, which made any serious acceptance of them impossible." He then told an anecdote of Landor which shows the poet in a strangely peaceful rôle.

Landor, when he was young, went to Italy, believing that England was too base a place for a man of honor to dwell in; but he soon came to discover that Italy was intrinsically a baser place. For the last ten years he lived near Bath, coming rarely to London, which he professed to hate and despise. He had left his wife in Italy, giving her all his income except a couple of hundred pounds to get him a daily beefsteak in England. She was not a wise or docile woman, and he could not live with her any longer. He was about to remove his children, that they might be properly educated, a task for which he esteemed her in no way fit; but the eldest son snatched up a gun, and declared that he had come to a time of life to form an opinion on this question, and by G— he would shoot anyone who attempted to separate his mother and her children; so Landor had to leave them.

This reminds me of another story, in which Landor was distinctly the aggressor. He was all his life devoted to flowers, rather an odd taste for a man of his turbulent temperament. One day he seized his cook in a fit of rage, and threw him out of the window. Even while he was in the air remorse seized the poet, "My God!" he exclaimed, "I forgot the violets!"

Landor was, of course, the Mr. Boythorn of "Bleak House," and he seems never to have made the least objection to the portrait. Leigh Hunt, on the contrary, took Horace Skimpole very seriously indeed. Landor, by-the-bye, was curiously sensitive to the pathetic side of Dickens's work, and particularly to the story of little Nell. It was Foster, so Mr. Gissing tells us, who insisted on the novelist's killing this wonderful creation of child life.

Sir Gavan often contended with Carlyle on the subject of the Irish character, and in this story, which was a favorite of his, he set down what he considered to be the real character of his countrymen:

I remember reading, when a boy, the story of a peasant put into a witness-box to give evidence against his own son, which clung to my memory. The son was charged with stealing a sheep at a famine period, and his father, a venerable and pious old man, must, it was supposed, have seen the transaction, which at that time was a capital offence. "Did you awaken," he was asked, "on the night of Easter Eve after midnight?" "Yis, sir, I did." "What did you see in the cottage at that time?" "God help me! I saw my boy with a sheep between his hands; but oh! your Honor, it was for me and the little Michael, who

were starving, that he took it." The old man broke down, and the prisoner in the dock said something to him in a low voice in Irish. The judge asked to have it translated. "Courage, father! May the Saviour protect you and all of us. You only do what is right, to tell the truth." This was the Irish peasant in his natural condition.

This, too, was another of his favorites:—

In a dear summer, as the famine periods were called in Ireland, a small farmer was induced by his wife to send out his father to beg. The old man was equipped with a bag, a staff, and half a double blanket, which the frugal housewife prepared for him. After he was gone she inquired for the moiety of the blanket to make sure he had not carried it off. When the house was ransacked in vain, the father thought of asking his little son if he had seen it. "Yis, father," the boy replied, "I have put it by till the time comes when I'll want it." "What will you want with it, Owen, agra?" inquired the father. "Why, father," replied the boy, "you see, when I grow up to be a big man, and I'll be sending you out to beg, I'll want it to put on your back."

An Anecdote of Rossini.

A correspondent has been good enough to send me the following anecdote about Rossini:—

Rossini had made a bargain with the theatre director, Barbieja, in Naples, agreeing to give him within a specified time a new opera. To have the somewhat indolent master near him, in order to be able to stimulate his working zeal, Barbieja invited him to come to Naples and be his guest. Rossini accepted the director's invitation, lived with him five months, ate and drank at his table, had much pleasure, and lived altogether magnificently at his cost. But, as he made no preparations to supply the promised opera, Barbieja shut him up in his room, and threatened not to let him out until he had kept his promise.

Rossini begged, bargained, and tried to escape, but all to no purpose; and, as the director held to the contract, he commenced to work, and with such expedition that on the first evening he gave the director the overture to "Othello." On the next day the first act was finished, and after three days the whole opera was composed. Barbieja could not find words for astonishment and wonder.

He had the work studied at once, and, after eight days, a representation was given with complete success. Twenty-four hours later Rossini had secretly left Naples and travelled to Bologna. But he was not alone; he had taken Barbieja's prima donna with him.

The fury of the director was indescribable when he learned that his principal had run away from him, but he quickly recovered himself when he heard that Rossini had married Calbron before his departure. "That is somewhat different," exclaimed Barbieja, who thoroughly knew the character and temperament of his diva; then I am bitterly revenged!"

FIRST LOVES THAT FAIL.

It is one of the many perverse tricks which Cupid plays on mortals that he rarely allows a man to marry his first love, although he may and often does carry the wounds of this "trial dart" to his grave.

What a different story Carlyle's life might have had to tell us if Margaret Gordon and not Jane Welsh, that woman of genius "too kin to his own," had become his wife! It was when he was a youthful schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy that Carlyle's none too susceptible heart fell under the spell of Margaret's girlish fascinations; and how lasting was the spell was proved many years later when he apostrophized her as "like a star among earthly lights, noblest maiden," and lavished on her such adjectives as "softly elegant, softly grave, witty, and courtly."

But "winsome Maggie" was not destined to be the dour man's bride. Her family intervened, and one day she told him "in a tremulous voice that they were to meet no more." Only once again did he see her, and that was twenty years later, when as Lady Bannerman she flashed for a painful moment on his sight in Hyde Park.

Nor was Thomas Carlyle Jane Welsh's first love—if, indeed, she ever truly loved him at all; for her heart had already been given to Edward Irving, the dark, handsome man who later electrified fashionable London with his pulpit eloquence and amused them by his oddities. He, however, was already pledged to Miss Isabella Martin; and thus the little comedy of errors is ever being played to the confusion of many lives.

Ruskin, to his dying day, cherished a very tender memory of Charlotte Withers, the "fair, sensitive slip of a girl" who was for a time a guest in his father's house. And what delightful times they had together, this "sweet, delicate, intelligent creature," and the grave, clever youth, then burning with great schemes and thoughts! But the dream came to an abrupt termination. Charlotte was summoned home; and a little later the young dreamer learned that she was engaged to become the wife of a flourishing tradesman—not, be it said, of her own will, but under strong parental pressure.

Shelley had scarcely laid aside his Eton jacket when he tumbled head over ears, as boys will, in love with his fair cousin, Harriet Grove, while his parents smiled approval on the lovers. But the young poet proclaimed his atheistical views too loudly, and, in alarm,

the girl's father insisted on the engagement being cancelled forthwith. A little later he eloped with another Harriet, who finally sought an escape from an ill-starred union in the cold waters of the Serpentine.

Robert Burns had as many loves "as there are days in a month," but none perhaps so tender as his boyish passion for Mary Morrison, the inspiration of so many of his beautiful songs. But poets are fickle wooers, and it was not long after Mary Morrison first stole his heart away that we find him exchanging Bibles and protestations of undying love with his "Highland Mary," who was a Campbell.

It was by the narrowest of margins that Nelson failed to make a wife of a certain young lady of Quebec, who had played sad havoc with the dashing young sailor's peace of mind. On the very morning on which his ship was to leave Quebec, he landed with the full intention of laying his heart at the charmer's feet, but he was intercepted by a friend, who, after pointing out the fatal nature of the step he proposed to take, succeeded at last in dragging him back on board.

Samuel Lover's heart was broken when his first love refused him point-blank; but it was not unsuccessfully patched up again by his two subsequent marriages, which illustrates the healing resources of Cupid even when he seems most cruel.

Abraham Lincoln's first love disappointment left marks which he carried to his grave. He had just been made the happiest of men by winning the heart of Miss Rutledge when an illness seized her and she died, with her hand clasping that of the future President. Lincoln was inconsolable; and even at the height of his brilliant career, when he was the ruler of millions, he declared, sadly, "My heart lies buried in her grave."

Byron was only a junior boy at Harrow when he conceived a violent passion for Miss Chaworth, and was driven to distraction by her teasing and patronage. She scoffed at the schoolboy's sighs and laughed merrily at his protestations, until in despair he recognized the hopelessness of his suit. But many years afterwards he said, "The cloud of that early disappointment has darkened my life."

Boswell had survived a round dozen of love adventures before he, as a kind of forlorn hope, led his cousin, Miss Montgomerie, to the altar; and his lady-loves ranged from a gardener's fair daughter to the wealthy heiress who preferred to become Lady Gilmour.

SOME EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MEN OF LETTERS.*

If the quality of a book in any measure depend on the period of its incubation, these should be precious volumes, since they have been forty years and upwards in the hatching. The author, a man of many projects—*multa et præclara minans*—had, since his resignation of the *Quarterly* editorship in 1860, talked of collecting the essays in eighteenth-century biography contributed by him during his connection with the *Review*. To this end he had for some years labored desultorily on the revision and expansion of the text; but as life advanced he seems to have laid aside the task—as he laid aside many others—with the result that his work, long withheld and still lacking his final touches, now appears at an inevitable disadvantage. The editor, Mr. Warwick Elwin, while to some extent supplementing his father's references, has, no doubt wisely, declined the labor of bringing the contents abreast with the day.

But for the chance that seated him in the editorial chair, Whitwell Elwin might have lived and died unknown to his age. Born on February 26, 1816, the younger son of a Norfolk squire, he had, as a boy, shown a strong bent for the law; but becoming engaged while still in his 'teens, and recognizing the importance of having something to marry upon, he contrived to change careers with an accommodating brother, originally the parson-designate of the house, thus securing for himself the reversion of the family living of Booton, to which, on the death of the occupant in 1849, he was duly presented. Here—in a remote parish of three hundred inhabitants, destitute of a post-office, and twelve miles distant from the nearest railway station at Norwich—he chose to remain, notwithstanding more than one offer of preferment, till his death on New Year's Day, 1900. From boyhood upwards Elwin cherished a passion for domestic retirement and literary leisure. Strict in discharging the far from onerous duties of his office, he makes, if not a venerable, yet a respectable figure as a country parson. But his dearest interests were centred in literature; he recked little of the theological movements of his day; and despite the efforts and remonstrances of his friends, he confined himself to a sphere of duty within the narrow round of which the feeblest of clerics could hardly have found scope for the exercise of his single

talent. Accident gave him, while still an undergraduate, a bias towards Evangelicalism, and, so far as he could be said to belong to any school, he belonged to the Evangelical, though in later years he came, through the influence of a favorite son, to modify the primitive ritual in use at Booton, and even to adopt the eastward position, which, adds his biographer, he "took a particular pleasure in himself maintaining when the Privy Council in 1871 ruled it illegal." In Elwin's time, indeed, the practice at Booton oscillated in a manner sufficiently bewildering to the simple parishioners. "Quarterly Communions" made way for "Weekly Celebrations," and it was long before things settled down into the *juste milieu* of "Divine Service on Sundays with a monthly Eucharist at Noon." But, however it might fare with rites and ceremonies, Whitwell Elwin himself remained to the close a "Protestant" of a somewhat obsolete type.

In April, 1843, Elwin offered to the *Quarterly* his first effort in authorship—an essay on "The Dog." This was at once accepted by Lockhart, who wrote asking for more. In 1850, four other articles having been contributed meanwhile, Lockhart sought Elwin's aid as collaborator, and in this way Elwin supplied nine pages, of detailed criticism for Lockhart's article on Southey (December, 1850), and furnished still more important assistance to the article on Cockburn's "Life of Jeffrey" (June, 1852). In September, 1853, when Lockhart, ill and grief-stricken, left England to seek (too late) for restoration in Southern air, Murray, with his editor's concurrence, chose Elwin for the post of *locum tenens*; and, when, in the ensuing autumn, Lockhart finally broke down—he died on November 25, 1854—Elwin found himself fairly committed to the editorship.

During his lieutenancy Elwin's firmness had been put to the proof. Lockhart, whose interests were broadly humanitarian rather than political, and who was, as he confesses, but "a very tranquil and indifferent observer" of the party struggles of his day, had long groaned under the intractable Toryism of John Wilson Croker. When the *Quarterly* was founded, John Murray the first had engaged Croker, at a fixed salary of £150 a quarter, to write two articles for every number. As the oldest of the permanent staff, Croker had an influential voice in the management of the *Review*; moreover, on former occasions, when Gifford or Lockhart had been ill or absent,

* Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters. By the Rev. Whitwell Elwin. Edited by his son, Warwick Elwin. 2 vols. (Murray).

Croker had always taken his place. The situation, therefore, was decidedly awkward for a mere novice and deputy-editor, in the not impossible event of a collision with "old Crokey." When asked to take a spell at the wheel, Elwin naturally raised, amongst other difficulties, the question involved in Croker's virtual assessorship. Lockhart's reply was that whereas Croker and himself had long stood in the closest relations, Elwin had had no previous connection with him, and could therefore act with absolute independence.

The tug-of-war was not long in coming. The occasion was an article on the Eastern Question, in which, at the moment of a grave and sudden crisis in foreign affairs (January, 1854), Croker, who held a brief for Russia, proposed to couch the "bisson conspectuities" of the British public. The triumvirs—Murray, Elwin, and Croker—met in conference on January 11th at Albemarle Street to talk the matter over. "Croker began," writes Elwin, in a memorandum of the incident,

"by adopting a lofty tone, and when I held to my point he got louder and louder until his voice was heard over the whole house, and Mrs. Murray afterwards told me that she sat in terror at the furious controversy which was proceeding. Murray . . . fled after the first five minutes, and no more was seen of him till Croker left the house. When, after hours of wrangling, he found that he made no way, he grew conciliatory; but, as the admission of the article was an impossibility, his soft language could have no more effect than his loud."

The conference closed on the understanding that the obnoxious article was to be suppressed. Later on Croker made more than one effort to regain his footing, but Elwin, having once wrested his authority from him, was in no mood to restore it, and in the end Croker was fain to accept the situation, and signified his acceptance of it in a letter to Murray signed "Kroker-off." "There is both humor and good humor in Croker's signature," rejoined Elwin, who, however, feared that "Lockhart" might regret the session. "Lockhart's feelings, had he been present to express them, would more probably have found vent in the words Sir Walter had used to him touching Southey's apprehended defection in 1828: "Let him quit and be d——d!"

As editor of the *Quarterly* Elwin probably owed his success in large measure to the fact that his intellect (unquestionably vigorous) was of an ordinary type. From his youth upwards he had been a diligent student of English, and more particularly of eighteenth-century literature. He possessed an excellent

verbal memory, which enabled him, says his biographer, to recall "not merely the substance but also the setting of his reading, so that he could nearly always express himself readily in sentences taken from some great writer." In addition to such a knowledge of Greek and Latin as an ordinary Cambridge degree implies, he was, we are told, "well versed in the principal French writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." In point of wide scholarship and multifarious accomplishment he is not to be named in the same breath with Lockhart, who—to say nothing of his linguistic and archæological studies—joined with his brilliant mastery of ancient poetry and thought a familiar acquaintance with the literatures of Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. But Lockhart, with his well-furnished head and universal ability, was a humorist, and to the editor of a party journal it is hardly permitted to be a humorist; he is bound to take things seriously, and to believe, as firmly as Mr. Pott of Eatanswill, in the power of political journalism. Lockhart found it hard to do this. He detested the fanaticism of Southey and Croker, yet, from a sense of his own aloofness from politics, and partly, too, from the humorist's feeling of *non est tanti*, he suffered them to run amok and make hay alike of foes and well-wishers. "Alas! we are all getting old," he writes to Murray in 1828, "and it is so difficult to whip up any interest about any subject in jaded bosoms." This is not the tone of a keen politician, nor, indeed, did Lockhart himself write any political articles in the *Review*; he was at most the President (and a far from despotic President) of the Albemarle Street Council. On the other hand, the political essays of Elwin, who took his editorship with becoming seriousness, were amongst his brightest writing. During the years of and following the Crimean war, he represented the views of the great Conservative body in a series of vigorous articles, indicting the Aberdeen Cabinet for scandalous inefficiency, extending a moderate support to the Palmerston Administration as "a War Government on trial," and later on drawing up a detailed defence of Lord Raglan's conduct of the war. Murray, who on the occasion of the first of these deliverances (Dec., 1854) found a second edition called for before the month was out, might have congratulated his editor in the words of Prince Hal to Poins: "Thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine."

Towards theological questions the *Quarterly* under Elwin, adopted an attitude of blind and timorous "orthodoxy." True, the editor regarded himself as "tolerant"; but then, as he remarked to the publisher, "there must be a line drawn somewhere." He drew it at Stanley's intromissions in modern theology—equivocalities clearly inadmissible by an editor who desired above all to avoid imputations on the "soundness" of his review. "You are quite right," he observes to Murray,

"we *must* be very cautious of Arthur Stanley. . . . At present I have got him upon Mahomet. The ground here is safe, unless his toleration extends even to Mahometans."

In the same letter he bids Murray, pending the appearance of an article from his pen "which will put our orthodoxy out of question," say "to whomever you may think it expedient" that the editor of the *Quarterly* "does not hold any of the opinions of Maurice, Arnold, or Thirlwall that have been generally considered objectionable" ("Thou art a blessed fellow," etc.). The quality of his tolerance in another quarter is seen in the wanton attack upon the Cuddesdon Theological College which appeared in January, 1858. Here Gladstone and Wilberforce together were more than a match for him. The assailant was proved to have written upon hearsay, and on a subject the terminology of which he did not understand, and Elwin found it expedient to insert a note in the April number of the *Review*, withdrawing the offensive imputation of covert Romanizing. Elwin's action in this affair cannot be defended. He had, in fact, behaved towards men who differed from him on points of churchmanship precisely in the same manner in which he so sharply censured Croker for behaving towards his opponents in the field of politics—he had preferred the gravest charges against individual character without having first ascertained whether they could be substantiated.

Amongst the contributors to the *Quarterly* in Elwin's time were Gladstone, Layard, Forster (whom he introduced to the *Review*), Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Whately, and Lord Robert Cecil (the Marquis of Salisbury). Borrow, when invited to contribute, replied: "Never! I have resolved never to have anything to do with such a blackguard trade." The traditions of Albemarle Street gave the editor the right to revise and interpolate matter as he liked, and Elwin exercised the right freely from the first, and in the end beyond all reasonable limits. Indeed, the *cacoethes emendandi* developed with him into

a veritable *lues emendatoria*, in such wise that he positively grew to prefer "an inferior article received in time, with ample leisure for revision," to "a superior one printed and corrected in haste"—that is, only partially rehandled by the editor. This practice reacted subsequently with disastrous effect upon Elwin's own habits of composition, as Murray learnt to his cost during the years while the new edition of Pope lingered on the stocks. Even to his *Quarterly* essays, here reprinted, "and though he left two manuscripts of the Life of Cowper] complete as far as they went," writes his son, "the first only took Cowper to the end of his London career, and the second not quite so far."

We have said that Elwin's intellectual powers were of a commonplace order. But he possessed a really rare aptitude and faculty for friendship. "His genius," writes one who knew him well,

"lay pre-eminently in an unparalleled power of sympathy and large-hearted humanity. His friendships were ardent, comprehensive, uncritical and very numerous. His wisdom and understanding were 'exceeding much,' because of his largeness of heart."

Thackeray, who loved him, dubbed him Dr. Primrose; and Lytton, having stayed at Boonton, writes: "My visit to Elwin was in all ways delightful. It was like a visit to Dr. Primrose." "You cannot love our dear Elwin," he writes to a daughter in 1884, "more than I do, and neither of us can love him too much — no, nor even enough." "Your friendship," writes Sir Henry Layard to Elwin in 1881, "is one of the few happy things in life that I have to look back to." "A precious letter from dearest Elwin" is one of the last entries in Forster's diary. Dickens, Murray, Brougham, and many others testify to the same effect. One page of Mr. Warwick Elwin's graceful and candid "Memoir" is headed "His Humor." In this respect Whitwell Elwin did not shine, but he had kindness, simplicity, a big and warm heart. As a biographical essayist Elwin writes honestly, sympathetically, and with a skillful economy of material; as a critic he is less successful. At times as in the case of Pope, he suffers his judgment to be warped by his estimate of the writer as a man. His admiration of the pseudo-classical models of the eighteenth century disqualifies him from judging aright of poetic style. Of Wordsworth, for instance—whose prime characteristic as a writer is almost crystal purity of diction—he writes that "his command of English is imperfect," and that "ninetenths of his poetry suffers from this cause."

PREFACES AND EPILOGUES.

By Margaret Laughlin.

Once upon a time prefaces and epilogues were of length and importance; but to-day, to the average mind at least, they are hardly more than synonyms for the not-to-be-read parts of a book. Epilogues are so few and far between that they might, perhaps by their very novelty, occasionally receive notice, but, ordinary readers have little further acquaintance with prefaces than that which they made in school-days, when they took delight in spelling out of that now neglected word a chapter in the history of Peter Rice.

Notwithstanding this neglect, however, prefaces have a distinct office. They are written, presumably, for the benefit of the reader, who is thus supposed to be prepared for the proper perusal of the book; a most laudable purpose indeed, if carried out, and right here is the point,—do authors, as a rule, reach this end? In the first place, many and various are the terms used for preface; in fact, so very numerous are they that it was said recently that soon this book-adjunct will be called a *facade*, and instead of sequels to books, we will have codicils, an innovation by no means improbable, for, if we now have forword, forewarning, proem, prologue, prelude and introduction—all meaning preface—who can tell what the future may bring?

Varied as are the terms for preface, the types are even more so, and as a study they are as interesting as numerous. They present quite a field for the genius with a classifying turn of mind, for we have the explanatory, the apologetic, and its contradictory, the bombastic; the eulogistic, the humorous, the critical, and even what might be called, the preface of justification; on rare occasions we find an introduction which introduces. In many cases the author seizes the opportunity afforded by the preface to expound his views on disputed points, to criticize or voice his opinion on a certain subject. Hawthorne gives an example of this in "The House of the Seven Gables," in the preface to which he takes up several pages in giving his idea of a romance, the presentation of the moral and many other things. Sir Walter Scott and Bulwer-Lytton of the old school novelists have characteristic prefaces; the former, particularly in his historical novels, gives many pages to the discussion of his personages and the explanation to situations in the book. Bulwer-Lytton's "Harold" has an introduction

that is a vindication of the writer's views. It is very good and contains a sound truth that modern writers of so-called historical novels might do well to remember, namely, "that romance may be employed to aid history and so become subservient to it, but never vice-versa."

Thackeray in his introduction to "Pendennis" comes near the apologetic line, but happily escapes it; not so Mr. George Saintsbury of the twentieth century, who introduces his "History of Criticism" by a preface far too humble for one of his authority in letters. The Uriah Heep element in the world of literature is as distasteful as it is in the world of men. If an author is fearful regarding the merit of his book, acknowledging his fear will not influence the reader, least of all in the way he desires. If the book has faults, the readers will soon discover them; if they do not, then their ignorance is next to bliss. Again, if a writer is conscious of faults in his book, it is not unreasonable to wonder, why, instead of mentioning them in a preface, he does not use the time thus spent in correcting them.

In direct contrast to the apologetic tone in prefaces, we have those in which the eulogistic and bombastic elements prevail. Eulogies are generally limited to biographies, but the latter touch is not so confined by any means. Speaking of biographies, sometimes in introductions, such as those of Rossetti's to "Hood's Poems" and Wright's "Dante," we find biography and criticism combined in a not uninteresting way. Edmund Gosse's "Kit-Kat" essays, Bosanquet's "History of Æsthetic," and Matthew Arnold's "Celtic Literature," all have introductions which are really introductory, though all contain the critical element.

Thoroughly enjoyable prefaces, not directly humorous, are uncommon, but Mr. Van Dyke, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Kipling and Augustine Birrell know how to be gracious and graceful in making us acquainted with their books. Mr. Birrell's prefaces are short, clever and readable. There are few unfamiliar with the personal touch which characterizes all Mr. Van Dyke's prefaces, particularly those in "The Other Wise Man" and "The Ruling Passion." Kipling's prefaces, too, are brief but good, and in them, as in his stories, we often find that indefinable something which wakens human sympathy. In this class we might name Mr. Brander Matthews, and cite as an example of

a taking preface that to his "Pen and Ink," which reads thus:

The author desires to declare here his belief that this is the most interesting, the most entertaining, and the most instructive book of the decade:—his reasons for making this bold assertion in this place will be found fully set forth on pp. 50-66.

The reader of course turns to the pages designated where he finds a delightful essay on "The True Theory of the Preface."

As is to be expected, the foreword of a humorous book usually bears the mark of the writer's special gift, and Mark Twain's "Roughing It" and "Innocents Abroad" are no exceptions. "The Life of a Prig," by One, has this prologue:

The reader of the following story may be induced to hope that so perfect a character exists in reality. We grieve to confess that he is purely imaginary and we must add that he is not "intended" for anybody. If this little work should have the effect of making even one prig more priggish, the writer will not have labored in vain.

Perhaps one of the best possible prescriptions for a gloomy day and an equally gloomy mood is Mr. James Jeffrey Roche's "Her Majesty, the King," the "Forewarning," not excepted, which is too good not to be quoted:

Forewarning.

(Year of the Hegira 1276.)

Many, and insooth foolish, are they who writing books send them forth to the world with humiliating disparagement of their contents and servile appeals for mercy to those who may read them. * * * I who have made the pilgrimage and kissed the Kaaba, which endueth with truth, am not as the Frank who trust to the beguilement of the Stone of Bel-Arni. This volume, containing the surprising adventures of the good Kayenne and the marvelous wisdom of Shacabac, the Wayfarer, needeth no apology. If it excelleth all other works of history in lofty thought, in rich imagery, in polished style and in perfect diction, it is only because I have made it to do so. Had it existed in the days of the good Caliph Omar, wisest of all censors, it would not have shared the fate of that mass of unworthy literature by him justly condemned to the flames. Rather would it have been commended to the faithful as a work not to be hastily skimmed by the light and thoughtless who seek transitory knowledge in the public libraries, but to be *bought* and preserved for careful and frequent study by the discriminating reader.

While the work of no mortal is perfect, the only defect in this book is its brevity. Its merits are as many as its words. If any man fail to recognize them, let him wisely be silent, and, returning the book to him from whom he borrowed it, pray Allah for better judgment and mourn the hour in which he, unworthy, learned to read.

If more prefaces were like this one, inasmuch as it prepares the reader for what is to be expected of the book, the office of a preface would be fulfilled more often. Mr. Roche's "Forewarning" has many a practical thought under its raillery. There are some prefaces, however, that are unconsciously humorous, and many of them are delightful. Mr. Coventry Patmore begins his preface to "Rod, Root and Flower" by saying that, since St. Augustine found it necessary to write one hundred and twenty "Retractions," possibly he may have a few mistakes in his unassuming volume. Certainly no need here of the Scotchman's prayer, "O God, give us good conceit o' oursel'es." The old time writers, too, seem to have had a "good conceit" of themselves as a few extracts from their prefaces show. Mr. George Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars" speaks for itself:

To the discerning student teacher, I owe an apology for the abundant condescension with which I have noticed in this volume the works of unskillful grammarians. For men of sense have no natural inclination to dwell upon palpable offences against taste and scholarship; nor can they be easily persuaded to approve the course of an author who makes it his business to criticize petty productions. And is it not a fact that grammatical authorship has sunk so low that no man who is capable of perceiving its multitudinous errors, dares now to stoop to notice the most flagrant of its abuses or the most successful of its abusers? And, of the quackery which is now so prevalent, what can be a more natural effect, than a very general contempt for the study of grammar? My apology to the reader, therefore, is, that as the honor of our language demands correctness in all manuals prepared for school, a just exposition of any that are lacking in this point is a service due to the study of English Grammar, if not to the authors in question.

"Pious Breathings," made into English in 1720 by George Stanhope, D.D., has a supplementary title that is in keeping with the translator's prefatory letter to Her Majesty.

Pious Breathings,

Being the Meditations of St. Augustine
His Treatise of the Love of God.

Soliloquies and Manual to which are added
Select Contemplations from

St. Anselm and St. Bernard made into
English by George Stanhope, D.D.,

Dean of Canterbury and Chaplain Ordinary to
Her Majesty, Her Royal Highness, the Princess
Anne.

The dedicatory letter follows, and its nature may be inferred from the closing lines, for this is a case where the half is as good as the whole:

May the foundation of all goodness preserve

your precious life: and continue Your Royal Highness long to us a bright example and a signal Blessing to this and future Ages! May He hear and grant the daily Petitions of His Church, Endue you with His Holy Spirit, enrich you with His Heavenly grace; Prosper you with all Happiness and bring you to His Everlasting Kingdom. These, Madam, I beg leave with all Humility and most profound Respect to assure your Royal Highness, are the sincere, earnest and constant Prayers of (May it please your Royal Highness).

Your Royal Highness' most obedient and most Devoted Servant,
George Stanhope.

"Medieval Lore" is the short name for another volume with a long title. It was written in 1260, and, besides being a very precious book, has a prologue which has an element of the quaint in it. The preface to the modern edition is by a man of our own time, but this extract from the translator's prologue speaks plainly of the middle ages:

True it is that after the noble and expert doctrine of wise and well-earned Philosophers, left and remaining with us in writing that we know that the properties of things follow and ensue their substance. Heretofore it is that after the order and the distinction of substances, the order and the distinction of the properties of things shall be and ensue. Of the which things this work of all the books ensuing, by the help, grace and assistance of All Mighty God is compiled and made.

Marvel not, ye witty and eloquent readers that I, thin of wit and void of cunning, have translated this book from Latin into our vulgar language, as a thing profitable to me, and peradventure to many other, which understands not Latin, nor have not the knowledge of the properties of things, which things be approved by the books of great and cunning clerks, and by the experience of most witty and noble Philosophers.

Colton's introductory words to his "Lacon" are unique:

There are three difficulties in authorship,—to write anything worth publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and to get sensible men who read it. Literature has now become a game in which the Booksellers are the Kings, the Critics the Knaves and the Public the Pack, and the poor author, the mere table or thing played upon.

And for readers he has scant respect, for he declares,

Nothing can equal the ingratitude of the public, who were never yet known to have the slightest compassion for those authors who have deprived themselves of sleep in order to procure it for their readers.

A comparison of modern and old-time novelists shows that at least in this style of literature the preface has ceased to be employed. This is good in one way, for the fashion of the older

writers of analyzing in the preface their material, their plot, as well as every possible phase of the characters they introduced, destroyed for any one who chanced to read the preface the possibility of deriving pleasure or profit, for there would be nothing left for his imagination to act on. Nowadays, this is all changed, and the most prefacing a novel receives is a dedicatory note. This suggests the thought that perhaps the writer wishes to allow the reader to open the book unbiased and absolutely free, as far as possible, to judge the book from its own individual standpoint; likelier, however, this lack of prologues is due to the rush and hurry attendant upon getting out the requisite number of books each month by the fiction makers, who thus cannot take the time to address the public in a particular way.

As said elsewhere, some prefaces are readable and beautiful and bring real pleasure, therefore they have a reason for being. But dissertations on every possible subject are certainly out of place at the beginning of a book. If an author really has something to say to the public, let him put it in a short introductory note; the same may be said of acknowledgments of aid from different sources. D'Israeli says, "It argues a deficiency in taste to turn over an elaborate preface unread; for it is the attar of the author's roses." But we venture to disagree with him in this statement; in some books to read the "elaborate preface" is, as was said before, to spoil many an otherwise good impression. As to the preface being the "attar of the author's roses,"—well, the author is doing his book and readers an injustice if this is so, for his best thoughts should not be in the preface but in the book.

Again, this writing of prefaces to explain that the author intends to cover but a certain phase of literature or science is, in a sense, objectionable. The composer of a book should choose a title expressive of this and not pervert the office of the preface.

This taking of epilogues and prologues together for study is suggestive of thoughts about extremes and contradictories, but we can easily account for it when we remember that contrasts similar in genus tend to suggest each other. Epilogues and prologues surely fulfill this law. As with prefaces, the writers of a hundred or two hundred years ago were much given to epilogues. Occasionally, we find them in modern books and plays, but ordinarily, the writers of our day are not much in the habit of using them.

The following extracts from various medieval

books give a fair idea of the use writers of those times made of the epilogue or colophon. They are borrowed from Longfellow's *Notes on the Golden Legend*:

"As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book."

"Sweet it is to write the end of any book."

"Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus."

"As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! Amen."

"If anything is well, praise the transcriber; if ill, pardon his unskillfulness."

"Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, amen."

William Caxton's "*Golden Legend*," too, has a characteristic epilogue:

Thus endeth the *Legenda Aurea*, that is to say in English, the *Golden Legend*. For like as gold exceedeth in value all other metals, so this legend exceedeth all other books, wherein be contained all the high and great feasts of our Lord, the feasts of our Blessed Lady, the lives, passion and miracles of many other saints and other historic acts as all along herefore is made mention. Which work I have accomplished at the request of the noble and present Earl and my special good Lord William Earl of Arundel, and have finished it at Westminster the twentieth day of November, the year of our Lord fourteen hundred and eighty-three, the first year of the reign of King Richard III.

Shakespeare uses the epilogue to call attention to the qualities of the play presented or to ask a favorable verdict of the audience regarding it. In "*As You Like It*" he says, "If it be true that good wine needeth no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue, but to good wine they use good bushes and good plays prove the better for the help of good epilogues." That the approval of the feminine part of the audience was considered worth while in the great poet's day, may easily be inferred from his epilogue to "*Henry the Eighth*."

"'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'—
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;

For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap."

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard has a beautiful epilogue to his "*Lepers of Molokai*." We cannot resist quoting from it:

When I laid down my pen at the close of the last chapters of this lamentable narrative, it was with a sigh of relief that I turned to more cheerful themes. I believed that the worst had been told, and that henceforth I could think of the Pastor of Molokai as of one standing sentinel over the haunt of affliction, wrestling night and day with the Angel of Death,—his body clean as the soul that encases it; uncontaminated in the midst of contamination; an impenetrable armor shielding him from the poison darts that assail him on every hand, and he a living witness to the certitude of a special providence.

Such indeed he has been for more than a decade; but within a twelvemonth from the time when together we sat with the dead and dying, when I saw with my own eyes the evidences of his wholesome and holy influence, and heard with my own ears of the works of mercy to which he has consecrated his life—heard it from the lips of those whose hearts were overflowing with gratitude,—in one brief year he has been seized, treacherously, I might almost say, and his fate is sealed in common with that of his ill-starred flock; yet, there is more Christian valor in his surrender than in many a conquest that is blazoned in the annals of history.

Rudyard Kipling may again be quoted, and his "*L'Envoi*" to "*Soldiers Three*," with its personal message to every one, we take to close this brief study:

And they were stronger hands than mine
That dragged the Ruby from the earth.
More cunning brains that made it worth
The large desire of a King;
And bolder hearts that through the brine
Went down the perfect Pearl to bring.

Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race;
For Pearls strew not the market place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of Discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make—
Oh, Thou who knowest, turn and see
As Thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,
And wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise—but Thou—
Heart of my heart, have I done well?

—*St. Mary's Chimes*.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF OLD BOOKS.

By J. P. Hobson.

The vicissitudes of second-hand books are a fascinating study. It has often been written upon, but new instances of the ups and downs of old volumes are continually turning up.

There are many stories of old and rare volumes, and Mr. Salkeld of Clapham Road (London) tells some which will bear repeating.

When looking over an old book-stall at Newcastle he espied a dumpy small quarto volume. He asked the price. "Half-a-crown," was the answer. He paid the money, and tucking it under his arm he went across to one of the best second-hand booksellers in the town. Showing him the book he asked him what he thought of it. He looked at it and said he did not think much. Mr. Salkeld turned to a pamphlet contained in it: "Day-break Among the Indians." "What do you think of that?" Then he turned to another, "The Trial of the Witches," printed in Boston. "And of that?" And then over to a third early American pamphlet.

"Where did you pick that up?" asked the bookseller, seeing he had got a prize.

"Of our old friend in the market."

"I don't believe it, for I have looked at his books every day," said the old Jew, for such he was.

"Well, let us go over to him," said Mr. Salkeld. They went over. "Do you know that?" he asked, showing him the volume.

"Yes, I have taken it in and out for two years, and no one ever asked me the price before."

The first-named pamphlet was sold for £4 4s., the second for £10, and the remainder of the volume for about £6.

Such a find is the ambition of those who daily frequent the old book-stalls, but such a case does not happen every day.

Some years ago this bookseller was commissioned by an Austrian library to purchase a book bearing upon the family history of the Emperor of Austria, which was to be sold by auction. They put a limit of £50 which they subsequently raised to £100, and just before the sale they bade him buy it at any price. The day of the sale came, the lot was put up, Mr. Salkeld made a bid of one shilling, and for a shilling it was knocked down to him! "How was this?" I asked. There had been a dispute about the lot before, two bidders both claimed to have bought it; and it was while almost all the tongues were wagging over this little epi-

sode that this valuable book was sold by public auction for twelve pence.

"You did not get much commission out of that," I said tentatively. He smiled and intimated that the purchasers made it well worth his while.

The world is his who waits. This is true for the bookseller as for others. Two or three copies of the account of the Jubilee of George III. fell into Mr. Salkeld's hands. They were put into a catalogue at 2s. 6d. each, but they did not go. Time slipped along, the Jubilee of Queen Victoria was at hand. He put them in again, this time at a guinea apiece, and at that price they went.

Books and pamphlets of the seventeenth century were the rage at one time, and Mr. Salkeld bought up these books largely. The rage suddenly subsided and he found his shelves loaded with these books, but curiously enough the fashion for them revived, especially among Americans, and he sold off many pounds' worth to meet the demand.

The risks that books run may be seen by the following examples. A valuable volume—first edition of Sir J. Elliott's "The Governor"—a small octavo book, had been brought out for a customer to inspect. Though containing the autograph of Lord Cecil of Elizabethan fame it was not sold. Some days afterwards Mr. Salkeld was looking over the boxes of old books outside his shop, when lo! in a sixpenny box he spied the precious volume. For some days it had been picked up and put down again, and all the while the handlers of the same unwittingly missed the opportunity of getting for twenty-four farthings what afterwards went for £4. It had probably been carelessly laid on a sixpenny heap, and so was taken out with the lot.

Another valuable book did not fare so well. It was Chapman's translation of Homer's "Iliad." It was taken up from a pile by a customer, and £5 was its price, but it was not sold. A day or so after Mr. Salkeld thought he would have a look at it, but it was not to be found. Since it had been brought out a lot of rubbish had been sent off to the mill to be destroyed. The cover and title being discovered, it was evident that it had gone off with the waste. A messenger was sent off at once to the office of the millowners, and obtained an order to search the sacks which had been sent. On his arrival he was told

that some of the books had been turned into pulp, but he might look at the rest. With heavy heart and anxious eyes he began the search. One and another book was turned over. At last—could it be? Yes, there was the wandering Chapman, in a sad plight, but whole in its text. It was brought home and had to be sold for £4, though eventually it fetched a good deal more when done up.

The gentleman who had inspected the book had laid it down on the heap of rubbish which was immediately carted away, and but for the happy desire to have a look at the volume and the prompt search for it, in an hour or two it would have been reduced to pulp, worth few pence a pound.—*The Leisure Hour*.

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.

By J. R. Hodgdon.

Not long ago I stood amidst the impressive ruins of Pompeii, on the threshold of the House of the Tragic Poet, where the figure of a dog and the inscription, *Cave Canem*, were laid in mosaic on the entrance floor. This house and its surroundings inspired Lord Lytton's popular novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii," and they rekindled my interest in this author, concerning whom critics and the public never agreed.

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer—Bulwer-Lytton, to use, for once only, the author's full name, and whose birthday happens, curiously enough, to be the same as our own Emerson's, May 25, 1803) is chiefly known to this generation by the above mentioned novel, and his play, "The Lady of Lyons." The latter was thrown off in a fortnight (1838) for the great Macready, who had just taken the Covent Garden Theatre. The question has perhaps not unnaturally presented itself, Would the memory of "The Last Days of Pompeii" have been kept green, had the book not been founded on one of the most tragic events in the world's history? Lord Lytton's work was received with uniform coldness by reviewers, was not infrequently sneered at and contemptuously criticised. And yet, not only were his books translated into foreign tongues, but his audience among English-speaking people was so great that in 1853 Routledge paid £20,000 for ten years' copyright of a cheap edition, £5,000 for five years' more at the expiration of that period, and again £5,000 for another five years'.

Contemplating the man and his work we find much to admire: keen intellect, patient industry and energy, ardent ambition, versatility, dramatic ability, and accurate historical coloring. But we miss true creative power, imaginative insight, a saving sense of humor,

and complete sincerity. To attempt to trace an analogy between the lofty-souled teacher of Concord and the "finished dandy" of the London clubs and drawing-rooms, merely because we regard them through the same vista of time, would be worse than idle. But it can do us no harm to reflect that the man whose influence grows steadily with the years is the one who was always earnest, simple, sincere; and that the other who has failed to hold his place was too often self-conscious and artificial.

Man, however, so it is said, is a victim of his environment. Edward Bulwer—the final Lytton was not added until 1844, when he succeeded to his mother's estates—was an aristocrat by birth and training. His ancient family had been seated at Norfolk since the Conquest. A delicate childhood insured more petting than was good for him and he was allowed to pursue his studies in the most desultory fashion until he entered Cambridge at the age of eighteen. Being the youngest son he was dependent upon his mother; and marrying against her wishes, he found himself obliged to earn a living. The union proved most unhappy and ended in a separation; but his devotion to politics and literature absorbed him. He became one of the most voluminous of literary craftsmen—with fifty solid volumes standing to his credit. Not all of them deserve to be left on the shelf. "The Caxtons" and "My Novel" are pleasing and entertaining domestic stories, and "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," and "The Last of the Barons" are full of accurate historical information, and show laborious study and careful thought and workmanship. In poetry he was less successful than his son, who, under the pseudonym, "Owen Meredith," has achieved a certain popularity in the fluency and elegance of such light social verse as "Lucile," and in whose arms Lord Lytton died at Torquay on the 18th of January, 1873.

The political career of the novelist extended over a period of two score years, and his record is honorable, but not brilliant compared with the achievements of his brother William Henry, who, as Ambassador to Washington, negotiated the Bulwer-Clayton treaty. He was twice elected to the lord rectorship of Glasgow University, and was elevated to the peerage in 1866. Throughout his long life he never ceased to strive after knowledge and improvement. He grew with the years and his best work was his last. Dickens, who named a son for him, was his friend. But he can never rank with the masters; for he lacked depth and genuine feeling, and the indescribable touch that distinguishes genius.

New York City.

"THE BOOKS OF MY CHILDHOOD."

Concluded from *The Book-Lover* Number 17, Page 38.

MR. H. W. LUCY, the novelist and "M. P.," says:

The story-book which, read in early boyhood, made an impression on me that had some influence on my life, was not of the ordinary kind that comes out at Christmas. It was Samuel Smiles' "Self-Help," a cluster of stories of real life. It was given to me by a sympathetic and far-seeing tanner, client of a Liverpool firm, dealing in the fragrant salted hide from Buenos Ayres and dusty Valona imported from the storied East. My share in controlling the market was confined to sitting on a stool of disproportionate height addressing envelopes. This I did with a certain distinction of illegibility which invited (and received) reproof. My tanner, looking in on market days brought me the book. I cherish it to this day, with its inscription in faded ink: "Presented to Henry William Lucy by Henry Draper, of Kenilworth, March 1, 1860." Looking it up just now, I was surprised to see how small the volume is.

MRS. RITCHIE (Thackeray's daughter):

There was a little book, in four volumes, I used to read as a child—"Willy, or the Seasons," by Mrs. Marcet—and I still find myself going back to Willy's views of life, of animals, of bricklayers, of packing toys, etc., and I loved his delightful kind of omniscient parents. They were much kinder to one than Miss Edgeworth's mamas and papas. But, at the same time, alongside with Willy in my affections, came Simple Susan and the little merchant, Lame Jervaie. At nine years old the entertainment of the "Arabian Nights" began. These, and the story of Joseph and his brethren were the stories which I remember most vividly as a child. I also, of course, enjoyed a great many books I couldn't understand, and which dawned upon one afterwards, such as Miss Martineau's "Settlers at Home" and "The Crofton Boy." "Robinson Crusoe" I looked upon as serious history, a sort of lesson, but *very* important.

MRS. ARABELLA KENEALY, the novelist, writes:

Of story-books, "Grimm's Goblins" afforded me most unalloyed delight. But my father, having, beyond all things, belief in the Classics, fed his children from their earliest years upon Homer and Virgil and Sallust. The Jugurthine and Catiline wars, the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, and the exploits of the pious Æneas were haunting actualities. To the roar of the "far-sounding sea," by which we lived, these things were forever taking place, and gave every hour a more or less heroic wonder. Newspapers, which the children of to-day are allowed to

read, were wholly forbidden. We lived amid great actions, great thoughts, great persons—and fairies.

ANNIE S. SWAN.

Mrs. Burnett Smith, who is known to many novel readers as "Annie S. Swan," writes:

The book which stands out in my memory now as the one I most and oftenest enjoyed in childhood is "Robinson Crusoe." The only comment I have to make is that I can read it to-day with as much pleasure as I did then.

LUCAS MALET.

Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, known to many readers as Lucas Malet, writes:

"Dame Wiggins of Lea" was my first love, presented to me by my grandmother, Mrs. Kingsley, and still cherished by me as a classic. Next in order follow the brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," Mayne Reid's "Boy Hunters" and "Bush Boys," "Masterman Ready," "Orion Horne," "Good-Natured Bear," and a book of stories called "The Heroes of Asgard."

To open any one of these books, even now, gives me an almost heart-breaking longing to go back to my dear nurse and nursery, and my very ugly little short frocks, and the soul-satisfying society of dolls and of cats in which it was my privilege to be brought up.

MR. W. W. JACOBS:

I don't think that any books left a strong and lasting impression on me as a child. I should like to say that Mavor's "Spelling" had, but I am not sure that the impression was as strong as it ought to have been.

MR. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH, known as Q, writes:

1. Bunyan's "Holy War," with illustrations by Selous. 2. Dalziel's "Arabian Nights." 3. A fat edition of Hans Andersen, published, I think, by Warne. 4. A large quarto of "Don Quixote," with Doré's illustrations; but I must have skipped a great deal of the text. 5. A tale called "Tom Wildrake's Schooldays." 6. Scott's "Talisman." Why this particular novel I cannot tell you. 7. A book—"Jack of the Mill," or some such title—which I found in a real mill, and could not relinquish.

Of very "young" books, I liked best Lear's "Nonsense"; a volume illustrated (and probably written) by Charles Bennett—I would give something to possess it now but cannot remember its name; and "Child's Play," by E. V. B. I ought to have mentioned "Good Words for the Young"—the volume containing "At the Back of the North Wind" and "Gutta Percha Willie."

MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

Mr. Sambourne, who now fills the post long held by Sir John Tenniel as cartoonist to *Mr. Punch*, writes:

Certainly, first and foremost, as a strictly child's book, the *Struwwelpeter* is the one that laid hold of me most, and it was the same with my children after me; and now a third generation is equally delighted. Few child's books, if any, can go on for three or four generations and still be good and delightful as the *Struwwelpeter* is.

Although hardly a child's book, I think De la Motte Fouqué's story of "Sintram and his Companions" impressed me more—even more than "Undine."

I leave out "Gulliver," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Arabian Nights."

SIR F. C. BURNAND, editor of *Punch*, writes:

All the good old Gammer Gurton stories impressed themselves on my memory. I fancy, however, that Blue Beard, which is not a Gammer Gurton nor an Arabian Nights' tale, is the survival of the fittest. Yet there's no fairy in that.

MRS. L. T. MEADE, the novelist, writes:

In reply to your interesting inquiry, the books that made the most lasting impression on me when I was a child were, first and foremost, the "Fairchild Family," by Mrs. Sherwood, a fascinating but ghastly book, which would stimulate the most jaded appetites of the present day with its swift retributions and its horrible punishments. The abiding charm, however, over and above these things can never be forgotten.

Next in interest came, I think, a book of a very different character—"Ministering Children." On this book I lived for several years, imagining myself every character described in its pages.

Then came Bunyan's "Holy War," with Diabolus, the City of Mansoul, Eargate, Eyegate, etc.

A little later came "The Wide, Wide World."

I cannot help feeling that the taste of the present day is slightly decadent, for, try as I may, I cannot induce the young people I know to read either "Ministering Children" or "The Wide, Wide World." They are neither slap-dash enough nor stimulating enough. The "Fairchild Family" and "The Holy War" would, on the other hand, cause a sensation of thrills in any magazine in the country, but I do not think either is specially well known.

MR. BERNARD CAPES, the author, writes:

Childhood is an elastic term—"a bit of cheverel. It stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad." I find it impossible to associate any particular book with any particular period of it. Grimm and Crusoe, and the rest of the beloved classics throughout, of course; but beyond these, if I sought to identify a strong impression, I should come, I think, to "Rosamund" and "Harry and

Lucy," and other of Miss Edgeworth's nursery tales. Children, I do believe, love to be instructed, if they may take their learning with a little sugar. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do who consider they hold a brief for boyhood, that empty adventures are the whole and sole measure of their need.

MISS JANE BARLOW, the authoress, writes:

I remember no time when I was not familiar with "Tanglewood Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne—a small, thick-set volume, bound in faded pink, with illustrations by Sir John Gilbert and other artists, printed hideously in colors; and I have never forgotten either its aspect or contents. My favorite stories were those about Belerophon and Pegasus, Philemon and Baucis, but I delighted in them all. The inherent beauty of the legends must, I think, have been their chief attraction, for I found their setting rather tedious, and generally skipped it.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the well-known dramatist, writes in reply to my question:

The "Pilgrim's Progress." What a dramatist Bunyan might have made if he had not fallen into the hands of the Puritans!

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

Lady Colin Campbell writes:

The books I remember loving best as a child were Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," and "The Water Babies." It is true I read everything I could lay hands on, and Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" had also a warm place in my affections; but the first three I mention were firm favorites, and I believe I could re-read them now with equal pleasure.

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS."

Mrs. Craigie, the brilliant "John Oliver Hobbes," says:

"Robinson Crusoe" made a great impression on my mind. This, with "Peep o' Day," I read over and over again before I was eight. I was an incessant reader, but these two books stand out as the freshest in my memory.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT, the editor of the *Monthly Review*, and author of many fine patriotic poems, writes:

I read with delight as a child, and I have always remembered since, "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Grimm's Goblins," "Hans Andersen," William and Mary Howitt's "Jack o' the Mill," Miss Edgeworth's tales "The Barring Out," "Waste Not, Want Not," and the rest of that series, and afterwards "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass"; but my strongest impressions all come from histories, "Little Arthur" to begin with and "Froissart's Chronicles" to end with, for I haven't finished with them yet, though I read them constantly.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:

I have no more recollection of my first book than of my first meal. I cannot recollect any time when I could not and did not read everything that came in my way.

The two literary sensations of my childhood were undoubtedly the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Arabian Nights." This shows that I was as good a critic in my infancy as I am now, though I could not then give such clever reasons for my opinion.

I seem to have been born with a knowledge of the "Ancient Mariner" and "John Gilpin." Also with an unaccountable recollection of Baron Trenck and his escapes from prison.

I had to be encouraged by my mother to persevere at "Robinson Crusoe" until he reached the desert island, after which he carried me with him unaided.

I acquired a very boyish (not childish) taste for Shakespeare from the snippets printed beneath Selous' illustrations.

Children's books, from the accursed "Swiss Family Robinson," onwards, I always loathed and despised for their dishonesty, their hypocrisy, their sickly immorality, and their damnable dullness. My moral sense, like my literary taste, was sound.

MR. SILAS K. HOCKING:

In my childhood's days books for children were few and far between, especially in Cornwall. We had, of course, "Robinson Crusoe," and "Sandford and Merton" and "Gulliver's Travels," and "The Basket of Flowers" and "The Arabian Nights." But the only story that made any abiding impression on my mind was "The Pilgrim's Progress." It was as a story I read it and loved it. Christian and Hopeful, and Greatheart and Giants Grim and Despair were all real people to me. I think I loved Christian because he was so human, because he was so stupid at times, and made so many mistakes. Moreover, the glamour of romance was over it all. The atmosphere of mystery appealed to something in my Celtic blood and remains unto this day.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING, author of many historical and biographical works, writes:

I am afraid that I was never brought up on story-books—better, perhaps, if I had been. The first book which made a profound impression upon me was Dumas' "Monte Cristo," a tale of extravagance and revenge; also, I was a passionate student of Byron's Letters, and knew them nearly by heart when I was eighteen; also, Bulwer's "Rienzi" made a profound impression, and made me begin on lyric poems quite as a child. Probably this is not what you want, but I have no other recollections.

MR. H. G. WELLS, the novelist of science, writes:

I was so happy as to escape the "cult of the

child," and except "Struwwelpeter," no book specially written for children remains in my memory.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON:

"Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "Hans of Iceland" are the books I remember most vividly in my earliest reading. I recall that a row of kidney beans, or "scarlet runners," adjacent to the high wall that shut in one side of the garden of my youth suggested all kinds of possibilities for the adventurous "Jack." As for "Hans of Iceland," I shudder now with a kind of weird delight when I think of Victor Hugo's monster. Less distinct is my memory of "Cinderella" and the popular chapters that used to be reprinted from "The Arabian Nights"; but, thank heaven, there are intervals in the hurry and bustle of the world when they still seem very real to me, and I find it quite easy to hear the magic words that a certain D. W. heard on the Northern Heights of our English Bagdad:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London Town."

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, the novelist, writes:

I much fear I cannot help you, for, after dipping as deep into memory as possible, I find no recollection of books at all before I was about twelve years old. Then I fell upon Mayne Reid, and Harrison Ainsworth, and Scott. "Ivanhoe" is the book that first clearly looms in memory; but I can't recollect a single real child's book.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, who is making himself a reputation as a brilliant essayist, writes:

Throughout my childhood, which is not yet quite over, I was mainly impressed, I think, by Kingsley's "Water Babies." The part I understand now I did not understand then, and I fancy I understood then a part I do not understand now—the light caught first the warp and then the woof. I believe in Water Babies now (most firmly), because I see the force of the piece of fantastic logic about the unseen. I believed in them then because I could see them plain if I shut my eyes. But a certainty of their existence is the main thing, and that I retain.

SIR JAMES RECKITT.

The well-known philanthropic educationalist's opinions are conveyed in the following:

Sir James Reckitt's favorite book as a boy from six to eleven was the "Swiss Family Robinson." He read it through eight times, and it never palled upon him. Children like tales oft repeated. "Sandford and Merton" came next in esteem, but it is rather stilted and didactic.

MR. A. C. PLOWDEN, the magistrate of Marylebone Police Court, writes:

I do not remember any child's book that particularly impressed me. I do not think children's books came much in my way. The novel that

first seized my fancy, and holds it still, was "Ivanhoe," closely pressed by "The Three Musketeers;" but what has influenced me more than either is the *Times* newspaper, which, read continuously—as I have read it since I was a schoolboy—has taken the shape of a book to me, of enduring interest and delight.

MR. LUCAS, whose books for children proclaim him an authority on the subject, writes:

The most vivid recollection I have of children's books read, or, rather, listened to, in the middle seventies are the mountain climb in Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," the flood in Harriet Martineau's "Young Settlers," the summoning of the dogs in Andersen's "Tinder Box," Phonny's letter in one of Abbott's Franconia stories, all of Kingsley's "Heroes," Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," and Tom's escape in "Water Babies." When I could read to myself, "David Copperfield" and Marryat's "Children of the New Forest" were for long my favorite books. These recollections do not suggest anything to me, except that children with tastes like mine will prefer circumstantial to fanciful narratives; but I am greatly obliged to you for recalling them.

MR. I. ZANGWILL:

"Tim Pippin," by Roland Quiz, stands in my memory as distinctly as more classic works; it is full of delightful imaginings anent Giantland and Fairyland.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN:

My favorite books as a child were Grimm's Fairy Tales, and, later, Scott's novels, to which I was introduced at an early age by my father, himself a great lover of Scott. The characters in these beloved books were my friends and companions during rather a lonely childhood, and, as all good friends, have grown dearer with time, because better understood. I think I also liked stories of adventure, stirring sea stories. "The Three Midshipmen" was one of my favorites.

"JOHN STRANGE WINTER":

No children's books impressed me when I was a child with anything but their idiocy. I read everything that came my way as far back as I can remember. I was never taught to read, and my people never knew how I came by the accomplishment. I loved Dickens, Thackeray, the *live* writers, just as I do now. I despised children of six to twelve, and older, who were satisfied with "Queechy" or "The Lamplighter," and I read "Masterman Ready" and "Robinson Crusoe" if I had nothing else. I never had but one baby-book, printed on linen. I don't remember its name.

The books I loved best were "Barnaby Rudge," "A Good Fight" (which years after I found again in "The Cloister and the Hearth"), and "Raven-shoe." I loved all Whyte-Melville's books and Ouida's early ones. But I read everything.

MR. TIGHE HOPKINS:

With the exceptions of some little "goody" things (the handling of which, no doubt, was more or less perfunctory), I cannot remember to have read any children's books. I recall nothing earlier than Dickens, whom I did not begin until I went to school, at the age of ten or eleven. I cannot even say at what date I first read "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Pilgrim's Progress," though I have an idea that both of them were very early favorites. For one book, however (of which the name is forgotten), I had a deep contempt, chiefly because of the extravagant piety of the pictures. I would never tempt a child to read "good" books.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT:

Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" and Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" are the first two books I ever read, and the least forgotten. I forget what came next, but I believe they were the "Faery Queene," and a book of my father's called "The Heroes of Europe."

MR. ROBERT HICHENS:

I seem to remember that, as a very young child, I was most fascinated by a book called "Blind Man's Holiday." I was also devoted to the "Fairchild Family." The latter seemed to me a great drama of life, palpitating with emotion, full of tears and laughter. Its only drawback was that a prayer and hymn ended each chapter. This I thought a pity. Somehow, it struck me as inartistic and bizarre.

MR. WALTER CRANE:

I can only say that pictures always had a more impressive and direct appeal to me than any story I remember in my childhood.

The stories that impressed me, too, were not children's stories at all. The Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and—at about eleven to thirteen—the novels of Walter Scott. These were one's principal literary food, diluted by "Peter Parley's Annual" and the Religious Tract Society, while Charles Lever in "The Irish Dragoon" and James Grant in "The Romance of War" stimulated one's youthful military ardor—now devoted to the cause of peace.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN, the Shakesperean critic and Professor of English Literature at Trinity College, Dublin, writes:

In my father's house, when I was a child, though books were in sufficient numbers, children's books were few. Marryat's "Masterman Ready" and his "Children of the New Forest" have left a deep impression. Tommy provided excellent comedy, and this was connected with the pathos and tragedy of Ready's death. "The Children of the New Forest" was a delightful historical romance; the forest is almost as green as Arden in my memory.

DR. JOHNSON'S LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

[We present to our readers the most crushing reply ever made by a proud and struggling author to a tardy and self-seeking patron, Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield. The circumstances which led up to it are clearly and interestingly set forth in Boswell's "Life." Johnson worked seven years on his Dictionary, and the year referred to in the opening sentence is 1754.]

The dictionary, we may believe, afforded Johnson full occupation this year. As it approached to its conclusion, he probably worked with redoubled vigor, as seamen increase their exertion and alacrity when they have a near prospect of their haven.

Lord Chesterfield, to whom Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing his lordship the plan of his Dictionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation.

The world has been for many years amused with a story confidently told, and as confidently repeated with additional circumstances, that a sudden disgust was taken by Johnson upon occasion of his having been one day kept long in waiting in his lordship's ante-chamber, for which the reason assigned was that he had company with him; and that at last, when the door opened, out walked Colley Cibber, and that Johnson was so violently provoked when he had found for whom he had been so long excluded, that he went away in a passion, and never would return. "I remember," says Boswell, "having mentioned this story to George Lord Lyttelton, who told me he was very intimate with Lord Chesterfield; and, holding it as a well-known truth, defended Lord Chesterfield by saying that "Cibber, who had been introduced familiarly by the back-stairs, had probably not been there above ten minutes." It may seem strange even to entertain a doubt concerning a story so long and so widely current, and thus implicitly adopted, if not sanctioned by the authority which I have mentioned; but Johnson himself assured me that there was not the least foundation for it. He told me that there never was any particular incident which produced a quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and him; but that his lordship's continued neglect was the reason why he resolved to have no connection with him.

When the dictionary was upon the eve of publication Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, as it

should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author; and further attempted to conciliate him by writing two papers in *The World* in recommendation of the work, and it must be confessed that they contain some studied compliments, so finely turned that if there had been no previous offence it is probable that Johnson would have been highly delighted. Praise, in general, was pleasing to him; but by praise from a man of rank and elegant accomplishments he was peculiarly gratified. His lordship says:—

I think the public in general, and the republic of letters in particular, are greatly obliged to Mr. Johnson for having undertaken and executed so great and desirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Johnson already published, we have good reason to believe that he will bring this as near perfection as any man could do. The plan of it, which he published some years ago, seems to me to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately and elegantly expressed. I therefore recommend the previous perusal of it to all those who intend to buy the dictionary, and who, I suppose, are all those who can afford it.

It must be owned that our language is, at present, in a state of anarchy, and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worse for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expressions have been imported, adopted, and naturalized from other languages which have greatly enriched our own. Let it still preserve what real strength and beauty it may have borrowed from others; but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by unnecessary ornaments. The time for discrimination seems to be now come. Toleration, adoption, and naturalization have run their length. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and, at the same time, the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and choose a dictator. Upon this principle, I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill that great and arduous post. And I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson during the term of his dictatorship. . . .

A Grammar, a Dictionary, and a History of our language, through its several stages, were still wanting at home, and importunately called for from abroad. Mr. Johnson's labors will now, I dare say, very fully supply that want, and greatly contribute to the farther spreading of our language in other countries. Learners were discouraged by finding no standard to resort to; and, consequently, thought it incapable of any. They will now be undeceived and encouraged.

This courtly device failed of its effect. Johnson, who thought that "all was false and hollow," despised the honied words, and was even indignant that Lord Chesterfield should for a moment imagine that he could be the dupe of such an artifice. His expression to me concerning Lord Chesterfield upon this occasion was, "Sir, after making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my dictionary was coming out, he fell a scribbling in *The World* about it. Upon which, I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I was done with him."

This is that celebrated letter of which so much has been said, and about which curiosity has been so long excited, without being gratified. I for many years solicited Johnson to favor me with a copy of it, that so excellent a composition might not be lost to posterity. He delayed from time to time to give it me; till at last, in 1781, when we were on a visit at Mr. Dilley's, at Southill, in Bedfordshire, he was pleased to dictate it to me from memory. He afterwards found among his papers a copy of it, which he dictated to Mr. Baretti, with its title and corrections in his own handwriting. This he gave to Mr. Langton; adding, that if it were to come into print, he wished it to be from that copy. By Mr. Langton's kindness I am enabled to enrich my work with a perfect transcript of what the world has so eagerly desired to see.

THE LETTER.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

February 7, 1755.

MY LORD:—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself "*Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;" that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done

all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.—My lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM JOHNSON.

The Owl: His (Book) Mark.*

By ELISE BEATTIE

The owl for wisdom. So they say.
But I will not presume
To hint, that, on Life's dubious way,
For wisdom you have room.

'Tis but a little jest, my friend.
The owl doth me command.
But, had I choice of what to send,—
A heart within a hand.

The hand for friendship, pure and strong,
The heart for gratitude,
That, in these years, so varied, long,
A faithful friend you've stood.

So take the owl, and let him look
On many a page with you
Though far from ended be the book
Of your earthly life, so true.

Atlanta, Georgia.

* With an owl-shaped book-mark presented to a friend.

GENEALOGY OF THE POE FAMILY.

Letter of Edgar Allan Poe to Wm. Poe.*

DEAR SIR: I received your very kind and complimentary letter only a few minutes ago, and hasten to reply.

I have been long aware that a connection existed between us—without knowing precisely in what manner. Your letter, however, has satisfied me that we are second cousins. I will briefly relate to you what little I have been able to ascertain, or rather to remember, in relation to our families. That I know so little on this head will not appear so singular to you when I relate the circumstances connected with my own particular history. But to return. My paternal grandfather was General David Poe of Baltimore—originally of Ireland. I know that he had brothers—two I believe. But my knowledge extends only to one, Mr. George Poe. My grandfather married, when very young, a Miss Elizabeth Carnes of Lancaster, Pa., by whom he had five sons, viz.: George, who died while an infant; John, William, David and Samuel; also two daughters, Maria and Eliza. Of the sons none married with the exception of David. He married a Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins, an English lady, by whom he had three children, Henry, myself and Rosalie. Henry died about four years ago, and Rosalie and myself remain. The daughters of General David Poe, Maria and Eliza, both married young. Maria married Mr. William Clem, a gentleman of some standing and some property in Baltimore. He was a widower with five children, and had after his marriage with Maria Poe, three others, viz.: two girls and one boy, of which a girl, Virginia, and a boy, Henry, are still living. Mr. Clem died about nine years ago without any property whatever, leaving his widow desolate and unprotected, and little likely to receive protection or assistance from the relatives of her husband, most of whom were opposed to the marriage in the first instance, and whose opposition was no doubt aggravated by the petty quarrels occurring between Maria's children and Mr. C.'s children by his former wife. This Maria is the one of whom you speak, and to whom I will allude again presently.

Eliza, the second daughter of the General, married a Mr. Henry Herring of Baltimore, a man of unprincipled character and by whom she had several children. She is now dead,

and Mr. Herring having married again, there is no communication between the family of his wife's sister. Mrs. Poe, the widow of General D. Poe and the mother of Maria, died only about a year ago at the age of seventy-nine. She had for the last eight years of her life been confined entirely to bed, never, in any instance, leaving it during that time. She had been paralyzed and suffered from many other complaints, her daughter, Maria, attending her during her long and tedious illness with a Christian and martyr-like fortitude, and with a constancy of attention and unremitting affection, which must exalt her character in the eyes of all who know her. Maria is now the only survivor of my grandfather's family.

In relation to my grandfather's brother, George, I know but little. Jacob Poe of Frederickstown, Maryland, is his son,—also George Poe of Mobile—and I presume your father, Wm. Poe. Jacob Poe has two sons, Neilson and George, also one daughter, Amelia.

My father, David, died when I was in the second year of my age, and when my sister, Rosalie, was an infant in arms. Our mother died a few weeks before him. At this period my grandfather's circumstances were at low ebb, he from great wealth having been reduced to poverty. It was, therefore, in his power to do but little for us. My brother, Henry, however, he took under his charge, while myself and Rosalie were adopted by a gentleman in Richmond, where we were at the period of our parents' death. I was adopted by a Mr. John Allan of Richmond, Va., and she by a Mr. Wm. McKenzie of the same place. Rosalie is still living with Mr. McKenzie still unmarried, and is treated as one of the family, being a favorite with all. I accompanied Mr. Allan to England in my seventh year and remained there for five years at school, since which I resided with Mr. A. until a few years ago. The first Mrs. A. having died, and Mr. A. having married again, I found my situation not so comfortable as before, and obtained a cadet's appointment at West Point. During my stay there, Mr. A. died suddenly and left me—nothing. No will was found among his papers. I have been accordingly thrown upon my own resource. Brought up to his profession, and educated in the expectation of an immense fortune (Mr. A. having been worth \$750,000), the blow has

* The original of this letter is in the possession of William T. Poe, Esq., of Birmingham, a grandson of the addressee, Mr. William Poe, who resided at the time of its receipt in Augusta, Ga.

been a heavy one, and I had nearly succumbed to its influence and yielded to despair. But by the exertion of much resolution, I am now beginning to look upon the matter in a less serious light, and although struggling still with many embarrassments, am enabled to keep up my spirit. I have lately obtained the editorship of the *Southern Messenger*, and may yet do well.

Mrs. Thompson, your aunt, is still living in Baltimore. George Poe of Baltimore allows her a small income.

In conclusion, I beg leave to assure you that whatever aid you may have in your power to bestow upon Mrs. Clem will be given to one who well deserves every kindness and attention. Would to God I could at this moment aid her. She is now, while I write, struggling without friends, without money and without health to support herself and two children. I sincerely pray God that the words which I am now writing may be the means of inducing you to unite with your brothers, and your friends, and send her that immediate relief, which it is utterly out of my power to give to her just now, and which, unless it reaches her soon, will, I am afraid, reach her too late. Entreating your attention to this subject, I remain,

Yours very truly and affectionately,
(Signed) EDGAR A. POE.

It would give me the greatest pleasure to hear from you in reply.

To. Mr. Wm. Poe.

"A Literary Courtship."

Book Titles as a Means of Amusement.

One of the problems confronting the officers and entertainment committee of a woman's club is the annual evening gathering when the men folk are on hand with that half-satirical air of expecting to be impressed. A programme of papers, addresses and music seldom appeals to an assemblage of non-professionals, and an evening devoted to cards or dancing would bring down upon the heads of the luckless committee the term "frivolous."

Undoubtedly, therefore, the clever contest recently arranged by a couple of bookish women in New York will prove a boon to these same anxious committee women. The plan is sufficiently literary in its flavor to suit those spirits who insist upon having the dignity of the organization maintained, and yet obvious enough to amuse the most casual reader of current literature.

The list of questions were written in small books, similar to dance cards, and finished with

small pencils on tassels. The cover showed a pen-and-ink title, "A Literary Courtship." The hostess explained that the correct answers to the questions which follow, were the titles of well-known books:

Who was the colonial bride?

Who was the colonial groom?

From what height did the bride first see the groom?

Where did they meet?

Through what frame of mind did the bride pass before she gave her final answer?

When her mind was at rest, what was the result?

What was the groom's gift to the bride?

Which of all her presents from royalty did the bride prize most highly?

Who performed the wedding ceremony?

What did the bride and groom exchange at the altar?

What vow did they take?

What flowers did the bride carry?

What Prince attended the wedding?

What Princess was also present?

What churchman was among those present?

What was his gift to the bride?

How did the nearest neighbors speak of the wedding?

Where did the bride and groom go on their wedding journey?

In what house did they take up their residence?

What came to them several years later?

Who was the children's constant companion?

What did the husband and wife take at the end of twenty-five years?

Where was the last place to which they went?

Fully an hour elapsed before the guests were willing to turn in their booklets to the hostess, and by that time everyone knew everyone else, and most friendly relations were established in a gathering which promised to be more or less constrained. A bright young woman who is private secretary to a reviewer of books during the day, and who belongs to two evening reading circles, captured the first prize for inditing the following answers:

"Janice Meredith."

"Richard Carvel."

"A Window in Thrums."

"Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

"The Valley of Decision."

"The Crisis."

"The Diamond Necklace."

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief."

"The Little Minister."

"Hand and Ring."

"To Have and to Hold."

"A Lily of France."
 "The Prince of India."
 "The Princess Aline."
 "A Kentucky Cardinal."
 "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box."
 "That Affair Next Door."
 "Around the World in Eighty Days."
 "The House with the Green Shutters."
 "The Heavenly Twins."
 "Bob, Son of Battle."
 "Their Silver Wedding Journey."
 "The Eternal City."

The prizes were a pretty magazine cover in burnt leather, and a year's subscription to a well-known review of new books.

While on this occasion everything was done as simply as possible, a club with clever, deft-fingered women on its committee can make the plans more elaborate. The covers for the book-lets may be done in water colors, showing wee revolutionary or colonial studies, and thus be charming souvenirs of the evening. On the other hand, if everything must be done in haste, the questions may be run off quickly by typewriter, and the slips of paper caught together with bits of baby ribbon, pencils of any sort being passed round. And various sets of questions on various subjects can be got up with a little time and thought.

Preface to an Old Arabic Manuscript.

Translated for THE BOOK-LOVER by AMEEN F. RIHANI.

(The modesty of the author of the following lines passes all understanding.)

"Thanks be to God, the one and only God, the most merciful and wise God, our redeemer and protector. May his blessings and his mercies be showered on our Lord Mohammed, the seal of all the apostles and prophets, and on his friends and companions, the most righteous and just. Now to come to the point. I have appropriated all my means, and utilized all that God has placed in my hands to place this book on the stage of existence. It was written in the balmy days of youth, and it truly contains the best of everything. It is embellished with jewels of ideas, that edify the soul and delight the eye; it is decked with the sweetest flowers of eloquence; it is pregnant with the rarest of incidents, recounted in the most elegant of styles. Through it runs the great valley of aphorisms, the majesty of which awes and instructs; in it spouts myriad of fountains of thoughts divine, the starry sparks of which dazzle and guide; from it flows the odor sacred, whose sweet and

refreshing fragrance brings the dead back to life. Its pages are permeated with rhymes, so sweet, so melodious, so enchanting, that their recitation, at the table, renders wine superfluous; with stories so interesting so thrilling, so absorbing, that they mingle with the soul and ultimately become a part thereof. There, on exhibition, are the beautiful and captivating brides of eloquence; there are the brilliant and beautiful daughters of controverted questions, that deserve to be painted on the cheek of beauty with the refreshing undulations of the zephyr; there are the gems of wit, scattered about, like the stars in the firmament: sayings, the brilliancy of which truly captures; incidents, the description of which truly charms; humor, that dispels all grief and brings joy to the heart; tit-bits, purer and more relishing than the best beverage; reminiscences, that bring back to age the balm and brightness of the prime of life; poems sweeter than the promised milk and honey of Jannat Aden, and more bewitching than the feats of the magician; arguments as strong and as palliative as the remonstrances of an infatuated lover; lectures, that will move the mountains and throw the planets into confusion. All this is arranged in an order, that has been hitherto unknown to writers, and composed in an elegant and unsurpassing style. In these, I am peerless."

New York City.

Relation of Prices to Titles.

The London *Academy* comments entertainingly on the "Catalogue of English Books." After deploring the swelling of the list by all manner of *biblia a biblia*, it continues: "A hundred suggestions and irrelevancies detain the eye. If one chose to play with surface incongruities one would say something about the relations of prices to titles. As a rule, the more ambitious the theme the smaller the price. A book entitled 'What Is Man? the Purposes of God Traced Through the Course of Time,' is published at half a crown, whereas just twice the sum is asked for 'What One Can Do with a Chafing Dish?' It seems scarcely reasonable to pay eight-and-sixpence for a 'Guide to Scotland,' when for two shillings you can buy a 'Guide to Eternity.' The prices set on advice, too, are strangely different. Thus 'How and Where to Fish in Ireland' costs you three-and-sixpence, while only a shilling is demanded for 'How to Regain Health and Live 100 Years, by One Who Has Done It.'"

A VISIT TO A GIANT.

Alexandre Dumas, père, at Naples.

By P. Frenzeny.

It was in the early sixties. Palazzo Chiattamone, Naples. The bay at your feet, a tiny speck of azure, far-off Capri, Castellamare to the south, Virgil's tomb to the north, old Vesuvius, the great practical joker, closing up the round. But they were nothing to me, mere trifles. Tiberius, Caligula, Plinius, and Quibusdam Aliis, who stalked or dwelled on these shores—mummies of the past! I had come to see and meet a living Titan: Alexandre Dumas, père. I fumbled nervously about my breast pocket to make sure the letter a great friend of his had given me was safely there—a letter that would open the door of the great Enchanter's Castle to the insignificant juvenile nonentity of your humble servant.

I rang the bell, whose clang could be heard reverberating over the vast house. The door was opened by the "Circassian," faithful and devoted servant of the Master. Taking my card and the letter, he left me standing in the hall of the quondam Bourbon royal palace. Shortly afterwards a clear, ringing voice came from above: "Come up, come up." Nervous and bashful, I went up the somewhat dark flight of stairs. Reaching the landing, there, in a flood of light streaming through the open door, stood the tall and powerful figure of Alexandre Dumas, père.

He was in his shirt sleeves, without waistcoat, the cuffs turned up to the elbows, the collar widely opened at the neck; throat and chest bare; a pair of light trousers, held by a narrow leather belt, and morocco leather slippers on his feet—his usual attire when at work. He shook me warmly by the hand and made me enter. The individuality of the man was striking. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. Very near herculean build, the head well poised on a strong throat, deep chest, broad shoulders, slightly obese, quick and graceful in motion. The clear blue eye, beaming with kindness, the full lips, shaded by a slight gray mustache, a charming smile flitting, and displaying a set of teeth, white but irregular, nose broad with extended wings, and all this crowned by a forest of crisp hair, pepper and salt, the salt prevailing. The stamp of his African ancestors on his father's side was strongly in evidence. But what impressed you more than all this was the subtle charm that hovered about the man. It took you by

the throat at once, and conquered you forever. No wonder he was facile princeps with man and mankind; with woman and womankind.

The room we entered was a large drawing-room, taking up nearly the whole frontage of the palace towards the sea, commanding a splendid view of the wide bay of Naples. Old Louis Seize and Directory furniture, somewhat neglected and tarnished, with the Bourbon lilies profusely displayed; a couple of huge mirrors over the two mantelpieces, a few faded pastel portraits hanging here and there, filled the room. At one of the open windows he had his table. Very few books, a heap of letters, Paris papers, two piles of ready-cut paper, a bunch of goosequills, a pair of foils (of which there were more scattered on several tables in the room), and behind all this the great charmer bent over his work.

The floor near the table was littered with sheets of copy. Dumas was an early riser and sat down to work at once. A brief spell for lunch, a quarter hour's rest, again to his table till late in the afternoon or late in the night. Those fortunate enough to have seen him at work easily control their wonderment and explain the possibility of producing the number of volumes and writings that came from his pen. The man's creative genius, the rapidity of conception, was harmoniously seconded by an untiring, ceaseless industry. His powerful physical constitution could bear the mechanical exertion without experiencing lassitude or fatigue. His copy had hardly any erasures. It was in a clear legible hand, and when flung down with the rest in huge mounds or stacked on a side table, it was done, and required no further revision.

Lucky it was for me that I was able to supply him with authentic information about some important political events that had shortly before taken place in the peninsula, and in which at the time he was highly interested. He turned to me and said: "I am going to exploit you. A kind Providence has sent you to clear up the muddled atmosphere about all this business, and let us begin at once." He took his chair. With the mock dignity of a Spanish Inquisitor he began a cross-examination, taking rapid notes of my answers.

Lunch time had arrived and we descended to the lower floor, where in a small, cool dining-room, a simple, but exquisitely-prepared meal was waiting. Dumas ate sparingly, drank very little wine, and that profusely diluted with water; fruit, delicious black coffee, and the repast was over. Dumas' reputation as a gourmet was well founded; so were his claims to be a great chef, an emulator of Vatel and Brillat-Savarin. Dumas at St. Germain, at the famous Château Monte Cristo, and elsewhere kept open house and table in a regal way. Many a struggling littérateur, artist, musician, found a seat at the Enchanter's table. His purse was open to all who wanted help; and more, his sympathy, his word of encouragement, cheered or soothed many an aching heart.

The post-prandial talk of the Master was a treat for the gods. Then, with beaming, smiling countenance (so well rendered in his bust at the Comédie Française), he launched himself into a stream of the most brilliant conversation. Dumas was the *raconteur par excellence*. A firework of epigram, wit, and anecdote; every subject he touched became a flower in Wonderland. An unfailing and prodigious memory, ready at call, served him admirably. He was asked at one of these ambrosian treats about the respective merits of his own writings and those of his son. His answer was: "Well, both of us write. Son in his way; I in mine. But *there is a difference*. He is a photographer, and (throwing himself back in his seat) *I am a painter*."

I had the impudence to utter an opinion of mine in regard to the character of the Vicomte de Bragelonne. Little admiration I had for the mawkish, sentimental son of Athos. Dumas turned to me, and, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "Ah, young man, he was indispensable. I wanted him; but whenever I could send him on his travels I always did so, and felt more at ease."

Dumas, finishing his work late in the afternoon, usually took a seat on the balcony, in view of one of the most beautiful spots on earth. I took a seat next to him, listening spellbound to his talk. Then he conjured up great men in their dressing-gowns—the Richelieus, Mazarins, Rousseau, Marshals of the Empire, Louis Philippe, Guizot, Delacroix, Diaz, Alfred de Musset, Frédéric Lemaître, Henry Heine, Gavarni, Abdel Kader, Victor Hugo, and hosts of others. Dead or living, they passed before you all alive. An epigram, an anecdote, a satire, a word of praise, a nod of contempt, greeted or dismissed them.

Alas! even a repast with the Olympians has to come to an end. The time of my departure had arrived, and I went to say farewell to the Master. He shook me by both hands, thanking me for the service I had rendered, insignificant pigmy, more than honored to have been allowed to be in the presence of a genius and a noble nature. He asked me not to forget him, and never to pass the sill of his door without entering. Vale!

The boat of the Messageries Imperiales left in the evening. Standing on deck, I could see him, through my glass, sitting, a solitary figure, on the balcony of the Palazzo Chiattamone. The last rays of the setting sun threw a shower of gold over the bay. In the air around him floated a host of figures brilliant, translucent, seemingly alive, among them Athos, Porthos, D'Artagnan, Edmond Dantès, Chicot, Joseph Balsamo, La Vallière, the Regent, Queen Margot, De Molé, Ange Pitou, and the pallid Diane of Monsoreau.

Was Jane Porter a Deceiver?

Just one hundred years ago Jane Porter was at work on "Thaddeus of Warsaw," one of her two still famous and popular books. After producing "Thaddeus" and many other stories, and trying her hand at playwriting (with woeeful results), Miss Porter, in 1831, published, in three volumes, "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his shipwreck and consequent discovery of certain islands in the Caribbean Sea, with a detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting events of his life from 1743 to 1749, as written in his own diary, edited by Jane Porter." This book made a great sensation. Yet it is almost certainly fiction from beginning to end. Very early in its career the authorship was fastened upon Miss Porter, who, however, was wont to assert strongly that it was a genuine diary placed in her hands for publication by the explorer, whose name, however, she admitted was not Seaward. In a preface to the second edition she repeated her statement of the genuineness of the narrative, adding that the author died at his seat in Gloucestershire in 1774.

It is curious how Miss Porter held out against every thrust of suspicion. Once, when pressed on the matter, she said: "Sir Walter Scott had his great secret; I must be allowed to keep my little one." In the preface to the edition of 1841 she referred to a report of the Royal Geographical Society to show that the islands discovered by "Seaward" were not imaginary. Meanwhile, the "Quarterly Review" char-

acterized her work as pure fiction. The puzzle does not, however, end here, for in Bristol Cathedral there is an inscription to the memory of her eldest brother, Dr. William Ogilvie Porter, stating that he was the real author. "But," says the "Dictionary of National Biography," "the inscription, doubtless written by Jane, is not to be wholly trusted." Even if it can be trusted, it convicts the ingenious Jane of carrying the game rather far. It appears, however, that her brother had begun his career as a surgeon in the Navy, and may have been acquainted with the Caribbean Sea and its islands.

Unlike many of the literary ladies of her time, Miss Porter had none of the airs of a blue-stocking. Many memoir-writers record that she had a fine figure and a face of uncommon beauty, although Lady Morgan prefers to describe her as "tall, lank, lean, and lackadaisical, with the air of a regular Melpomene." Miss Mitford said she was the only literary lady she had seen who was not "fit for a scarecrow." Benjamin West painted her as Jephtha's Daughter; and in Maclise's portrait gallery she appears in outline, stirring a cup of coffee.

Three Hundred Men and Forty Languages.

There is a small club in London which contains among its three hundred members men who have a competent knowledge of at least forty languages and dialects. It is very doubtful if any other body in England can make so good a linguistic show as the Authors' Club, unless it be the Athenæum, which has a much larger membership.

There is hardly a European language of any real importance which is not spoken at the Authors' Club, though one member has been known to lament that he knew no Basque. Latin and Greek, and French, German, and Italian are, of course, nothing to boast of. But Mr. Henry Cresswell, besides these, knows at least Russian, Polish, Turkish, and Czech. Mr. Max Montesole (who is an authority on Eastern Europe), knows Arabic, Turkish, Tcherkess (or Circassian) and most of the European languages. Mr. Skrine, the author of "The Heart of Asia," is thoroughly acquainted with Sanskrit and Hindi, its modern colloquial form, and with Urdu, to say nothing of the language of the Garo Hill tribes. This particular language, though of a small vocabulary, ought to have a future before it, for according to Mr. Skrine, it is possible to compress more abuse into three syllables of Garo than into a long sentence of any other language.

There are several members who know Magyar; it is understood, of course, that Mr. Hall Caine is an authority on Manx. Dr. Black knows Roumanian, Dutch, and Hebrew. Dr. Chitzner is an authority on Hebrew, Chaldec, and Syriac. Two members know Romaic or modern Greek, and Mr. Paul King has written a book in Chinese, and speaks it like an educated Chinaman. Several members know Bengali, and several are at home in Persian, the French of the Orient.

Mr. Bertram Mitford is reported to know the tongue of the Bechuanas, and in spite of his Zulu spelling, it is said that Mr. Rider Haggard knows the chief language of the Bantus. One member has made a study of Schwytzer-Deutch in the valley of Zermatt, and has translated stories from it into English. Mr. Vogel knows Maori; it is reported that Mr. Morley Roberts has forgotten Australian Aboriginal, but still retains much knowledge of Chinook.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is an authority on West African palaver, and many members know Pigeon-English, which is by no means so easy as it might be imagined. It is not necessary to add that Welsh and Gaelic have their students. But when it dawned upon the members of the club only lately that no one there knew Pashto, the language of Afghanistan, there was a distinct feeling of depression. The language which is pronounced the most difficult of all, is English. This is as it should be.

The Land of Story-Books.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The moment she blows out the light
And all is dark and cool about,
And through the window quickly peers
A great star sparkling in and out,
By foaming brooks and mossy nooks
He finds the Land of Story-Books.

Blowing his horn, he hears Boy Blue.
With Bobby Shafto goes to sea,
Jack Horner's plum he tastes, and trips
O'er London Bridge with Lady Lee,
With Jack and Jill goes up the hill,
While wandering at his pleasant will.

He trembles with Red Riding Hood,
Dances with Cinderella there,
And from the silver basin sips
With Beauty and the Brother Bear;
He visits kings and courts and things
With seven-league boots as good as wings.

And sinking into downy clouds
Strange seems the Pilgrim going by
With Greatheart, strange seems Crusoe's face—
And strange the Land of Nod should lie
With hushing brooks and pillowed nooks
So near the Land of Story-Books!

FORM AND FASHION IN LITERATURE.

By Minnie D. Kellogg.

"Tailors and writers should follow the fashion." (Old adage.) Nearly every month an article appears in some magazine on the production and consumption of novels; though, by a little stretch of the term, novels can be traced back indefinitely, it is in these days of cheap education, cheap printing, and cheap writing that they have made their monstrous inroads upon human time. When an ingenious writer analyzes the fiction that has made great runs and observes its varied defects and slender merit, it is little wonder he tries his chances. The conditions are those of a lottery—the waste of effort on the part of the many; the unhealthy excitement and the questionable benefit of the ill-earned reward. Since of all forms of literature the story pays quickest and best every subject is twisted into it, until it has become customary to employ reviewers to rescue the few ideas thus imbedded. They complimentarily explain how admirably a psychological purpose is hidden in one clumsy novel; how exquisitely some tiresome puppets in another show up society, and how instructive and romantic a third makes history, guaranteeing that Washington or St. Louis or Anne Boleyn or King Alfred slept in just such a bed or something else equally vital. Of course there are many unnecessary explanations which are just as vulgar in literature as in life, but to insinuate that a novel needs to be explained is to condemn it. "Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed," growled Ben Jonson, and the novel is fashionable.

Authors take advantage of it to smuggle in their pet opinions, their "particular vanities" in the shape of long, unemotional descriptions, or a little history is introduced, somewhat in the manner of the Irishman's doubtful shilling which he slyly disposed of between two coppers and "no one observed it at all." Such matter, if it be valuable, is subject for the dialogue, the open letter, essay or allegory. No man should scorn his craft. If he has only sermons to give, let him write them on sermon paper and leave it to genius to paint morals with the vivid, elusive colors of human life.

Great novelists, by shadowing the teachings of experience, unconsciously become moralists. But let a medicated novel miss its mark (as it generally does), however good the intention, however choice the language, the

book is trash. Nothing is more unfortunate for ideas than a mistaken form of expression. It accounts for much of the starvation in the early life of geniuses. When we run on to a weak lot of platitudes in verse signed by men like Thackeray or Emerson and catch Shelley writing a miserable novel and "Queen Mab" at the same time, and find the errors of these men no exception, we realize that it is not altogether easy for a writer to recognize his proper province in the kingdom of letters. George Eliot was naturally sententious, so she commenced by writing essays, too openly wise to please, too didactic to teach; the abstract severity of her thought needed the familiar setting of the story, and that sane lesson of human sympathy which above all she would instil, comes easily and naturally through her most human characters.

She lacks a subtle something, that for want of a better word we call style. A happy personality that quietly ingratiates itself with the reader while it speaks in noble cadences, is the making of the essayist.

The novelist illustrates; the poet soars; the essayist simply interprets, but his intellect may be a veritable philosopher's touchstone, to transmute the baser metals of life into the nobler. Let that prince of the essay, Thomas de Quincey, speak of toothache or of Nero; of conversation or of a vision of sudden death, and, by a magic of the mind, the deep underlying first cause, the far-off, indirect effects, and the peculiar problem of the present unite in a swelling harmony that calls forth pictures, recollections, emotions, reflections from which might come new births ad infinitum. Few pictures of human suffering are more comprehensive, more pathetic, or more intense than De Quincey's account of the dentist-less world of the past; to which of course he adds his own experience. Toothache drove him to opium; first he drugged himself to allay pain; then he drugged himself to enhance pleasure; purest of pleasures,—the beatitude of music. Yes, toothache and song once secretly joined forces to work a man's ruin in the marvelous medley of life.

George Eliot and Carlyle are simply bores when they talk of their aches and pains, but De Quincey, never; he and his reader are intimate friends, their ideas grow together; only de Quincey, with his wonderful flow of language, naturally becomes the spokesman.

Says he: "My way of writing is rather to think aloud and follow my own humors." He does not even stoop to that art which conceals art; when, by a coincidence, the letter "f" appears eight times running in one of his sentences, he stops to explain that in the first cast there were nine, which he has reduced to eight, as alliteration annoys some readers.

In collecting De Quincy's writings, a curious inconvenience arose. His magazine articles were unsigned and opium had annihilated his remembrance of them. He was in the habit of tossing his papers and his manuscripts into a disused bath-tub. But his style was his signature and no one doubts his authorship of a line attributed to him in the first edition.

The text-books on literature are very fond of telling about the great age of the drama, the days of the lyric "and the golden age of the novel," but like many other things laid down in the school-books, this is a subject for the *reductio ad absurdum*. Poets and humorists cannot be born to order. As a great part of the public could not read in the "good days of good Queen Bess", all the poets wrote plays but only three wrote dramas. Of the dramatic efforts of the others, nothing dramatic remains, but charming lyrics gathered from the forgotten works of those "who trafficked with the stage" still sing sweetly of the poets that made them. Their airy grace illustrates Pat's homely logic: "If I was born in a stable it does not make me a horse."

In the poet's corner of the old libraries may be found charming little specimens of the book-binder's art; time has enriched the coloring of the leather and no nervous fingers have dog-eared their decorous pages. They represent a period some hundred or hundred and twenty-five years ago when writing verses on general subjects was one of the gentlemanly accomplishments. Many of them have a certain literary elegance, which may be seen at a glance, and if there be anything deeper we can afford to pass it,—for ideas have many incarnations before they reach Nirvana in simple restful phrase. The message of such books is not individual but collective. They represent good society of the past in the world of letters. They are the fashionables of literature, and unconsciously, and without the slightest bitterness they warn us against their "fickle goddess." They served her and she served them, but in the world of books, as in the world of men, the man of the world is a mere presentable nonentity.

In those scriptures, so good to search, the simple records of the brave, long-suffering

and kind, there is no greater name than Cervantes. His misfortunes as a soldier he bore as a soldier; valor, fortitude and generosity were his laurels; and as a writer he showed the same courage, ready to live or to die for his cause, regardless of victory or defeat. Living in the heyday of the drama, his ideal was to be the *Æschylus* of Spain; finally, after long years of pathetic effort, as a playwright, earthly immortality was unexpectedly conferred upon him by that good knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote; not Pegasus, but the more practical Rosinante, was destined to bear him to the Temple of Fame.

When Cervantes laughingly wrote that, in the eyes of Don Quixote, this poor old hack surpassed Baviaca and Bucephalus, he little dreamed that Rosinante was to take a place in story beside the noble chargers of Alexander and the Cid. Cervantes was a great humorist, but no poet. A humorist is a critic, and for contemporary criticism the only one to be trusted. Admittedly, the high-water mark of literature is found in the drama; the weak points of the plays then holding the stage were evident to Cervantes. He must have felt genius tingling in his veins. Was it not natural that he should try to write dramas? This ambition never left him. Incidentally he attempted poetry and tales—after twenty years of effort, on starvation wages, he had produced nothing worthy of himself. He was about fifty-seven years old when the first half of "Don Quixote" was printed. His age, his poverty and the enthusiastic reception of "Don Quixote," all considered, it might be supposed that thereafter Cervantes would write novels. He did promise the publishers a second volume of "Don Quixote," and then composed himself to work up his plays. In the course of time, a certain Avellaneda decided to indite this second volume for him. In the preface to this addition, Avellaneda took occasion to berate Cervantes. Señor Avellaneda builded better than he intended; his impudence roused Cervantes, who rose in his might and finished "Don Quixote" just one year before his death. It was ten years after the publication of the first volume (which had been circulating still longer) that the second appeared, nor is it a stringing out of the first; it marks a distinct step in the development of the novel—from the farce to the humorous character study. It would seem that Cervantes suffered no less than Don Quixote from chivalrous devotion to a magnificent but mistaken ambition.

The wide brotherhood of non-success are bound with a love half pathetic to Cervantes, their mighty champion, who, failing nobly, taught men to revere noble failure.

That mighty congregation who bow before success, careless rabble, wondering enthusiasts, and humble hero-worshippers, find in "Don Quixote" a record unparalleled; a novel whose run was counted by decades and whose active years are reckoned by centuries; a novel that has outlived its setting without abating its interest, a book that is at once tragedy and farce, sixteenth century history and everyday life.

But a writer may turn in despair from the inimitable "Don Quixote" to Cervantes' forlorn, fruitless old dramas for a technical lesson. Traced in dust on the covers and indelibly stamped between the lines, we read that "herein a faithful genius sought to deck his thought in the manner of the day," but the thought was strong and virile and refused to be constrained; in a careless moment it escaped from him and presented itself in farce. The world laughed and encored, smiled and was taught, and encored and sighed. "Don Quixote" is so spontaneous that if any of it was carefully written, the reader does not realize it,—that parts of it were carelessly written is obvious. But an oversight and a fundamental error are two different things. In art the whole is the harmony of the parts, rather than the sum; and discord between the idea and expression is fatal, while perfect accord of word and thought raises the simplest theme to poetry. Life laughs at rules, and art, its imaginative reflection, echoes and re-echoes that laugh. Dame Fashion, with her suite of bleached blondes and adaptive writers, is always on hand to decide matters of science, art, religion or dress, but deciding and solving are different. If a writer could only slip away from the distracting, tittering and whispering of her retinue and hear the small voice within him, one of his difficulties would vanish. Fashion, in the form of pedantry, sensationalism or unconscious imitation, is responsible for the miswritten books of the ages.

Berkeley, Cal.

To a 13th Century Missal.

Not as ours the books of old—
Things that steam can stamp and fold;
Not as ours the books of yore—
Rows of type, and nothing more.

Then a book was still a Book,
Where a wistful man might look,
Finding something through the whole,
Beating—like a human soul.

In that growth of day by day,
When to labor was to pray,
Surely something vital passed
To the patient page at last;

Something that one still perceives
Vaguely present in the leaves;
Something from the worker lent;
Something mute—but eloquent.

The Mermaid Tavern.

By David Graham Adee.

Where London streets entangled
The Mermaid Tavern stood;
There mugs and tobies jangled,
And sword-belt richly spangled
Wore many a callant good.

The oaken benches centered
About the laden board
When lord or poet entered
And drank from foaming tankard
Where catch and glee were roared.

If one is not mistaken
(And who is always right?)
The sight of Francis Bacon
Was wonted to awaken
A plaudit of delight.

Whene'er Ben Jonson swaggered
Inside the tavern door,
The guests assembled staggered
Afoot to greet the laggard
With flagon to the floor.

And as a dashing hero
A poet bore the palm
Without reproach or fear O,
A Bayard in his sphere O,
Kit Marlowe, brave and calm.

But paled the rays of glory
Before a presence grand,
The theme of song and story
Until the years grow hoary
In every clime and land.

In that historic cavern
Great Shakespeare trod the stage,
The mighty Bard of Avon
Who crowned the ancient tavern
With fame from age to age.

'Twas thence that tales of humor
Throughout the town were told
By ready tongues of rumor,
Like lightnings to illumine her
And dazzling wit unfold.

Lord Bacon's learning planted
The flowers of wisdom bright,
A boon that ne'er was granted
To other halls so haunted,
Or other scenes so light.

O hours of golden nectar
And brown October malt;
Ben Jonson's jokes bedecked-a,
Kit Marlowe's stanzas flecked-a,
And Shakespeare's Attic salt!

SHOULD AN AUTHOR KILL HIS HERO?

"Shall I kill my hero?" is a question that causes many a novelist many a sleepless night, to judge by the varying practice in the matter. Mr. Hall Caine has apparently seen the error of his ways, for he has given the story of "The Eternal City" a happy ending as on the stage presented. Let us, however, take a few illustrative cases.

Sherlock Holmes, Captain Kettle, and Doctor Nikola have long been the idols of the magazine reader, and many are the vicissitudes they have passed through. Several years ago the Rev. Silas K. Hocking for the first time met Sir A. Conan Doyle—then Dr. Doyle—in Switzerland. The two novelists were discussing Sherlock Holmes, and Dr. Doyle had expressed the sentiment that it was by no means his ambition to be known merely as the creator of that character. In the course of a walk they reached a glacier, and the following conversation ensued:

"Whether you like Sherlock Holmes or not, he's been a gold mine to you," said Mr. Hocking.

"Anyhow, I'll kill him off at the end of the year. If I don't he'll kill me," added the novelist with a merry twinkle.

They paused at the edge of a gaping crevasse that gashed the glacier from side to side.

"How are you going to finish him?" asked Mr. Hocking.

"I don't know. I haven't decided yet," answered Dr. Doyle.

"Why not bring him out here and drop him down a crevasse? That would finish him and save all the trouble and expense of a funeral," suggested Mr. Hocking. Thus it came about that we have the scene in which Sherlock Holmes and Moriarty, the King of Crime, reel over the Reichenbach Falls, locked in each other's arms.

To the dismay of his admirers Captain Kettle one day declared: "I've chucked the sea for good. I've taken a farm in Wharfedale, and am going to it this very week," and much more in the same strain. "But it is hard to confess," adds Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, "that a man's ideals come short of his expectations when put to trial. I am free to confess that, although he enjoyed it all, Kettle was not at his happiest when he was attending his crops or his sheep. It was no surprise, then, to his friends to find him back in his old haunts, more correctly his accustomed pages, saying: I'm Captain Kettle, and I'd have you remember I'm a long way off being dead yet." So much alive is he that, like Sherlock Holmes, he is now treading the

boards, for Mr. Murray Carson is figuring as the redoubtable Captain at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

Mr. Guy Boothby has seen fit in "Farewell, Nikola!" to dismiss his hero into the mysterious distance without much hope of return. Still, one never knows. Stranger things have happened. "When the wind howls round the house at night," he tells us, "and the world seems very lonely, I sometimes try to picture a monastery on a mountain side, and then in my fancy I see a yellow-robed mysterious figure, whose dark, searching eyes look into mine with a light that is no longer of this world, and to him I cry, 'Farewell, Nikola!'"

Mr. Rudyard Kipling made a concession to public taste when he gave "The Light That Failed" a happy ending when it appeared serially. We read, however, on the fly-leaf of the volume, "This is the true story of 'The Light That Failed,' as it was originally conceived by the writer." "Put me in the forefront of the battle," cries Dick in the last chapter, and we close the book as we read, "His luck had held to the last, even to the crowning mercy of a kindly bullet through his head." Such a tragic ending is no doubt justified by all the canons of art, just as to concede a happy ending to "Romeo and Juliet," where the whole interest centres round the tragic fate of the hero and heroine, would render the play artistically unsound.

Several of Mr. J. M. Barrie's friends tried their best to get him to alter the ending of "Tommy and Grizel"; but its author was immovable. Tommy's time had come, and die he must, and in the way that his creator wished. "He climbed the wall," we read, "but, as he was descending, one of the iron spikes on the top of it pierced his coat, which was buttoned to the throat, and he hung there by the neck. He struggled as he choked, but could not help himself." A very unromantic death, truly.

That an author has not unquestioned power of life or death over his hero is well exemplified by the following story from Paris. A certain novelist agreed to write a serial for *The Radical*, to be called "The Ragpicker." The author stated in his preface that his story would be the whole life of his hero, and that he would be above making two brews of the same malt. When two-thirds of the promised story had been published the author got tired, and asked the editor to bring his story to a close. This he did in approved Parisian fashion, by conducting his hero to a bridge over the Seine, where it is

to be supposed he committed suicide. After the lapse of a respectable period, presumably for funeral rites, the defunct Ragpicker turned up exceedingly fit and lively in the pages of a rival journal called *The Cry of the People*. The readers of *The Radical* were hurt in their ten-

derest feelings, and the editor in his pocket, for his readers forthwith transferred their custom to the offices of the rival print. It only remains to be said that in the action for damages which followed the editor of *The Radical* won his case.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.*

Viscount Goschen, in these two bulky volumes,* has set forth the career of his grandfather, a German publisher of the eighteenth century in the town of Leipzig; as recorded in his letters and business documents. Georg Joachim Goschen was no ordinary publisher—indeed, one may fairly say a very extraordinary publisher; and the record is put together with much skill and sense of selection. The elder Goschen became a publisher when German literature was in the thick of its historic period, and was himself actively concerned in the building up of that period. He had a genius for his calling: a remarkable energy, self-reliance, and business capacity. He began his publishing business on a capital of something over four hundred and fifty pounds: yet in the teeth of all difficulties he never flinched from heavy enterprises, and contrived, himself a struggling publisher of scanty means, to forward struggling authors of scanty means. He possessed the exceedingly rare combination of business faculty with keen literary sensibility—even to a degree of what we modern Englishmen would consider sentimentality. His calling and career brought him into close touch with the greatest German authors of his time; and it is here that comes in the attraction of his biography. His relations with Goethe and Schiller alone compose an interesting chapter of literary history.

With Schiller especially. He backed Schiller, young, striving, and almost desperate, when to back Schiller was a generous deed; and Schiller famous and prosperous repaid him very scurvily. That is our judgment, on Viscount Goschen's narrative; and the narrative is drawn from the correspondence (chiefly) of Schiller himself and the elder Goschen's rival-publisher, Cotta: so there seems little room for misjudgment. But the beginning of their relations is a publisher's idyll. Goschen was a friend of the quartette (Körner, Huber, and the two Fräulein Stocks) who lured Schiller from Mannheim

to Leipzig, and formed with him a romantic fraternity. Körner, indeed (the father of the afterwards famous poet of the German rising against Napoleon), was Schiller's saviour, paying his debts and aiding him with money repeatedly; and Körner was Goschen's partner in business. The quartette began by sending the young poet they admired a joint letter of sympathetic encouragement. Körner enclosed a musical setting of one of Schiller's songs; Minna Stock had worked a pocket-book; Dora Stock sent a sketch of the four anonymous enthusiasts. It was all very German and of the age. But Schiller discovered the names of the four, and was on fire with gratitude and characteristically sudden rapture of friendship. This was the unknown thing which his life had lacked; and existence was insupportable unless he forthwith migrated to Leipzig. But without paying his debts he could not move; without money he could not pay his debts; they must get him money. He had a periodical, *Thalia*, which he could make over to a Leipzig publisher; would they procure him three hundred thalers on that security? Of course, the friends must have their Schiller; no money, no Schiller, therefore Schiller must have his money. They turned to Goschen; Goschen agreed to take over the *Thalia*, and so he too was drawn into the band of Schiller-devotees. Stipulating that his coming should be kept secret from "the girls" (Minna and Dora Stock) till they had planned a little hoax on them, Schiller hastened into his worshippers' arms (he was always in a hurry for someone's arms).

It was Schiller who was hoaxed. Having promised to call on a lady (name not given) when he arrived, this is what happened, according to an account long afterwards written (it is imagined) by Goschen. Schiller was announced:

What? This pleasant, self-satisfied man! [It was Huber.] these lively and sparkling eyes! this satirical mouth! this elegant light clothing! this easy bearing! this polite condescension! this easy, mocking way of talking!—was Schiller all this? The reality had pleased her much, but not just in the way she had expected. . . . The

* THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN, PUBLISHER AND PRINTER OF LEIPZIG, 1752-1828. By his Grandson, Viscount Goschen. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Murray. 36s. net.)

servant entered and announced "Herr Schiller," and at once the mystery seemed solved—a stranger had played her a trick, and this was the real Schiller. . . . Scarcely of medium stature, of powerful, not of stout build; large, candid eyes, full of intellect; and earnest mien, and rather severe and commanding glance—his words few and incisive; his speech slow, impressive, and musical. . . . This visitor certainly answered more to the conception she had formed; but once more the servant entered and announced, "There is another Herr Schiller without, and he begs—" And, to her astonishment, a tall, lean man, with large joints, very marked features, pale yellow complexion, deeply set but penetrating eyes; a somewhat fixed, but not repellent look; with somewhat negligent garments—entered and said in a monotonous, hollow voice, "I owe you thanks," etc. This Schiller of course she believed to be a hoax, and matters were becoming rather strained . . . when once more the servant appeared and informed her that the two other Herr Schillers desired to speak again with her. . . . They came up to apologize for the practical joke which they had played on her, and the mystery was at once cleared up by Schiller recognizing in the two who had assumed his name, his friends Huber and Jünger.

It is worth quoting, for Goschen's description of Schiller, whom he knew so well. For presently Schiller retreated to the little village of Gohlis, outside Leipzig; where among the woods and meadows of the "Rose Valley," as it was called, he became Goschen's guest for half a year. In the following year Goschen himself wrote of this experience to Bertuch:—

For half a year I lived with Schiller in one room. He inspired me with the tenderest friendship and esteem. His gentle demeanor and the gentle tone of his spirit in social gatherings, compared with the productions of his muse, are to me a riddle. I cannot tell you how yielding and grateful he is to every critic, how he strives for his moral perfection, and how disposed he is to patient reflection. He knew that Moritz had reviewed him scornfully in the Berlin paper. Nevertheless, when Moritz was here, he received him with such esteem and pleasing politeness, that Moritz, on going away, embraced him and assured him of his eternal friendship. With the greatest earnestness, with moving eloquence, with tears in his eyes, Schiller has often exhorted me, young Huber, Ober-Consistorial-Rath Körner, Jünger the poet, each to employ all his powers in his own vocation to become men whom the world would one day be unwilling to lose. We have all much to thank him for, and I shall remember him with gladness even in the hour of my death.

It is well to have Goschen's testimony, for one does not always associate such gentleness and sweetness of character with the impetuous poet and part-author of the ferocious "Xenia."

For the rest the exuberant sentiment of the letter exhibits that remarkable union of qualities in Goschen to which we before referred. It is all amazing to an Englishman. Conceive an English poet worth his salt, conceive Shakespeare, conceive even Shelley with his effusive ideals and universal benevolence, speechifying to his friends with moving eloquence and superfluous tears about the lofty use of their powers. When the friends entered an inn after a meeting with Körner, Schiller tells Körner—

Your health was drunk. Silently we gazed at each other, a solemn sense of devotion filled our minds, and all of us had tears in our eyes which we forced ourselves to repress. Goschen said that he still felt the glass of wine burning in every limb; Huber's face was as red as fire as he confessed that he had never before tasted wine so good.

Dear young men! they wept with fluency. On the appropriate occasion they always have tears in their eyes. But Goschen afforded Schiller more than tears. From this time throughout the period of their connection he was always liberal in payment, and ready with advances to meet Schiller's constant necessities. This, although his capital was for long small, and he grumbled that the German public was scandalously "impervious." "Twenty people read, and only one buys," he said—a charge miserably true of the English people in these days of free libraries, circulating libraries, and Mr. Carnegie. His most important publication for Schiller was the drama of "Don Carlos," while the *Thalia* continued to run, though Schiller had left Leipzig. But before the breach between them, to which we shall come back, Goschen had signalized himself by the acquisition of Goethe. The glimpses of Goethe in this book, though fairly numerous, are not interesting. Goethe was seeking a publisher for his collected works, but his terms made publishers falter. Bertuch communicated with Goschen on Goethe's behalf, and Goschen undertook the task. With one exception, it was solely in this matter that Goethe and Goschen were concerned: they never met or became friends, and Goethe's letters relate wholly to the business affair and the forwarding of copy from Italy, — for Goethe chose this moment for his famous Italian journey. Nothing of his intellectual side comes out in the letters. Perhaps, indeed, the most interesting light on Goethe is a mere side-light, in the impression he made on Wieland. Wieland was a literary ruler before Goethe arose; Goethe had satirized him with little, if any, just provo-

cation; finally supplanted him in the affections of the famous Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Yet after meeting him, Wieland wrote of Goethe with sheer idolatry. Thus, to Jacobi he wrote:

How entirely I felt at the first glance that Goethe was a man after my own heart! How I fell in love with the splendid youth as I sat by his side at the table! All that I can say . . . is this: since that morning my soul is as full of Goethe as a dewdrop of the morning sun.

And nine weeks later to Zimmerman:—

To-day I have seen him for the first time in his complete splendor—in his complete, beautiful, pure humanity. In a moment of ecstasy I knelt down beside him, pressed my soul to his heart, and worshipped God!

These Germans! But yet, let us admit a certain moderation: when he accomplished the singular gymnastic feat recorded in the final sentence, the tears were not in his eyes.

Goschen's collection of Goethe's works would be memorable for one fact alone: the fragment of "Faust," ultimately to evolve into his masterpiece, first appeared in it. Yet the German public, indifferent to his "beautiful, pure humanity," received the collection coldly: it was no great success, after great labor and capital expended on it. This, and Goethe's exacting terms, must have cooled Goschen; for when Goethe, entering a new field, offered him his famous essay, "On the Metamorphosis of Plants," he refused it. The experts, of course, sneered at the poet essaying science, which was another reason. It cost Goschen his connection with Goethe, who was willing to have made him his sole publisher. Perhaps the same tendency to draw back just when he should have gone forward made him decline Schiller's new periodical, *Die Horen*, which was to assemble the intellect of Germany. The result was that Schiller accepted the overtures of Cotta; and once engaged with him over *Die Horen*, gradually succumbed to him altogether, placing in his hands the edition of his complete works, and assigning to him the sole publication of his further writings. The quarrel between the two publishers broke out formally over the inclusion in the complete edition of "Don Carlos," already held by Goschen. But the real grievance was that Schiller had given his writings at large to another man. It had been understood that Goschen should have first claim on his work; Goschen was his early and proved friend, had stood by him in the years of famine, had been his good helper when money was a crying need to him. He might well look to share the profits of his risen fame. But Schiller kicked down the ladder he had climbed, and went to

another man. He did not even write to his friend on the matter, but left Cotta to transact negotiations. No marvel Goschen lost his temper with Cotta, or felt bitterness. There was no question even of higher pay from Cotta. For three years Schiller and Goschen were asunder. Then they renewed friendship; and it speaks much for Goschen's good heart that he should have renewed friendship, since to the last Schiller never renewed his publishing connection with his old friend. We cannot but feel that the poet was seriously ungrateful; and this record of Goschen's experience is scarce encouraging to publishers minded, at some risk and trouble, to encourage young and ill-rewarded genius.—*The Academy*.

The Ten Best Books for Children.

Why should grown-up folks have a monopoly of lists of "best books?" *St. Nicholas* has been inviting the opinion of its readers upon the best books for children under ten years of age, and this list was awarded the prize:

"Alice in Wonderland"—Lewis Carroll.

"A Child's Garden of Verses"—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The Birds' Christmas Carol"—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Greek Heroes"—Charles Kingsley.

"Hans Brinker"—Mary Mapes Dodge.

"King of the Golden River"—John Ruskin.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy"—Frances Hodgson Burnett.

"The Prince and the Pauper"—Mark Twain.

"Water-Babies"—Charles Kingsley.

"The Wonder Book"—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In another issue *St. Nicholas* published another list, showing, in the order of preference, the ten most popular books, as they appear in the replies sent in for the competition:

"Little Lord Fauntleroy"—Frances Hodgson Burnett.

"Alice in Wonderland"—Lewis Carroll.

"The Wonder Book"—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"The Birds' Christmas Carol"—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Wild Animals I Have Known"—Ernest Thompson-Seton.

"Water-Babies"—Charles Kingsley.

"The Jungle Books"—Rudyard Kipling.

"Black Beauty"—Anna Sewell.

"Nights with Uncle Remus"—Joel Chandler Harris.

"A Child's Garden of Verses"—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Lamp finds the first list a good one, but the second "far more interesting, as it represents the opinions of the children themselves."

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.*

Translation from the Spanish by Clarence Key.

Those who read what I am about to relate will suspect that I am either dazed or mad, over-credulous or visionary, but I swear by my soul that it is true, and there are many honorable witnesses still living who will testify and vouch for it.

The occurrence is supernatural and most strange, but as there are many such in the experience of most men we content ourselves with speaking of them as accidents, coincidences, or mysterious phenomena, without inquiring into the causes of them, because we do not consider them of sufficient importance; neither do we refer to them in any way lest those to whom we speak might laugh in our faces. But we will come to the case in question without further preamble.

General Riva Palacio, the author of many novels which were celebrated in their day, was in the habit of dictating his creations. On the sixth of January, 1888, seated in his library and surrounded by several friends, he dictated the chapter which was due on that day and which was so anxiously waited for by the printers as well as the public.

I do not recall the subject treated in the novel, but it described, as fiction, like the rest, the *auto-da-fe* of one Carbajal, who, as is known to all, was burned as a heretic in the first or second century of the Spanish rule.

"I want a name for a character," said Riva Palacio.

"This is the day of the Kings," responded one of the friends. "You might call him Melchor, Gaspar, or Baltasar; all three of them are harmonious. But there is one which is better than any of them."

"What is that?"

"The name of the giant whose skeleton is preserved in the National Museum, and who, in the processions, attracted so much attention because of his great stature."

"Salmeron?"

"That's it! Salmeron. He was very well known and liked by General Guerrero."

"Because he was from the south. I like the name, but there is cacophony in Baltasar Salmeron—the *sar* and the *Sal* make it very dissonant."

"Why not immortalize the name of this emaciated Rodriguez?"

"Write," said the general to his amanuensis, "that as they dragged the heretic to the stake there came a man called Baltasar Rodriguez de Salmeron, so fanatical and so wicked——"

"What are you going to add, Vicente?" asked the soldier, Medino.

"Nothing, except that this Salmeron seeing that there was not sufficient wood at hand, offered to go himself and bring what there was in his house in order to finish roasting the poor victim."

"That is good."

"Does it not appear to be a good stroke?"

"It does, indeed."

"I believe you."

"Write," said Riva Palacio, "so fanatical and wicked that, observing that a great part of the wood which had been provided had been consumed, and that what remained would not suffice to complete the punishment, he offered to bring what he had in his house; an offer which was accepted with pleasure by the executioners."

The chapter was finished, the manuscript was sent to the printers, the expected contribution appeared the next day. And years passed.

One day the well-known Don Joaquin Cardoso, Director of the National Library, sent to General Riva Palacio two boxes closed and sealed by the Holy Office, containing forgotten documents, in order that he might examine them. The task was pleasant, entertaining and agreeable to the general; but so occupied was he with many other affairs that he neglected the boxes for some months. But the day at last arrived when he resolved to open them; and certain of his friends assisted in the task.

One by one the documents were taken out and read until at the last he came upon one which greatly astonished him. It was the case of one of the Carbajals—the very same that he had described in his novel.

"This is a good joke," said he. "Let us compare the true account with the imaginary one—fact with fiction, and we may enjoy a hearty laugh."

He read several pages and in the description of the execution he came upon the following, and bade us read it, which we did with great astonishment. It said: "And it happened that coming to the place of execution and finding that all the wood was consumed, there approached a man named Baltasar Rodriguez de

*[In a private letter the translator says: "The story is absolutely true in all its details, even to the creaking of the saddle."]

Salmeron offering to bring more wood from his own supply."

I cannot describe the surprise of all. We could not—or, to speak more correctly, we did not wish to explain, and contented ourselves with calling it a strange coincidence.

The general, laughing as naturally as a child, said to us: "There have been many of these wonderful occurrences in my life."

"The spiritualists explain them very easily," said one of his friends.

The afternoon was wet, night was coming on, the library was growing dark and we heard a strange sound in one corner where, on a wooden horse, was the Mexican saddle used by Prince Maximilian when he was in Querétaro.

"The spiritualists explain everything," said the general. "The humidity of the atmosphere is contracting the leather of that saddle. They would say that the spirit of Maximilian was riding it."

A general shout of laughter greeted this remark and after that none of us made any further effort to explain any of these mysterious occurrences.

American Embassy, Mexico City, Mexico.

A Book, A Pipe, A Fire.

By Frank L. Stanton.

Let all the Northland breezes blow,
I've all that I desire
Here sheltered from the storm and snow—
A book, a pipe, a fire.
Old saws of sages—songs of lovers—
Old friends beneath its friendly covers.

This little room a world shall seem
With many a merry party;
Before a fire a man may dream
And toast his friends right hearty!
Friends that wear out their welcome never,
But, friends for once, are friends forever!

And this one's faults I may condemn—
These virtues may admire,
And get nor praise nor blame from them—
My guests before my fire.
Night's dragon wings and hearts may tire,
But I've a book, a pipe, a fire!

A Dictionary Joke.

Certainly no one would ever think of reading a dictionary for pleasure, observes the *Philadelphia Ledger*—as the Irishman said, he would lose the thread of the story in the great mass of detail. Nor would one expect to find jokes in such a book. But that learned and otherwise staid dictionary, the *Century*, contains at least one laughable entry. Under the word "question" is the following:

"To pop the question—see pop."

A Literary Curiosity.

The following curious composite poem is sent by a correspondent:—

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? (Young.)
Life's a short summer, man's a flower. (Dr. Johnson.)

By turns we catch the vital breath and die; (Pope.)
The cradle and the tomb, also so nigh. (Prior.)

To be is better far than not to be, (Sewell.)
Though all men's lives may seem a tragedy; (Spenser.)

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
(Daniel.)

The bottom is but shallow whence they come. (Sir Walter Scott.)

Your fate is but the common fate of all; (Longfellow.)

Unmingled joys here no man can befall. (Southwell.)

Nature to each allots its proper sphere; (Congreve.)
Fortune makes folly its peculiar care. (Churchill.)

Custom does not often reason overrule, (Rochester.)
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. (Armstrong.)
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven;
(Milton.)

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
(Bailey.)

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face;
(Trench.)

Vile intercourse, where virtue has no place. (Somer-ville.)

Then keep each passion down, however dear, (Thomson.)

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. (Byron.)
Her sensual snares let sensual pleasures lap, (Smollett.)

With craft and skill to ruin and betrap. (Crabbe.)
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise, (Massinger.)

We masters grow of that we do despise. (Cowley.)
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem; (Beattie.)

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream. (Cowper.)

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave; (Sir Walter Davenant.)

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. (Gray.)
What is ambition? 'Tis but a glorious cheat—
(Willis.)

Only destruction to the brave and great. (Addison.)
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? (Dryden.)
The way of bliss lies not on beds of down. (Francis Charles.)

How long we live, not years, but actions tell; (Watkins.)

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
(Herrick.)

Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
(Wm. Mason.)

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
(Pitt.)

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
(Dana.)

For live we how we can, and die we must. (Shakespeare.)

HOUSING BOOKS.

Bookcases are certainly dear, especially walnut bookcases. Moreover, their shelves are only adjustable on an old-fashioned plan, and often it is extremely difficult to avoid a waste of precious space between the tops of a row of books and the shelf above. The obvious remedy is, of course, not to buy bookcases. For many years past now I have dispensed with bookcases, in the ordinary sense of the term. I prefer mere shelving, which is at once simpler, neater, more economical of space, and more economical of money. And my shelving is the envy of many bookish friends. I will try to explain how the collector may best house his cherished collection, either by his own hand, or by the horny hand of a carpenter.

Choose any suitable recess in the room, and begin by ledging two seven-inch or nine-inch plain deal planks, of the required height, on the top projection of the skirting board; do not rest them on the floor, but on the skirting board. Knock a single two-inch nail through each into the wall. Put another plank across the tops of these two uprights, and nail it firm. Get a piece of "beading," and by means of headless nails secure it to the front of the horizontal plank. You then have the shell of your bookcase. Cut other planks for the shelves. Now comes in my own special invention for fixing and adjusting the shelves to any required height. Get some fairly large steel "screw-eyes" (that is to say, screws which terminate in a ring). After boring a hole with a bradawl, you can screw these screw-eyes into the wood with the fingers only. It is the simplest thing in the world to take them out or put them in. Two of them at either end will support a shelf-full of the heaviest folios that ever came out of an auction-room. If you find that a shelf is too high or too low, you can lower it or raise it in a few moments to the smallest fraction of an inch with absolute precision. A really bookish man is continually rearranging his books, and I know of no other plan by which shelves can be so easily and so exactly adjusted. When the carpentry is finished, stain the shelves a discreet brown. In this manner shelves for a trifle can be erected. Such shelving accurately fits its position. It economizes space and time, and it has the simplicity of a classic monument.

In the case of a larger library, it is a good plan to get a carpenter to put similar shelving all round a room, to a height of three feet six inches from the floor, using the space under the window or windows for the accommodation of

folios or large quartos. Nothing furnishes a room so handsomely as books, and the finest of all possible dadoses is a dado of serried volumes. It may surprise the uninitiated to learn that a room fourteen feet square, shelved round to a height of three feet six inches, will hold over 2,000 books of average size.

In my opinion, shelves look better without the stamped leather "scalloping" which furniture makers invariably attach to them. The theory is that this addition makes for a handsome appearance, and also keeps the dust off the tops of the books. I think it does neither. Its ugliness is undeniable, and moreover it interferes with the occasional dusting of the tops with a feather brush.

Except in the case of large libraries (a private library that exceeds 3,000 items may fairly call itself large), I am not a believer in the classification of books on shelves according to the well-known divisions of literature. I like to have my books arranged according to height and color of binding. (I need not refer to that famous public library in which all the books on the shelf are forced into a democratic equality of height by the aid of wooden blocks.) It is nothing to me that Green's "Short History" is up against the plays of Sophocles, provided the conjunction of the two pleases my eye. I carry in my mind's orb a complete plan of all my bookshelves; I know the geographical position of every book; and many of the books I could fish out in the dark. All bookmen are like that, and they are all, as I am, naïvely proud of the ability. If one knows infallibly where every book is, the necessity for a scientific arrangement is done away with; and scientific arrangements of books according to contents always result in a terrible waste of space and a terrible unevenness of tops. If the argumentative person urges that without a scientific arrangement it is impossible to gauge at a glance what manner of books one possesses, I reply that of course every book collector worthy of the name keeps a catalogue of his library.

Although the enthusiastic collector may be able to locate the position of every single volume in his library, it is not every enthusiastic collector who can remember offhand the detailed description of each book; such detailed descriptions are often very useful. Moreover, the collector, in the ecstasy of new purchases, is apt to forget the importance—nay, the very existence—of old ones; an occasional perusal of the catalogue will serve to keep all his treasures in mind.

EMERSON ANECDOTES.

By M. D. Bisbee and B. O. McIntire.

A Memorable Entertainment.

Mr. M. D. Bisbee, Librarian of Dartmouth College Library, in a letter to the editor of this magazine, writes:

My knowledge of Mr. Emerson, aside from his books, is very slight. I never had the honor of meeting him personally, but had the pleasure of seeing him on several occasions. Possibly two of these may be worth mentioning.

I have a vivid recollection of seeing Mr. Emerson at an "Original Entertainment" for the benefit of the Old South Fund in that historic structure in Boston. Oliver Wendell Holmes recited "Old Ironsides," "Dorothy Q.," and "The Old South"; James T. Fields read the "Prophecy of Samuel Sewall" and Willis's "Belfry Pigeon"; Edward Everett Hale read the "Future of the Old South"; Dr. Smith read "America," and gave an account of its composition; Mrs. Flora E. Barry sang "The Legend of the Crossbill" from Longfellow, "Vive l'Amerique," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; James Freeman Clarke read "The Old South Speaks"; and Mr. Emerson read the "Concord Hymn," and the "Boston Tea Party."

The others uttered themselves with much action and enthusiasm, but Mr. Emerson, in the quietest manner possible, stepped to the front of the platform and, in the gentlest of tones, read from a small volume which he held in his hand. The effect was indescribably impressive, and never to be forgotten by one who heard it.

I last saw Mr. Emerson at the funeral of the poet Longfellow in Appleton Chapel at Harvard College. He then had passed into the mental eclipse of his last years, and seemed more like a moving shadow than the alert man of former years. I can not vouch for the truth of the incident, but I have been told that after the service he said to a friend: "The gentleman whose funeral we have been attending was a very sweet and beautiful soul, but I have forgotten his name."

Drinking It All In!

There is in England a "popular" novelist (and he is popular) named Burgin, and this is the way he expressed himself the other day in a letter dictated through the Edison-Bell phonograph: "Oh, dear! forty-seven to-day and just brought out the 'Shutters of Silence,' my twentieth novel, and have two more novels and thirty-eight short stories coming out this year. As the girl said when she sat at the window in Venice: 'I'm looking at the Grand Canal, and drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.'"

Cigars and Autographs.

[Professor B. O. McIntire, of Dickinson College, in sending these items, says: "The one relating to the autograph I read long ago. The other one I am very sure has never been in print. It was told the writer by the clerk referred to."]

In the fall of 1880, Mr. Emerson came one day to the cigar counter of the "Old Fitchburg Depot," in Boston. That "naughty memory," about which he used to joke so uncomplainingly, prevented his asking in words for what he wished, a cigar. Putting one finger in his mouth and puffing, this imperial master of English indicated his wish. The attendant promptly brought a box of cigars. Mr. Emerson then scratched the counter and touched his finger to the end of a cigar, in response to which matches were provided. He evinced great satisfaction at having his wishes so readily guessed, and walked toward the smoking-car of his train, his face all the time wearing that look of benediction.

"I am owner . . . of Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

The following incident is one of many to illustrate the fact that the Lord-Christ heart in Emerson outlived the rest.

One day after the mental decay of Emerson was far advanced, some one came to his house, asking for his autograph. His power to write one in the usual way was altogether gone, but not so his desire to give pleasure to another. Accordingly his daughter gave him one of his own autographs. He sat down with this before him, and with all the care of a painstaking child at his copy-book, he wrote another, and presented this to the applicant with that old sweetness of manner which even disease could not destroy.

Of George Gordon Noel.

On the 19th of April last year, and regularly for many years before, on the 19th of April this and the years to come, there appeared and will appear in the "In Memoriam" notices in the London *Times* the following:

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON, died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824.

"When love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave."
—"The Bride of Abydos."

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his death, said: "It is as if the sun had gone out."

INTERESTING OFFERINGS FROM RECENT ENGLISH CATALOGUES.

From Cecil, Lord Burleigh to Gladstone; from Sir Philip Sidney to Alfred Austin; from Marshal Soult to Captain James Cook; Samuel Foote to Edwin Booth; Dean Swift to Emile Zola, there is a wide range in the interesting list of autograph manuscripts offered for sale by J. Pearson & Co., London, in their latest catalogue. Besides the several signed autograph letters from Dr. Johnson we find entered a page of the original manuscript of the Dictionary, where a definition of versification is given with these examples of "jambick and archaick measures":

Here we may
Think and pray
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys, etc.

But when the hundredth year
Shall three times doubled be,
Then shall the end appear,
To all our slavery.

Rough drafts of portions of the "Holy Grail" are a feature of the Tennysonia offered by Henry Sotheran & Co., also of London. The greater part of the original draft of "Balin and Balan," consisting of about 420 lines, with many corrections, fills a cardboard-cover book used by the author. Many of the half sheets are torn out, the result of the poet's habit of writing on one side and revising on the other, which would be taken out and sent to the printer. Thackeray had a jolly way of avoiding the formality of invitations, as is shown again by an autograph sketch of a plump little figure with a head suggestive of himself. He is in the act of beating a kettle-drum, and underneath we read that "Mr. Thackeray requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris's company to a little drum on Tuesday, July 18."

Among the Dickens curiosities listed in the catalogue of old books offered by Walter T. Spencer is an odd letter to his publishers, directing them to send the "cheap edition of 'Bleak House' and 'Little Dorrit' (only)" to "Mrs. Alfred Dickens, 4 Grafton Terrace, Haverstock Hill." The words "cheap edition" are underscored, and the addition of "only" in brackets seems more than sufficiently precise.

An autograph signed letter from Leigh Hunt bears testimony to his methods as editor.

DEAR SIS: If you could oblige me with your company to tea, any evening and any hour that may least inconvenience you, I should like to have a little conversation with you respecting

the poem which has been put into the hands of your faithful humble servant,

LEIGH HUNT.

Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles offer a list of books and pamphlets relating to America. A translation of Joseph Fischer's "Discoveries of the Norsemen in America," made by Basil H. Soulsby, assistant in the map room of the British Museum and secretary of the Hakluyt Society, is accompanied by the publication of the Waldseemüller maps in fac-simile. These maps, made in St. Dié in 1506 and 1507, and supposed to be the earliest to show any part of the New World discoveries or to bear the name "America," were brought to light recently by Professor Fischer. Among the books centering about the personality of Cotton Mather is George Bishop's "New England Judged by the Spirit of the Lord" (London, 1703), in which is included an "Answer to Cotton Mather's abuses of the said People in his history of New England."

Special pains are given to the bindings of many of the books offered by Otto Schultze & Co., Edinburgh. J. J. Foster's collection of the portraits of the Stuarts is the work of artists of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and is bound in two volumes in careful reproduction of an example of the Stuart period in the King's library. "Japanese Wood Engravings," is by E. F. Fenollosa. "An Outline of the History of Ukiyo-ye," printed on stout Japanese paper, appears in native linen with Japanese title in black and gold on white paper label.

Over four hundred of the entries in the most recent catalogue of Pickering & Chatto are devoted to old plays. A first edition of Richard Brome's comedy, "A Joviall Crew; or, The Merry Beggars," has prefixed to it commendatory verses to the author by a group of playwrights, among which are the following lines by Jo. Tatham:

Beaumont and Fletcher (they say) perhaps, might
Passe (well) for current Coin, in a dark night:
But Shakespeare, the Plebian Driller, was
Foundered in Pericles, and must not pass.

To belabor the Elizabethan master was then quite the fad. In an adaptation of the second part of "Henry VI." printed twenty-eight years after "The Joviall Crew," "The Misery of the Civil War," by J. Crowne, the ungracious prologue says:

For by his feeble skill, 'tis built alone:
The Divine Shakespeare did not lay a stone.

Robinson & Co. include in their list of books, illuminated manuscripts, drawings, and auto-

graphs, the first edition of Ainsworth's "The Tower of London" as it appeared in monthly parts, with George Cruikshank's etchings and wood engravings. An autograph letter from the illustrator is inserted, discussing his work. Two rough sketches appear in the sheet.

MY DEAR AINSWORTH: These few lines in case I do not see you—the first sketch of Jane meeting the body of her husband.

[Here appears outline sketch.]

Now, as the bearers would certainly not (nor could they) carry the body up the stairs, they must of course, take it up the road, and as they would do this without being seen until they came close to the scaffold, the thing appears more natural and will group better thus.

[Then follows the second sketch, the body and the bearers on the left against a background showing the scaffold and some trees, and Jane, Cicily and others on the right. Explanations are scrawled in the margin, referring to the picture by number.]

Some curious and out-of-the-way books are to be found in the lists of Alfred F. Crudge, such as John Bingle's letter to the Right Hon. Viscount Glenelg, Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mr. Bingle who was of Peun-Buen, New South Wales, was tried for the alleged crime of cattle stealing. The trial created a great sensation, being attributed to the accused man's political variance with the executive government. A poem by John Doone, omitted in most editions, verses "To His Mistress," is to be found in the edition printed by Tonson in 1719.

Mr. Dooley on Reading and Loafing.

"Readin', me friend," says Mr. Dooley in the *Century*, "is talked about be all readin' people as though it was th' on'y thing that makes a man betther thin his neighbors. But th' thruth is that readin' is th' nex' thing this side iv goin' to bed f'r restin' th' mind. With mos' people it takes th' place iv wurruck. A man doesn't think whin he's readin', or if he has to, th' book is no fun.

"Did ye iver have something to do that ye ought to do, but didn't want to, an' while ye was wishin' ye was dead, did ye happen to pick up a newspaper? Ye know what occurred. Ye didn't jus' skim through th' sportin' intillygince an' th' crime news.

"Whin ye got through with thim, ye read th' other quarther iv th' pa-aper. Ye read about people ye niver heerd iv, an' happenin's ye didn't understand—th' fashion notes, th' theatrical gossip, th' s'ciety news from Peoria,

th' quotations on oats, th' curb market, th' reale-estate transfers, th' marredge licenses, th' death notices, th' wants ads, th' dhry-goods bargains, an' even th' iditoryals. Thin ye r-read thim over again, with a faint idee ye'd read thim befure. Thin ye yawned, studied th' design iv th' carpet, an' settled down to wurruck. Was ye exercizing ye-er joynt intelleck while ye was readin'? No more thin if ye'd been whistlin' or writin' ye-er name on a pa-aper.

"If anny wan else but me come along they might say: 'What a mind Hinnessy has! He's always readin'.' But I wu'd kick th' book or pa-aper out iv ye'er hand, an' grab ye be th' collar and cry, 'Up, Hinnessy, an' to wurruck!' f'r I'd know ye were loafin'."

Benjamin Franklin's Epitaph.

Following is the epitaph written by the "Father of American Printers" for his own tomb, but never used:

THE BODY
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Printer

(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and elegant edition,
Revised and corrected
by
THE AUTHOR.

It is interesting to compare this with the following passage taken from his inimitable "Autobiography":

"That felicity, when I reflected on it, has induced me sometimes to say that, were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some sinister accidents and events of it for others more favorable. But though this were denied, I should still accept the offer. Since such a repetition is not to be expected, the next thing like living one's life over again seems to be a recollection of that life, and to make that recollection as durable as possible by putting it down in writing."

THE BOOK-SHOP GIRL.

By Carolyn Wells.

"Good morning, Miss Parkinton; *good* morning. Now what do you want in our line to-day? We've some fine new novels just in. I declare, I don't see how so many people find time to write novels. But a greater number of people find time to read them, don't they?"

"What's that? It takes longer to write one than to read one? Well, I don't know. The authors do turn 'em out awful fast. Now here's a new one by Anthony Hope,—*'The Intrusions of Peggy,'*—how'd you like that?"

"Oh, you don't care for suggestions? You know already what book you want? Well, that's all right, too. But so few ladies *do* know. They come in here and expect me to select a book that will please them. I declare it's a real comfort to come across one who knows what she wants herself. And what is it, Miss Parkinton?"

"*'The Pit?'*" Oh, yes, by Frank Norris. He's dead, poor fellow. *Such* a nice young man; he used to come in here often, and always smilin' so pleasant and affable. Well, now, I'm awful sorry, Miss Parkinton, but we haven't got that book this morning. We sold our last copy yesterday forenoon, and the new ones haven't come yet. I'm right down sorry, 'cause I want to read that book myself. It's great, they say, and I know I'll like it, for Ethel Flagg says she can't understand it, and I'm sure to like the books she can't understand. Why, I just love Henry James's books, and Ethel says she can't get head or tail to 'em. I tell her there isn't much *tale* to them,—that's my little joke, you know,—but nobody reads Henry James for the story. What *do* I read him for? Oh, I don't know exactly; but he makes me feel sort of intellectual and queer. And if you hold on tight and read hard, you can often make out what he's driving at. Here's his new book now, *'The Wings of the Dove.'* I don't see why you can't take this instead of the one you came for, and I can get that for you next week. You don't care for James? Oh, but you could if you only tried. Here, I'll read you a sentence from *'The Wings of the Dove'* at random. I'll just open the book anywhere. Now, listen to this on page 328: *'She could have dreamed of his not having the view, of his having something or other, if need be quite viewless, of his own; but he might have what he could with least trouble, and the view wouldn't be, after all, a positive bar. . . .'* Stop? Oh, yes, I'll stop, but that isn't all of the sentence. Still, it shows you what I mean,—that floundering sort of feeling, as if you had just fallen into a dump-heap of words. I think it's lovely.

"You don't care for James? Well, some folks don't. My aunt, now, she says give her *'The Duchess'* every time. But I like James,—especially if I can read a new copy. What? Oh, no, I'm not afraid of microbes, but with a new copy, you know, you have to stop so often to cut the leaves, and it's such a pleasant rest.

"Now, here's Richard Harding Davis's *'Captain Macklin.'* Captain Swashbucklin', I call it. It's one of those books you can read by just looking at the pictures. What's that? It has an atmosphere? Well, I don't know exactly what you mean by that, but, of course, all Mr. Davis's work has an air. Oh,

you've read *'Captain Macklin,'* have you? Well, why don't you take *'Francezka'?* That's a historical novel by Miss Seawell. Historical novels *are* having a run, aren't they? Well, they're better than the old *'Tess'* and *'Jude'* style. Longer, and not so broad. They must be easy to write, too. No plot required, characters ready-made,—just add a few swear-words and there you are! *'Francezka's'* up to the average, and it's pretty good for a woman to write. What's that? Women can write as well as men? Oh, no, not *as* well. At least, not when it comes to real writing. If you mean light literature, or even humorous stuff, a woman can get right up alongside. But when they take themselves seriously it's too much for them.

"Look at Miss Daskam now; her kid stories are out of sight. There *couldn't* be anything better than her *'Study in Piracy,'* or *'Madness of Philip.'* But when she got out that book lately, *'Whom the Gods Destroy,'* I only wished I could coax the gods to destroy the whole edition. My, but it's doleful. Not a spark of humor in it, and that's Miss Daskam's strongest card. Now the other day Miss Marguerite Merington was in here, and she said women have no sense of humor. Of course that's been said before, lots of times. But she said it in earnest, and she meant it—and my! but she's mistaken. Some of our best funny books are written by women. Look at *'Napoleon Jackson'* by Mrs. Stuart. There's more real humor in that book than in all George Ade's slam-bang slang. And *'Mrs. Tree'* is funny, and *'Aunt Abbey's Neighbors.'*

"Then there's *'The Housewives of Edenrise,'* by Florence Popham. That's sort of funny, but, of course, it's English, so the fun is clumsy. Still, I chuckled over it a lot. Oh, the *'Ladies I've Laughed With'* would make an interesting article; I mean to write it some time. You didn't know I wrote articles? Well, I don't; but I'm going to some time. You see everybody comes in here,—Wiseacre's book-shop is almost like a club for the authors, and they say such funny things to each other, somebody really ought to write them up. But land! I couldn't do it, and anyway I don't suppose they'd like me to. What kind of things do they say? Well, they tell their experiences, you know.

"Oh, I'm sure I could write a book about them and I'd call it *'Who's Who in the Book-shop.'*

"Oh, you must be going, eh? And don't you want any book? What? You'll take *'The Wings of the Dove'?* All right, here's a new copy. It's in two volumes, you see. Cut the leaves as you go along. It helps to keep your place, and then, when you wake up, you can go right on from where you left off. Oh, you want it for your reading-circle? Well, it will be real nice for that; I should think it would last you all winter. And let me give you a little tip, Miss Parkinton. When you talk about Henry James, always refer to his work as being *'in his earlier manner'* or *'in his best vein.'* He always writes in one of those, and it doesn't at all matter which is which. Oh, yes, I'm quite sure the ladies of the club will rave over it. Good morning, Miss Parkinton, *good* morning.

"What a difference there is between the *'Ladies I Laughed With,'* and the ladies I laugh at!"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Addresses on War. Charles Sumner. Introduction by Edwin D. Mead. 319 pages, 5½x7½. 50 cents. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Ginn & Co. appear to be doing what they can to discourage war. They recently published the late Jean Bloch's book, and now they have issued in similar binding Charles Sumner's "Addresses on War," with an introduction by E. D. Mead. The addresses are: "The True Grandeur of Nations," "The War System of the Commonwealth of Nations," and "The Duel Between France and Germany." Sumner was one of the most eloquent opponents of war who ever raised his voice in this or any other country, and these orations are worth reading for their eloquence, if not for the message they bear. They should be read and heeded by every young man in the country.

Boston Days. Lillian Whiting. 485 pages. Illustrated. \$2.00. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

When Charles Dickens first visited America, sixty-one years since, none of the cities in the United States more favorably impressed him than Boston. He could not fail to be struck by the beauty of the city itself, but he was inexpressibly pleased by noting the humanizing tastes and desires, the affectionate friendships, and the intellectual refinement and superiority characterizing the small community of Boston, all of which attractive qualities he unhesitatingly attributed "to the quiet influence of the University of Cambridge, which is within three or four miles of the city. The resident professors at the University are gentlemen of learning and varied attainments; and are, without one exception that I can call to mind, men who would shed a grace upon, and do honor to, any society in the civilized world." True as this doubtless was at the time, and probably still is in these much later days, other and more far-reaching influences which have been exercised by the remarkable life in Boston itself during the nineteenth century are presented to readers on both sides of the Atlantic in a volume lying before us, which contains four interesting and charming studies of Boston, headed, *The City of Beautiful Ideals; Concord and its Famous Authors; The Golden Age of Genius; and the Dawn of the Nineteenth Century.* In Lillian Whiting's glowing and sympathetic pages we catch pleasant glimpses of writers who have made Boston and Concord renowned throughout the world of letters: Longfellow, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Edward Everett Hale, William Dean Howells, Louise Chandler Moulton, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton (the friend of Emerson and Carlyle), Theodore Parker, Francis Parkman, Thoreau, the Ticknors, Elizabeth Stuart (Phelps) Ward, E. P. Whipple, that gentle friend and poet John Greenleaf Whittier, and Bishop Phillips Brooks. Amusing stories are told of some members of the Emerson and Peabody families. We see much of Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne (the lovely Sophia Peabody), their son Julian, the well-known author, and their daughter Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, who wrote "Memoirs of Hawthorne," which afforded a key to her father's character. Of romance there is no lack in the sketches of Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, of Lucy Stone and of A. Bronson Alcott and his family. That brave woman, Louisa May Alcott, wrote "Little Women," which proved such a brilliant success, in order to aid in maintaining the family. "Boston Days" will delight those innumerable readers who love the masters and masterpieces of American literature. It is a storehouse of information admirably illustrated by portraits of authors, facsimiles of their letters and poems, views of their homes and of historic buildings, and should be in every library.

Boy, The: How to Help Him Succeed. The Facts of Experience. N. C. Fowler, Jr. 320 pages, 5x7½. \$1.25. Boston: Oakwood Pub. Co.

Mr. Fowler's volume on "The Boy" is an anomaly. About half of it is filled with short essays, some of which are sensible and helpful. They are on such themes as "In Business for Himself," "Vacillation," "Self-Respect and Self-Conceit," "Undesirable Habits," "Exercise," "Appearances," "Economy," and "Great Boys and Smart Boys." The other half of the book is called "A Symposium of Successful Experiences." The author has ad-

ressed a series of twenty-five questions to "three hundred and nineteen American men of marked accomplishment," and has given their answers *in extenso* and also tabulated them. The first question is, "To what one thing, or to what two or more things, do you attribute your success?" Some of the others are sensible, and some foolish, as may be seen by quoting two or three: "Would you advise the boy to go to college, if he intends to enter business?" "Do you consider strict honesty necessary to business success?" "Would you advise the country boy to go to a great city?" "Do you consider persistent application necessary to success?" To the question "Which do you consider the best six books for the boy to read?" only one hundred and ninety-one, about two-thirds of those questioned, returned an answer. These answers are tabulated, and it must be confessed that a perusal of the result raises a serious doubt whether the gentlemen who have been selected to advise the boys are capable of giving them anything very valuable. One recommends a volume of sermons, another "His own cash-book," another "the works of A. Dumas," another "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," another "The Kite Trust," another "Gashen on the Imagination," another "Revival Lectures by Finney," while four recommend "Ben Hur," five "The Dictionary," two "Book on Politeness," and several put in ephemeral novels and books of alleged humor. And "The Boy" is entertaining as fiction.

Comedy of Conscience. A. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. 129 pages, 4½x7. Illustrated. \$1.00. New York: The Century Co.

The author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," and many other good novels here prints an extremely clever story, based on the experiences of Miss Serena Vernon, spinster, who unwittingly becomes owner of a valuable diamond ring. The question is, What shall she do with it? The illustrations are by Henry Hutt.

Filigree Ball, The. Anna Katherine Green. 408 pages, 5x7½. \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Sherlock Holmes probably would have been able to tell at a glance just how Veronica Jeffrey came to her death in the "Moore house" and who was the guilty person. But we confess Anna Katherine Green, in her new detective story, "The Filigree Ball," kept us guessing until the precise point near the end of the tale when she wished to let us know just who committed the crime. Up to that point we were extremely suspicious, at varying points in the story, of Veronica Jeffrey's husband, of her half sister, and of Uncle David. When the mystery was cleared up—we shall not indicate here the way the story turns out—we had had more thrills than one could hope to expect from a detective story written in these days, when the general average is not at all stirring.

The story of "The Filigree Ball" is told by the detective who was the first person to enter the "Moore house," the scene of the mystery, after the shot was fired that ended the life of Veronica Jeffrey. When he found her body it was lying in the library, a room haunted by three mysterious deaths. A proper touch of mystery is given at once by the fact that a pistol was found tied to Mrs. Jeffrey's wrist by a long white satin ribbon. The golden ball of filigree does not take its place in the story until the plot is well developed, and a secret the ball contains makes known a device for committing murder that is even more terrible and infinitely less capable of detection than was the "Speckled Band" in Conan Doyle's story. The author pays a compliment to newspaper reporters by making her detective hero seek them out for their knowledge of the crime. It is a good story.

Future of War, The: In Its Technical, Economic and Political Relations. Jean De Bloch. 380 pages, 5½x7½. 50 cents. Boston: Ginn & Co.

M. Bloch was a great financier, student, and sociologist, and the "Future of War" is a splendid evidence of the enthusiasm, research, and masterful grasp which he brought to the preparation of a work which is likely to attract more and more the attention of military experts and of rulers and

statesmen in all countries. It is the most powerful arraignment of militarism and the strongest plea for universal peace that has ever been put in print.

Horace Greeley. Wm. A. Linn. *Appleton's Series of Historic Lives.* 267 pages, 5x7½. Illustrated. \$1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

William A. Linn, in his latest book on Horace Greeley, brings to light many of the great editor's characteristics. It shows that the career of Greeley and *The Tribune* in the earlier days contained plenty of self-sacrifice. The oddities of the famous old editor make especially interesting reading and Mr. Linn has treated them in a bright manner. Anything anent Greeley is always read with avidity by newspaper men, and although countless stories have been told about the founder of *The Tribune*, the book throws new light on him.

The errors which Horace Greeley made as a journalist and the great victories that he won were not generally the errors and victories of a half-hearted or timid person. His leading idea in founding *The Tribune*, as he said in his "Busy Life," was "the establishment of a journal removed alike from servile partisanship on the one hand and from gagging, mincing neutrality on the other." And *The Tribune* in its earlier years, while it was partisan in pretty much everything, was hardly ever servile or even obedient to any human institution.

Greeley stoutly denounced the theatre as unwholesome and at the same time offended his religious readers by publishing advertisements of unorthodox books. In the same issue with an advertisement of an offer of \$50 for the best tract on the impropriety of dancing by church members, Horace Greeley offered prizes for the best tracts on such subjects as "The rightfulness and consistency of a Christian's spending \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year on appetite and enjoyments of himself and family, when there are 1,000 families within a mile of him who are compelled to live on less than \$200 a year."

As for libel suits, Horace Greeley seems rather to have enjoyed them. When J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, secured a verdict of \$400 in libel damages against Thurlow Weed, the statement was made in a letter in *The Tribune* that "the value of Mr. Cooper's character therefore has been judicially ascertained. It is worth exactly \$400." This resulted in a libel suit against Greeley in which Cooper won another verdict of \$200, and the next day Greeley presented a twelve-column report of the trial to the readers of *The Tribune*, "the best single day's work I ever did." The libel suit which Cooper brought as a result of this never came to trial.

One more evidence of Mr. Greeley's fearlessness and of his manner of using the English language in his strenuous moments, is this comment on the result of a successful libel suit against the New York *Herald*: "The ruffian has got his deserts. The low-mouthed, blatant, witless, brutal scoundrel is condemned—condemned, too, by the people. Let not his sewer-sheet roll its nastiness and filth over the 'codfish aristocracies,' as he has called them, for fifteen years."

Horses Nine. *Stories of Harness and Saddle.* By Sewell Ford. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

When Josh Billings issued his immortal dictum that the more he saw of men the better he liked dogs he had never read these tales. If he had, he would certainly have said horses instead of dogs. Moreover, there is something about these horses of Mr. Ford's that brings out the best in the men who have to do with them. They are equine gentlemen and heroes all of them, but without any touch of maudlin sentimentalism or unnatural human intelligence. No self-respecting horse need be ashamed of the stories and no intelligent human being need avoid them.

Jay Chambers: His Book Plates. With an Essay on Mr Chambers' Work by Wilbur Flacey Stowe. New York: Randolph R. Beam, The Cloister Press.

A desirable little book of the book-plate designs by Mr. Jay Chambers, prefaced by another of Mr. Stowe's little essays. To quote the publisher, "It is decently bound in Seidlitz blue boards with green linen head." Whether a book is "decently attired" when sent out with back bare of lettering we very much doubt. Certainly there are no more exasperating volumes in one's library than those thus scantily robed.

Twenty-seven of Mr. Chambers' designs appear, printed

from the original blocks and on one side of the paper only. Limited in all to 350 copies in various editions. The regular edition, numbers 51 to 350, \$1.25 each. 3

Lieutenant Governor, The. Guy Wetmore Carryl. 269 pages, 5x8. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

What is the measure of the allegiance that a man, and especially a governor, owes to his state? That is the question that Mr. Carryl asks and answers in this the first novel that has come from his pen. It is more serious than one would expect from him knowing his previous record as a maker of laughter, but we know of no reason why he should not be serious if he chooses. His lieutenant governor, John Barclay, is saddled with a governor who is the pet particular tool of the labor unions, and is used by them to good purpose in a strike at the works of Mr. Barclay's prospective father-in-law. There is another man, a former lover of Barclay's fiancée, whose hand cuts the gordian knot and places the lieutenant governor in the chair of the chief executive. It is only fair to the lieutenant governor's fiancée to say that as the former derives most of his inspiration for his work so will the reader of this story derive a goodly part of his pleasure from her charming personality. As a first effort, or even a second or third, the book is a good one, and Mr. Carryl will doubtless have the permission, if not the petition, of many readers to repeat the offense.

Life of the Ancient Greeks, The. With Special Reference to Athens. Chas. Burton Gulick, Ph. D. 373 pages, 5½x7¾. Illustrated, \$1.40. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Rationally conducted study of ancient languages, of which there has been too little, is study not only of the language but of the life of the people speaking it, with which their language is a means of opening acquaintance. Of Greek life in the golden age of Greece—the fifth and fourth centuries B. C.—Dr. Gulick gives a detailed description of interest to the general reader as well as to the student of Greek preparing for college examinations. The accompanying illustrations, numbering several hundred, are provided with all desirable interpretation in a descriptive list.

Mannerings, The. Alice Brown. 382 pages, 5¼x7¾. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

That peculiar femininism which Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and others of their ilk have made one of the salient concerns of the American novel Miss Brown excels in. It is "the subtleties of feminine revolt" which hold the reluctant reader to the pages of "The Mannerings." The word "reluctant" is employed, because the reader is not at any page of the book permitted to feel quite comfortable. Of the leading characters only one is at peace—and he is senile. There is a wife, Katherine Mannerings, who holds her husband in contempt; a woman of middle age who has for years lavished her love upon a man too preoccupied to observe it; a young girl with a broken heart because her sister is preferred to herself; and a servant girl who "loves above her station." The men are more or less oblivious, after the fashion of men, to the disturbance they are creating. Indeed, the book may be said to be a study of the manner in which men break the hearts of women. There remain, however, a number of ways not yet mentioned by Miss Brown—which fact is a promise, no doubt, of more books from her pen.

Millionaire Households and Their Domestic Economy. Mary E. Carter. 303 pages, 5½x8. \$1.40. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Millionaire Households and Their Domestic Economy" confesses to its character in its title. It is written by "a deserter from the ranks of superintending housekeepers." A great deal of practical information is given about the division of labor in elaborate households and the manner of best caring for that vast quantity of paraphernalia with which millionaires surround themselves. Many an old chatelaine might find it of value in enabling her to reconstruct some of her ideas of management, and the young millionairess, entering upon the direction of her own menage, cannot fail to find in these sensible pages good advice as to the conduct of her house—and her own responsibilities toward her servants.

Some recipes said to be rare are printed at the conclusion of the book—also suggestions as to how to extinguish "Croton bugs" and "scarlet runners." These "small deer" are known to a less euphemistic world under other titles, but

one realizes that even a "deserter" from the ranks of superintending housekeepers must continue to be genteel. Genteel is the word, isn't it? However, gentility aside, New York is carrying her arrogant provincialism a little too far when she takes our friendly water bug from us and calls it a Croton bug. One realizes now what is meant by carping Westerners who say that New York recognizes nothing on the wrong side of the Alleghanies.

My Woodland Intimates. Effie Bignell. 241 pages, 5x7½. \$1.00. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

All who are pleased to listen to true tales of how little wild creatures may live on friendly and confiding terms with human beings who prove themselves worthy of such distinction will enjoy this volume of quiet nature stories.

Next Step in Evolution, The. Dr. I. K. Funk. 106 pages, 3½x5½. 50 cents. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This is a study of the probability, significance, and character of a second coming of Christ. The author believes that "Christ came the first time into men's vision by coming on the plane of their senses; He comes the second time into men's vision by lifting them up into His plane of spiritual comprehension. It means a new step in the evolution of man."

Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck. Sidney Whitman. 346 pages, 5½x8. \$1.60. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We read "Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck," by Sidney Whitman, and wonder if this can be the same truculent old Teuton whose overbearing ways and brutal superiority have made him a by-word, at least in our generation. The wordy debates in the Reichstag, where Catholic and Socialist, in turn, felt the weight of his dictatorial authority, the streaming legions marching in uninterrupted progress to the French capital, the exultant moment when the Little Napoleon bent with defeat and twisted and shaken by incessant agony, sat in the historic farmhouse after Sedan; all these pictures from a stirring and a strong life fade away and leave us a sweet, tired old man, somewhat chastened in spirit, for the humiliation of dismissal after a lifetime of service had subdued him.

The author resents this insult from a young emperor to an old servant, but unwittingly William III conferred a great favor upon the race of man, by showing us what Bismarck might have been had he never entered upon the political strife which usually exaggerates the evil side of a man's disposition with no compensating good.

Bismarck in this book is charming. He possesses all the affability of disposition, the genuine frank courtesy which is the gift of nature to those who are designed to lead their fellows. There is not the slightest glimpse of hauteur or arrogance. The voice which roared out insults in the Reichstag and which impelled kings and emperors to submission now only utters peaceful greetings to the bands of veterans and students who come to pay him homage, or discusses in even dispassionate tones the public policy of nations and the foibles and weaknesses of statesmen of his own and other lands.

But the intolerance of the man for anything which savors of democracy is none the less evident. He cannot even understand the significance of popular movements, and the aspirations of the multitude are incomprehensible to him, as well as abhorrent where they come into collision with his own well-defined notions of statesmanship. The author says: "It was the politician in him that could not allow irresponsible theory or theorizing, where, according to his view, the very existence of the state was at stake. The archetype of the stern man of realistic action, could not be expected to meet the other extreme of transcendent theory in a dispassionate spirit."

Bismarck's sense of humor did not desert him even in his old age. He thus applies the term "ein wilder Junge" to Chamberlain, who was at the time of this description over sixty years of age. He says in another place that "the first eighty years are the happiest part of a man's life."

On the whole Mr. Whitman is to be congratulated upon his book, which should be read by every one interested in the greatest Teuton that has lived.—AUSTIN LEWIS, in *The Literary West*.

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures. Henry R. Poore. 255 pages, 6½x10. Illustrated, \$1.50. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Artists, art students, instructors, and photographers have

come to realize that composition is one of the most essential features of art. This book makes a plain statement of the principles and illustrates them by reproductions of standard works of art. The aesthetics of composition are discussed and illustrated as well.

Finally, the principles of composition are applied to well-known paintings and simple rules for the critical judgment of pictures are deduced.

Richard Rosny. Maxwell Gray. 507 pages, 5x7½. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

There is more of Miss Tuttiatt's earliest and best work in this volume than in any of her later books. It does not eclipse it is true, the "Silence of Dean Matland," or even equal it, but it will please and fully satisfy the admirers of that once vastly popular book.

"Richard Rosny" is written along elaborate lines, telling the story of the life of its hero from his boyhood days to its autumn sunset. It is a story of one moment's passion and its fatal result, and of a lifetime of expiation. A brutal stepfather, a sorely abused mother, a sudden flaming up of filial love into a wild passion; the disappearance of the elder man, and the discovery of his dead body the following morning—this is the central situation.

Rose of Normandy. A. W. R. A. Wilson. Illustrated by Eli Grunwald. 370 pages, 5½x7½. \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"An American Dumas" is a strong phrase, but if any man with any book has deserved it, he is William R. A. Wilson with "A Rose of Normandy." Seldom has so much freshness and strength been packed between the covers of what we call an historical novel, and with all this, "A Rose of Normandy" possesses that peculiar human directness of incident and characterization which was Dumas'. The story is about the Paris of the Great Louis and about New France, Quebec and Governor Frontenac, the Great Lakes and the Greater West. La Salle, the explorer, is in its pages. The love story is strong, and ends as it should. The plot is bold—its turnings into new channels unexpected. If "A Rose of Normandy" held no other, it would be remarkable for its picture of Pompon, the escaped galley slave, with his hideous, scarred face, cropped ears, and clever epigrams.

Seedy Gentleman, The. Peter Robertson. 300 pages. \$1.50. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

There have been collected in book-form a series of articles, by Peter Robertson, which have been appearing weekly in the *San Francisco Chronicle* under the caption, "The Seedy Gentleman." Each chapter is in the form of a conversation among a group of men who meet at the club. Besides the Seedy Gentleman, there are the Candid Man, the Happy Fellow, the Practical Man, the Fellow in the Corner, the Sentimental Man, and the Cynic. The Seedy Man is a simon-pure sentimentalist, with a moralizing turn, but lovable withal, and the clubmen who group themselves about him serve to draw him out by remarks pertinent and impertinent. The subjects of these conversations are mainly love and the ladies, with occasional divagations into topics like "The Morbid Story," "Music," "Ghosts," "Curiosity," "The Devil," "Poverty." The paragraph below quoted is a characteristic bit of moralizing from the Seedy Gentleman. He speaks in answer to the Fellow in the Corner, who says: "We don't get any more of those pretty little plays."

"No," said the Seedy Gentleman, with a sigh. "I am so tired of reading about murders and suicides, and crime and corruption! If we could only get away from the brutal and repulsive in the newspapers and books! We have turned the seamy side of life out so thoroughly that the whole human race, somehow or other, begins to appear savage. It is curious after all. We fill our houses with pretty bric-a-brac, with fine pictures, and rich, luxurious draping. We surround ourselves with charming things of a material kind, and yet the largest proportion of our mental pabulum is of the most disagreeable and painful nature. The novelists delight in harrowing us with stories of abnormal passions, of the most distressing situations; our playwrights delve into the dirt of society for plots, and show beautiful women as abandoned morally, and handsome, clever men as unprincipled, licentious, and corrupt. Gentlemen, this is not the world. Why should we make it appear to be?"

Gordon Ross's conception of the Seedy Gentleman in the

frontispiece and on the wrapper of the book is admirable. As an example of book-making the volume is as near perfection as any other from any publishing house in New York or London.

Socialist and the Prince. The. Mrs. Fremont Older. 309 pages, 5x7½. \$1.50. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This is principally a story of the rivalry between a Socialist labor leader and an Italian prince for the hand of a reigning San Francisco beauty in the time of the labor troubles which culminated in the almost revolutionary anti-Chinese movement of twenty-five years ago. The contrast between the social levels represented by the sand-lot orator and the Prince of Savoy is skillfully handled, and the times in which the story is placed make a good historical background. That the heroine should have been confused as to her preference for her two suitors is not strange, for Stryne was a man of eloquence and force—a leader of men—while the prince had few of the failings and all of the virtues of his class. The end could not well have been different; the prince deserved his bride, while Stryne deserved his heroic death at the head of the revolutionists whose cause he had chosen to espouse.

Truth. Emile Zola. 596 pages, 5½x8. \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

This is the outpouring of Zola's emotion over the Dreyfus case. It is a story of that *cause celebre* with another setting. Here priests take the part of soldiers, and a Jewish schoolmaster who is convicted of murder represents Dreyfus. It is a story of the miscarriage of justice and is a fierce and bitter arraignment of the Roman Catholic Church, against which Zola pours out the vials of his wrath. In a literary sense, Simon, the wronged Jew schoolmaster, is the hero of the book, but his personality fades away before the intensity of the theme. The book is intense in its human interest and epic-like in character, and is certainly one of the strongest things the writer has left behind him. It has the power and impetuous force not only of a master of letters, but of a man who has experienced deeply and suffered and felt acutely. Zola reveals his feelings here perhaps more than ever before.

Under the Rose. Frederick S. Isham. Illustrated, in colors, by Howard Chandler Christy. 426 pages, 5x7½. \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The most fetching romance since "The Prisoner of Zenda" is "Under the Rose." It is set in the court of Francis II of France—that interesting and insincere monarch who watched the fires of the renaissance die out in the heart of the world. Its hero is a court jester, its heroine a fair follower of the princess, and the scene of action is now in the hall where the petted fools of the royalties and nobles meet, now the dungeons of the palace Francis wrested from his high constable, now in the open field where men meet in deadly earnest at death-doing, and now the joust, at which the ladies of a belated court of love look on with eyes no less amorous, even if less simple, than in the days of true chivalry.

Virginia Girl in the Civil War. A. Myrta Lockett Avery. 381 pages. 5½x7½. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"A Virginia Girl in the Civil War" looks like a novel, and to one unfamiliar with the history of the great struggle it must read like a novel; but we are assured by the editor that it is "a record of the actual experiences of the wife of a Confederate officer," and a perusal of the book corroborates that statement. Even the occasional slips of memory, which here and there place an event out of its true chronological order, confirm the truthfulness of the narrative, for if it were fictitious the writer would probably keep a history open before him. The scenes are in Washington and in Virginia, mainly in Richmond and in and around Petersburg. There is not a dull page in the book, from that where the heroine and narrator parts with her soldier husband at the beginning of the war, through the days when she was driven out of Petersburg by the bursting of Federal shells in the door-yards, to the final scenes when she looked from her window in Richmond and saw, first Confederate soldiers passing down the street with torches, setting fire to public and private buildings indiscriminately, then blue-coated soldiers coming up the same street, and then the stars and bars hauled down from the staff on the State House, and the stripes and stars run up in its place. She enables us to see the great war drama from the inside.

What Manner of Man. Edna Kenton. 292 pages, 5x7½. \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

This is a modern version of "Prometheus Bound," the Prometheus being a woman whose martyrdom comes when she discovers why her artist-husband married her. Thayer, the artist, paints the souls of women; he is equal to heroic measures in bringing the soul to the surface while studying the embodiments transferred to his canvas.

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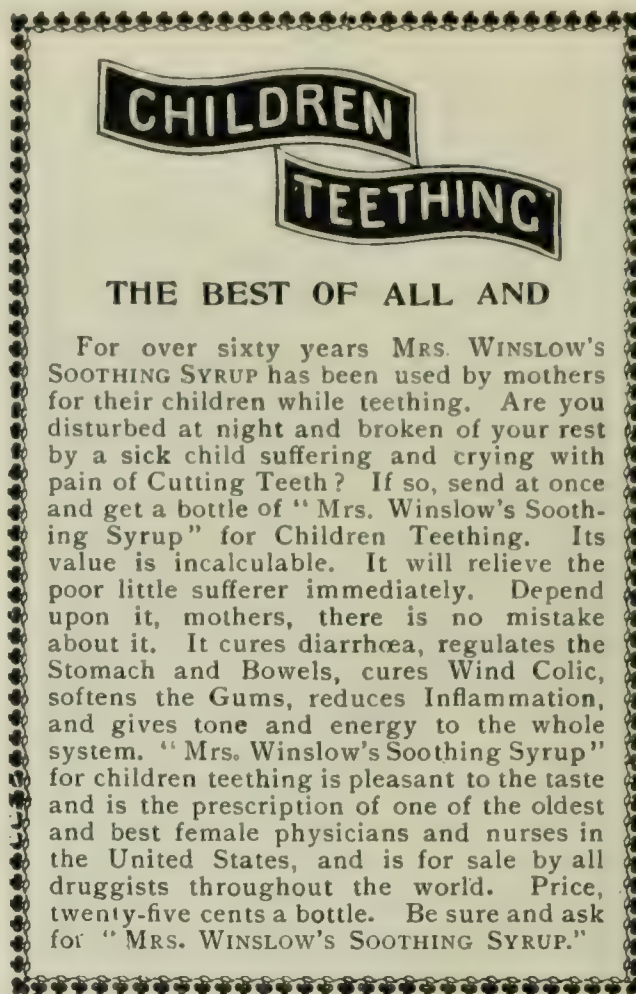
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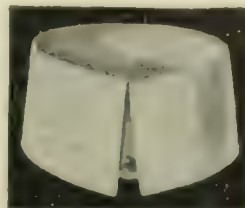
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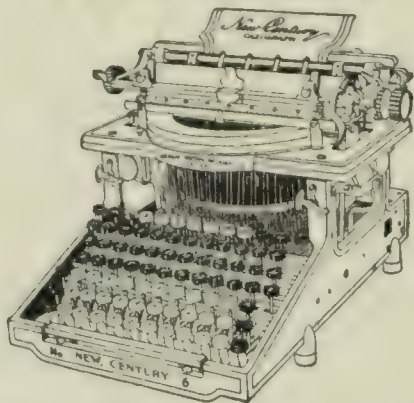
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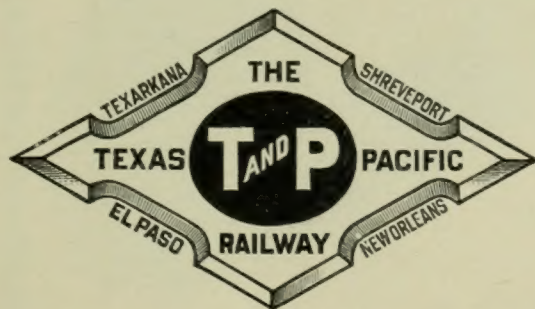
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